WONDERS of THE PAST

First Volume

J. A. HAMMERTON

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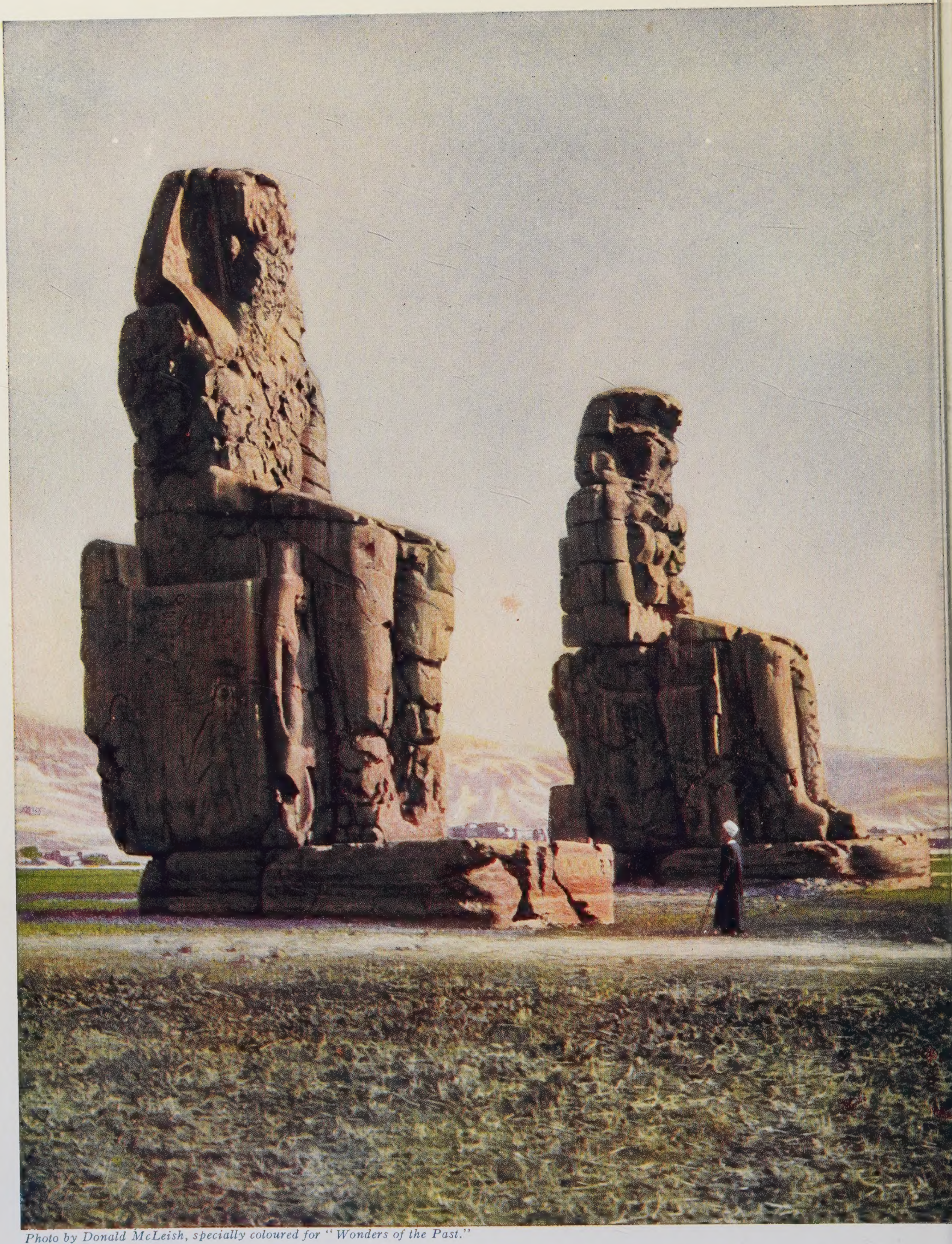

Photo by Donald McLeish, specially coloured for "Wonders of the Past."

THE FAMOUS COLOSSI OF "MEMNON": SURVIVALS OF 3,000 YEARS

Erected at Thebes to represent Amenhotep III. and his consort, these colossal figures are about 65 feet in height. That on the right was known to Greeks and Romans as the statue of the mythical god Memnon. To it pilgrims once flocked from far distances to listen to the musical sound it i said to have emitted at sunrise.

WONDERS OF THE PAST

THE ROMANCE OF ANTIQUITY AND ITS SPLENDOURS

EDITED BY

J. A. HAMMERTON

WITH MORE THAN 1000 ILLUSTRATIONS INCLUDING
MANY FULL PAGE PLATES IN COLOUR

IN FOUR VOLUMES

★

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Wonders of the Past

THE EDITOR'S FOREWORD

LEST it should be thought that this work is a piece of hasty journalism hurriedly put together and launched to catch the favouring breeze of public interest raised by the sensational discovery of an Egyptian treasure tomb, it should be stated at once that it has been in contemplation for several years, and that some of its chapters existed in manuscript many months before the general reading public had ever heard the name of Tutankhamen.

The world-wide interest in Lord Carnarvon's find in the Valley of the Kings has, however, so tuned the minds of readers to ancient times that the present seems a happy occasion to proceed with the publication of such a work as this. The marvel of the vanished civilisations has always exercised a spell over the present writer, and has so inclined his studies for many years that of all the popular works it has been his lot to edit, none has made a stronger personal appeal to him than "Wonders of the Past."

Our work is really an expansion of two long-entertained ideas: (1) A pictorial reconstruction of the wonder cities of the ancient world, and (2) a description of the actualities of civilised communities down to the fall of the Western Empire, illustrated from the monuments, those wonderful contemporary mirrors of life. With the reasonable hope of a public more eager than usual for instruction in such matters, the original scheme has been modified in a way that should make for popularity, with no impairing of its educational value.

A strictly chronological arrangement has been abandoned in favour of simple groupings and the unrelated treatment of the subjects selected for inclusion. Our object is to stimulate interest in the most wonderful works of man in ages past, and so lead many readers, for whom the information presented will be as fresh as this morning's news, to the closer study of the periods of history which are dealt with in our "Wonders." For "Wonders of the Past" is mainly descriptive, and only incidentally historical; while it is, quite frankly, more pictorial than literary. The teaching power of the picture—and especially of the photograph taken direct from an actual object—cannot be over-estimated. The camera ingeniously used is the best of all descriptive writers!

The Editor's own contribution on Timgad will suffice to illustrate our method. In the text no attempt is made at a complete survey of the famous ruins, but the salient features which they present to the visitor to-day and something of Timgad's history are lightly sketched, and the splendid series of photographs is so arranged and so amply described as to tell the reader far more graphically than any unillustrated words could do what the place is like to-day, and what it must have been like seventeen hundred years ago.

If, however, we relied for our pictorial matter exclusively on such documents as could be produced by direct photography from the monuments and ruins of ancient cities, we should not quicken the imagination so surely as by reconstructions such as the classic picture of Nineveh by Sir Austen Henry Layard, which, with many another, will find a place in our pages, or the splendid reconstruction of the tomb of Mausolus included in our first set of colour plates.

The two classes of picture: photographs of existing objects and drawings and paintings of vanished cities and monuments based upon authoritative documents and fragmentary remains, will be used in the most effective manner to present to the mind of the reader a clear vision of the marvels of ages now remote and dim, of "the glory that was Greece and the grandeur that was Rome."

One need hardly observe that in the true culture of the mind any real understanding of the present is impossible apart from a knowledge of the past. It is thus that "Wonders of the Past" is offered, not merely as a work of interest and fascination, but as a contribution to popular education.

The gain of variety which comes from our seemingly casual method of treatment is very important in preventing any section of the whole from bordering upon the dry-as-dust, for there is an order in our work—as will be seen from these groupings of its contents:

The Wonder Cities
Records of the Tombs
The Royal Palaces
The Great Monuments
Temples of the Gods
The Master Builders
Ancient Arts and Crafts
The Seven Wonders

But not even within these sections will any chronological order be found, the reader being thus assured of an ever-changing panorama of wonder, which now holds him in the Valley of the Nile or in the jungles of Indo-China, and anon will carry him off to Peru or Yucatan.

No one man, however widely travelled or deeply versed in archæology, could write such a work with equal acceptance in every chapter, and that is why our contributors have been sought amongst the best known traveller-writers and the foremost antiquaries of the day. The illustrations, which are the pre-eminent feature of "Wonders of the Past," may confidently be left to make their own irresistible appeal.

J. A. Hammerton

ARCHÆOLOGY AND ITS LESSONS

By A. H. Sayce, D.Litt., LL.D., D.D.

ARCHÆOLOGY AND ITS LESSONS

By A. H. Sayce, D.Litt., LL.D., D.D.

Late Professor of Assyriology, Oxford University, and author of "The Monuments of the Hittites," "The Ancient Empires of the East," "Babylonians and Assyrians," etc.

THE last century has been an age of mechanical invention and geographical discovery. We can flash our words from one end of the earth to the other with the speed of lightning, we can travel rapidly on land and sea, and we have succeeded in rivalling the flight of birds. Are we, therefore, better than our fathers? Is the Victorian belief in our superiority to the past, in an undeviating law of human progress and development, actually justified by the facts? Can we still repeat with the poet: "Better fifty years of Europe than a cycle of Cathay"?

The answer will be found in Wonders of the Past. Pictures are better than words; no amount of description can make us realise like an appeal to the eye what man has accomplished in the past. They are visible evidence of the cultures and civilisations which have passed away, of the marvellous achievements of human genius and art which have been ruthlessly mutilated or destroyed. They enable us to see once more a fragment of what civilised man has achieved in earlier ages and in other lands, to lift a little the veil that hangs over his life and mental powers in the distant past.

And the result is not flattering to the complacent vanity of the Victorian era. Apart from mechanical and physical science, there seems to have been little, if any, advance. In certain directions we are inferiors; the art of classical Greece was higher than our own, and Rome knew how to fuse discordant races and nations into a united empire better than we can do. With all our mechanical contrivances can we rival to-day the grandiose conceptions and artistic sincerity of the Egyptian temples or that wonder of the world, Boro Budur? Even on the mechanical side Professor Petrie discovered that in the age of the fourth Egyptian dynasty, at the very beginning of Egyptian history, the huge granite blocks of the great pyramid had been cut with the help of tubular drills fitted with hard stone points, a device that was not re-invented until the Mont Cenis tunnel was approaching its completion.

This rebuke to our vanity is, I think, one of the chief lessons which history and archæology contain for us. But there are other lessons of practical and therefore greater moment. Just as the future is the child of the present, so is the present the child of the past, and what has happened in the past can happen again. Similar causes produce similar results.

One of the lessons is that man is naturally a destructive animal. The first act of the child is to destroy, to break his toy or pull off the wings and legs of a captive fly. Constructiveness belongs to the few; the artist who can create, the architect who can build, are exceptions; the great mass of mankind, without leaders or instruction, can only destroy. Hence it is that fragments merely have survived to us of the cultures of the past, a wreckage that has been saved for the most part by accident alone. Our own time has witnessed the destruction of the Cathedral of Reims, the noblest monument of Gothic architecture, not to speak of the Cloth Hall of Ypres or the priceless contents of the Library of Louvain. It is easier to excite the so-called passions of the multitude than to allay them; the politician too often forgets that the primeval instinct of destruction lies very near the surface, ready to declare itself as soon as the hand of restraint is removed.

Another lesson is the precarious nature of our civilisation. Great cultures and civilisations have arisen and seemingly established themselves on a firm and enduring basis; some of them, like that of ancient Egypt, have lasted for centuries; but all alike have perished in the end. A Romanised Briton sixteen hundred years ago would have been as firmly persuaded as we are to-day that the civilisation he enjoyed would last for ever. His political institution seemed as secure as ours seem to us, and he formed part of an empire, solidly compacted, which enjoyed one law and government, one coinage and customs system, one official language from Newcastle and Carlisle in the north to the Saharan desert in the south. Excellent roads intersected Roman Britain, along which the post travelled regularly, the houses were heated "centrally" and filled with all the comforts and dainties of our modern life. And yet before another hundred years had passed, all was gone. For a thousand years horse-tracks took the place of roads, and outlaws the place of the post; the miserable houses with glassless windows were unwarmed except by wood-fires; the floors were carpeted with rotting rushes, the furniture was scanty and rough. Civilisation is a plant of delicate growth which needs careful nurture and attention. Modern Russia has shown us how quickly it can be uprooted. There is no inflexible law of the universe compelling it to continue, much less to progress along definite lines. As compared with the mass of mankind, the number of those upon whom its continuance depends is but small; let them be destroyed or rendered powerless and the culture they represent will disappear.

If we turn from the world of practical politics to that of science, there is another question relating to mankind upon which archæological discovery throws light. Ever since the establishment of the doctrine of evolution it has been assumed that man started like a child and slowly grew into what he is to-day. Our primitive ancestor has been seen again in the modern savage, whose nearest representative he has been held to be. The brain and mentality of civilised man it has been assumed, have developed out of small beginnings; he started almost on a level with the brute beasts and has become a Newton or a Napoleon. But here again, archæology stands in the way. The men who carved the hardest of stones into living portraitures in the Egypt of six thousand years ago, or at a later epoch erected the Parthenon at Athens, were in no way inferior to the most gifted of ourselves. We have accumulated more knowledge, it is true, but we can claim no superiority in the powers of mind. And if we go back to a still earlier age, the record is the same. The marvellous carvings and drawings of palæolithic man of the Aurignacian age prove that on the artistic side there has been little, if any, development. Indeed when we consider the conditions under which his work was done, in a climate like that of Greenland and amid the darkness of subterranean caves, we are inclined to regard him as the greatest artist humanity has produced.

But long before the Aurignacian artist had drawn his bisons or carved his reindeer, language had been invented and the use of fire had been discovered. And the invention of language was the highest mental feat ever accomplished by mankind. The brains that evolved it were fully comparable with our own. The savage of to-day, so far from being a representative of those who possessed them, is either a degenerate or the descendant of races which invented nothing.

There is yet something else which archæology has taught us, and that is for how short a time civilised man has been upon this globe. Compared with the age in which the earliest relics of human workmanship reach back, it is but as a watch in the night; compared with the age of the earth or of the first appearance of life, it is infinitesimally brief. What are the six, or even twenty thousand years of civilisation to the age of the earth? If we are not yet better than our fathers, there is time in abundance for progress.

I have not touched on the religious or ethical side of human nature, and its possible advance or degeneracy.

That is a subject with which archæology is but incidentally connected. Archæology is concerned with the material rather than the spiritual side of human life; the beliefs of man lie outside its sphere. It is only where human conduct has affected the externals of society that the archæologist or historian can draw conclusions in regard to morals. And here one broad fact emerges into light. On the moral side there has been distinct advance since the days of imperial Rome. The cold-blooded atrocities of the amphitheatre would be impossible to-day. But it must be remembered that even here the element of race and nationality had much to do with the result. The Greek to the last regarded the gladiatorial combats of the amphitheatre with repugnance; his delight continued to be in contests of music and song or athletic competitions.

And if we compare the moral and religious standard of today with that of ancient Egypt, the difference after all is not very apparent. The so-called "negative confession" which the soul had to make before it was admitted into the paradise of Osiris strikes a very high ethical note, and includes the declaration that the dead man had never by word or deed caused the slave to be ill-treated. The highest praise allotted to the dead Egyptian on his tombstone was that he had "fed the hungry, given drink to the thirsty, and clothed the naked," and the great men of the state counted it among their chiefest honours that in the time of famine they had given food to the people. The so-called "Heretic King," Akhnaton of the eighteenth dynasty, tells us in the hymn that was chanted in honour of his god that there is but one God, all-good and all-pervading, the creator of all living things and the father alike of the Egyptian and barbarian. Long ago Sir Gardner Wilkinson drew attention to the "humanity" of a people "whose artists deem it a virtue, worthy of being recorded among the glorious actions of their countrymen."

On the other hand, the Assyrians were exceptionally callous and cruel. Their kings delight in describing the tortures they inflicted upon the conquered nations who had refused to acknowledge the supremacy of their god Ashur and his representative the Assyrian king. Blinding the eyes, mutilating the limbs, flaying alive and impaling or burning to death are recorded with a fiendish complacency. The march of an Assyrian army was characterised by the burning of cities, the cutting-down of fruit-trees, the slaughter of children, and pyramids of human skulls. It was all in curious contrast to the spirit of the contemporary Hittite code which has recently been discovered; here the punishments for crime were comparatively light, nevertheless time after time we read: "formerly such and such a punishment" was inflicted "but now" it has been modified, generally, where fines were involved, to the extent of one-half.

If archæology speaks only in hesitating accents about moral and religious progress, it is quite otherwise as regards another characteristic of humanity. The monuments that have come down to us, the cultures that have been disclosed by excavation, all bear testimony to the same fact. Man, as Aristotle says, "is a social animal," and civilisation implies a community working for the same end and directed by a common brain. It is like a community of bees or ants, except that here there is no individual director or directors, and consequently no display of reason or art. The great works of the past could have been executed only by the combined action of a multitude, working under the orders of the individual brain that had devised them. Communism and individualism are alike incompatible with the creation and progress of culture, the one because it has no room for the individual creator, the other because it spells anarchy. The decay of a culture, the fall of a civilisation, has been generally due in large measure to the one or the other cause.

It must be remembered, however, that archæology is a science of very modern growth. The application of scientific methods to the study of antiquities belongs only to the latter part of the last century. In fact Dr. Schliemann and Professor Flinders Petrie may be said to have created it, the one in the lands of the old Greek world, the other in Egypt. It was they who first drew the attention of scholars to the importance of pottery as a historical record and fixed the lines along which it should be studied. Pottery is at once the most abundant and the most imperishable of the memorials which man has left behind, and is therefore specially fitted to be a foundation upon which to build. But antiquarianism, that is to say, the collecting of antiquities, is no new thing. Most of us have a liking for "curiosities," and some of us are given to hoarding, and the love of possession is innate in man. A collection of "curios"—neolithic implements and fragments of pottery—has even been found in Scotland in the dwelling place of a man of the Bronze Age. And the Kings of Elam had a museum of Babylonian monuments. But antiquarianism produced little more than works of art or objects of curiosity for the "museum" of the day. In 1778 the first catalogue of the contents of the British Museum was published. It was entitled: "Museum Britannicum, being an Exhibition of a great Variety of Antiquities and Natural Curiosities, belonging to that Noble and Magnificent Cabinet, the British Museum, illustrated with Curious Prints, engraved after the Original Designs, from Nature and other Objects; and with distinct Explanations of each figure, by John and Andrew van Rymsdyk"; and among other objects are depicted a "soupnest" from Cochin-China, a "Scythian lamb," a plant resembling a lamb, calculi from the bladder, a piece of coral in the shape of a hand, and a horn that grew on the head of Mrs. French. The contrast with the British Museum of to-day is instructive.

Already much has been done. Scientifically conducted excavations have been carried on in various parts of the world, and archæologists have been busy discussing the discoveries that have been made. The outlines of the prehistoric age of mankind have been mapped, and the great civilisations of the past have emerged from the darkness of oblivion. New empires and new cultures like that of the Hittites have been brought to light, and in Egypt we can live again the life of the people, can handle their furniture and their jewelry, and share their beliefs and enjoyments. In Europe, in Asia, in America, and even in the islands of the Pacific, as well as in Northern Africa marvels of art and architecture have come to light, and the legends or guesses of early history have been replaced by solid facts. We have ceased to be dependent solely on literary documents which can be criticised or interpreted in various ways, and can draw our conclusions as in other branches of science from such solid facts as pottery and stone.

But it is still only a beginning. We have learned, for instance, only recently what an important part Asia Minor once played in the history of civilisation, and nevertheless, as yet, archæologically speaking, the soil of Asia Minor has been hardly scratched. In Babylonia, library after library of clay tablets is still lying buried under the ground, and the archæological records of Arabia or China are still unexplored. Even in our own country what we already know has disclosed to us how much remains to be known: even so recent a period as that which created modern England after the overthrow of Roman culture is still a blank. The cities of Roman Britain were destroyed and Roman civilisation vanished with them, but who destroyed them or how they perished is still a matter of dispute. British archæology is still awaiting its King Arthur.

THE WONDER CITIES. I

TIMGAD: GRANDEST RUIN OF COLONIAL ROME

By J. A. Hammerton

TIMGAD: GRANDEST RUIN OF COLONIAL ROME

By J. A. Hammerton

With 13 illustrations and a plate from photographs by Crété, Paris

IN all that vast area of the earth which knew the rule of Rome, there exists to-day no memorial of her imperial splendour that surpasses, and few that equal in interest and fascination, the ruins of Timgad. Anciently Thamugadi, this wonder city of the North African highlands cut so small a figure in the history of Rome that contemporary references to its name could be counted on the fingers of one hand. Unlike Palmyra, it had no Zenobia, no Longinus to immortalise it; there was not even a Juba II. to cast a romantic glamour over its broken stones as with the sparse fragments of Cherchel; the name of no great Roman sheds radiance on Timgad. And, withal, Timgad, by some sarcasm of Fate, stands foremost to-day amid all the litter of a vanished empire as the most tangible evidence of its civic grandeur.

Little has been written in English concerning "The African Pompeii," as the French are fond of calling Timgad, but photographs of its multitudinous pillars have often enough been seen in descriptions of North Africa, and, so far as the present writer is concerned, these photographs, more eloquent than any description, awakened in him a full score years ago the desire to tread the ancient pavements of the town and to see its wonders for himself. Not until the closing days of 1922 did the opportunity arrive, when he was able to add another to his list of famous places that have not fallen short of long-sustained expectation.

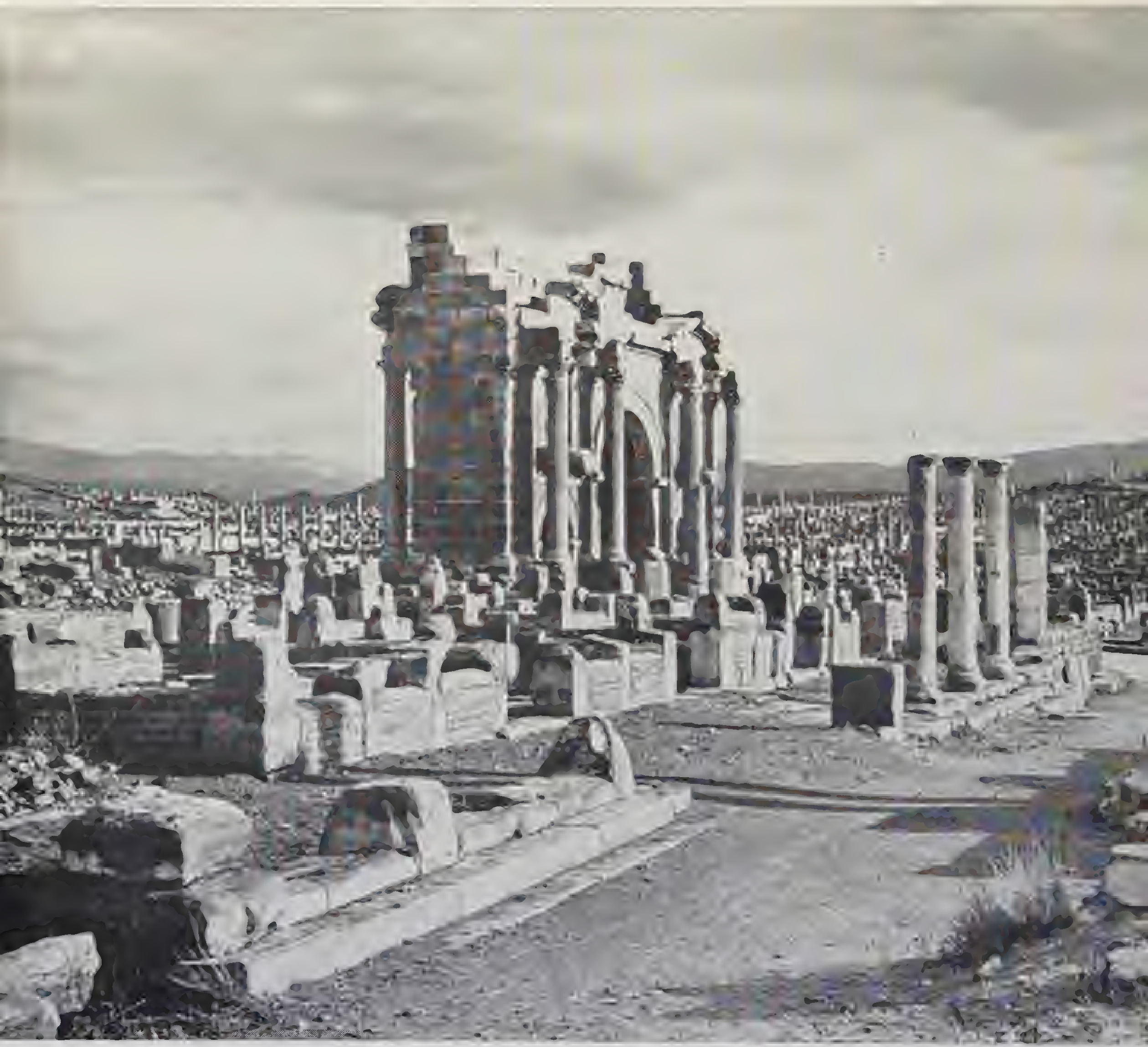
The first impression, when one approaches it on a winter forenoon along the open road, through the bleak and windy uplands of the Aurés, is the strangeness of its site. It is difficult to suppose that the neighbourhood could have been so barren of trees when the city was built, and there is reason for believing that the surrounding hills were then well timbered. The heights around are not picturesque and individual; there is merely a sense of travelling over rising ground and in a mighty saucer-like region, where natural vegetation is sparse, and the gracious touch of the woodlands is unknown. Suddenly, far eastward, under the remote lip of the saucer, your guide points to a grey patch on the grey-green hillside, and says: "Timgad!"

In all the landscape there are not more than a handful of human habitations in view, and the whiteness of the walls of the little hotel that stands close to the entrance gate of our wonder city draws the eye away from the myriad grey columns which, at a distance, would scarce be discerned save for the shadows they cast in the morning sunshine. But how the imagination thrills as one passes the site of the northern gate and treads the broad paving-stones of the Cardo, the main street of the northern part of the ancient city! The distant greyness is now resolved into a most astonishing collection of majestic columns and hewn stones, all so clearly indicating their original uses that scarcely any effort of the imagination is needed to rebuild the missing parts, and to repeople the stately halls and porticoes with the retired military officers and legionaries who formed the chief element of its population some eighteen hundred years ago.

It is a grey ghost of a city, but a ghost that speaks of glorious days and days of terror to all who know anything of Rome's enthralling story.

Timgad came into existence at the behest of the Emperor Trajan, as a colony where time-expired veterans from Lambessa, the great city-camp of the Third Augustan Legion sixteen miles to the south-west, might settle down with their families to an easeful life. And it was the soldiers of Lambessa who built it while they were still carrying on frontier warfare with the Berbers, whose descendants were one day to destroy the city after four centuries of splendid prosperity.

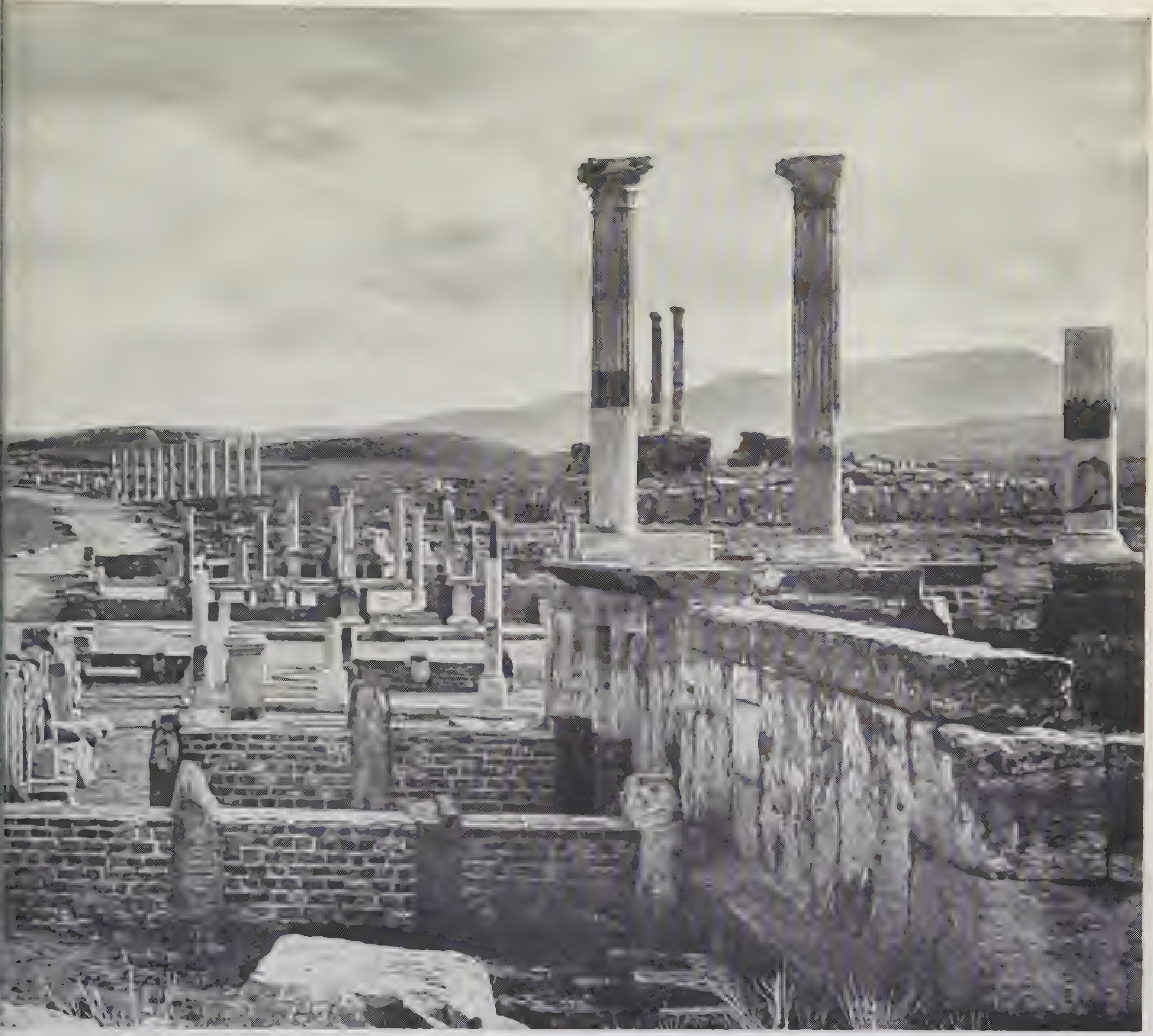
On its sloping hillside, ideal for drainage purposes, Lucius Munatius Gallus, the commander of the Third Legion, a man



Direct intaglio reproduction from the original by Crête

TIMGAD, THE WONDER CITY OF ROME'S NORTH AFRICAN EMPIRE:

The finest ruin of Imperial Rome remaining in the world to-day is that of Timgad, which stands in the modern department of Constantin
the Arch of Trajan, which was really the western gateway of the city, and marked originally its western boundary. In the immediate fo



E MYRIAD-PILLARED EXPANSE ON THE UPLANDS OF THE AURES

d miles south of the Mediterranean port of Philippeville. This impressive photograph shows on the left the eminent landmark, known as
n of the market of Certius and, in the distance beyond, the twin columns of the ruins of the Capital stand out against the southern hills.

of great culture and admirable taste, saw to the building of the city in the most regular plan, the original ramparts enclosing a space of 387 yards by 351, the area within being equally divided into blocks by eleven streets that ran east and west, and eleven from north to south. A noble paved road, the Decumanus Maximus, stretching from east to west, bisected the city north and south into two equal parts, the northern part having the equally imposing highway, the Cardo, which at the exact centre of the town led to the splendid colonnaded square of the Forum.

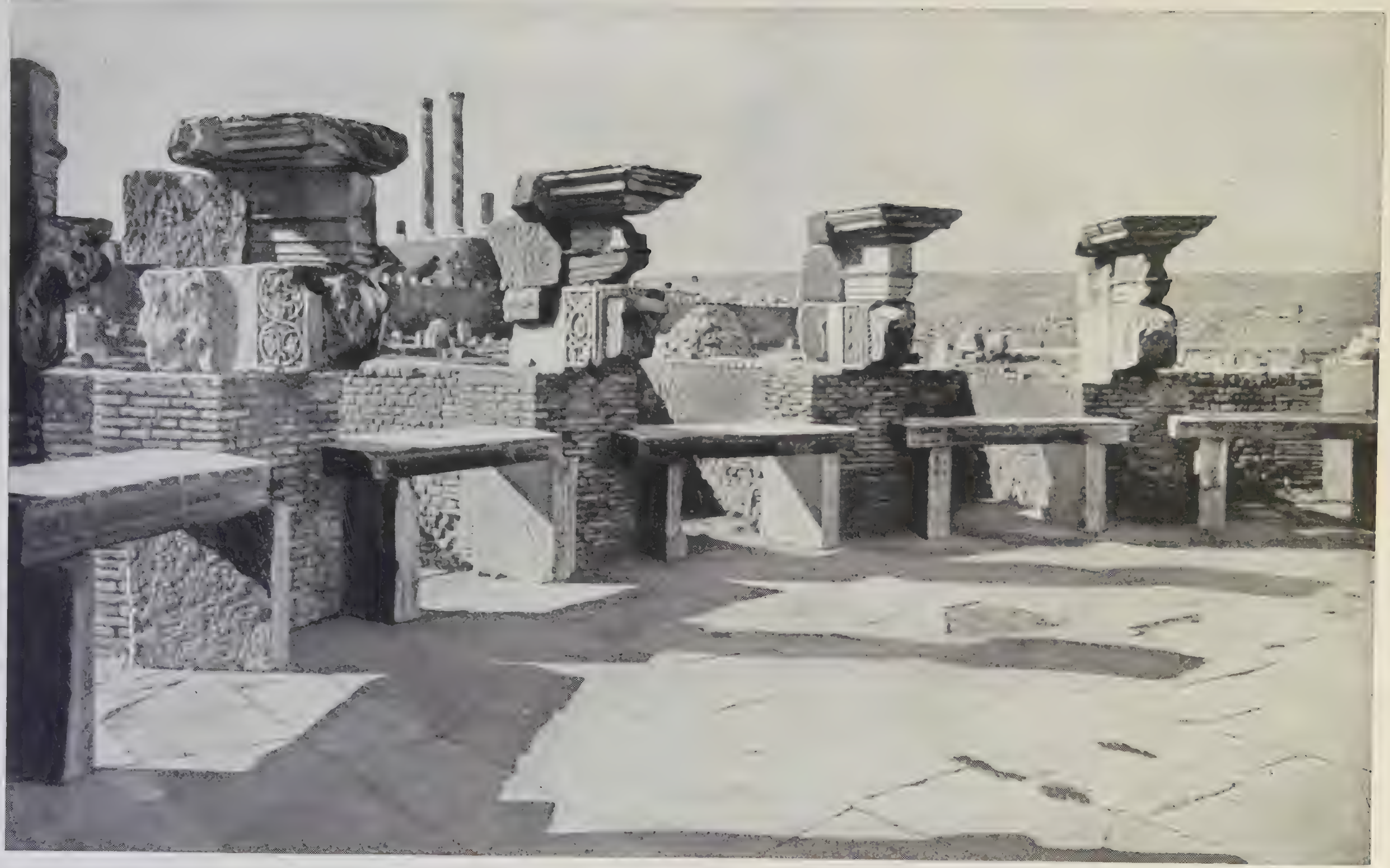
Here was the great basilica in which justice was administered, and here was the Curia or municipal building where the city fathers provided a miniature edition of the pomp and circumstance of the imperial city by the Tiber. Massive and elegant buildings these must have been, to judge from their remains to-day, but a great door in one of them gave trouble to the custodian for years, as we can plainly see the curved rut it scraped in the stone flags of the hall until it was repaired or rehung!

Immediately south of the Forum was the site chosen for the splendid theatre, which must have been a glory of marble and porphyry, and even in its direst ruin to-day offers features of dignity and impressiveness. The majestic Capitol, modelled upon that of Rome, was built outside the original wall in a rising position at the south-west angle, probably at a later date, when the ramparts had been razed to the ground as the city had grown in population and the conquest of the native tribes seemed complete.

Generally speaking, there was nothing novel in all this work of town building. Small provincial centres and a network of cemented paved roads marked the victorious track of thirty Roman legions. But the Third Legion, formed of men from all parts of the conquered world, possessed admirable artists. With all the renowned, costly Numidian marbles at hand, and artist sappers eager to display their talents after years of rough fortification, Gallus had made Timgad a jewel of architecture. No doubt, in a grand proconsular manner he had carved out a great domain of fine corn land for himself in the newly-conquered territory, and he saw to it that the new town should be a remarkable memorial of his connoisseurship in art. Fine artistic activity was then the best way of winning imperial favour. Nowhere else in the country were precious marbles used with such profusion and variety, while the work of the army sculptors had the restrained classic beauty of good Greek work, instead of the over-ornamentation of Asiatic and later Roman styles.

Thus the fine shell of the town had been completed. It filled with life immediately. Its situation was doubly attractive. Soldiers who were finishing their years of service and retiring with their wives and children from camp usually had sufficient money to buy or build a house. As their sons were sure to follow a military career, they were the salt of the empire, and likely to be favoured by their old leader in the matter of a land grant. There were also thousands of traders in the wake of the Legion, who saw that Timgad would draw, through the El Kantara gap in the Atlas mountains, the export trade of the best and unexploited part of the southern Atlas and the Sahara, and tap caravan commerce from the far south. Timgad therefore flourished amazingly, and the prospering townfolk soon began to continue the work of the soldier builders. Officer settlers were particularly keen on further beautifying the work of their men, and saved hard to afford the cost of fine statues by army sculptors who had also retired, and charged about £40 for their best works in fine marble.

Marcus Plotius Faustus, called Sertius, was a Timgad-bred boy, who entered the army and rose to the command of cohorts and wings of the auxiliary forces of the Legion, won a Roman wife and a Roman knighthood, and at the end of his career returned to his native city and accepted the position of a priest. Out of the fortune he had won by fighting he built a beautiful basilica, set in a fountain court and surrounded with porticoes, and dedicated it as a market place. There were refreshment rooms and drinking bars for the retailers and shoppers, who bargained in the shade of the arcades, while the wholesale merchants and brokers conducted their large operations within the walls of the basilica. It was not often, however, that army officers spent their money in favour of the merchants. Their hobby was to put up statues to the gods and the imperial family, as became pious, loyal, hard-working frontier fighters, proud of the strength of the empire and uncorrupted by the loose life of Rome.

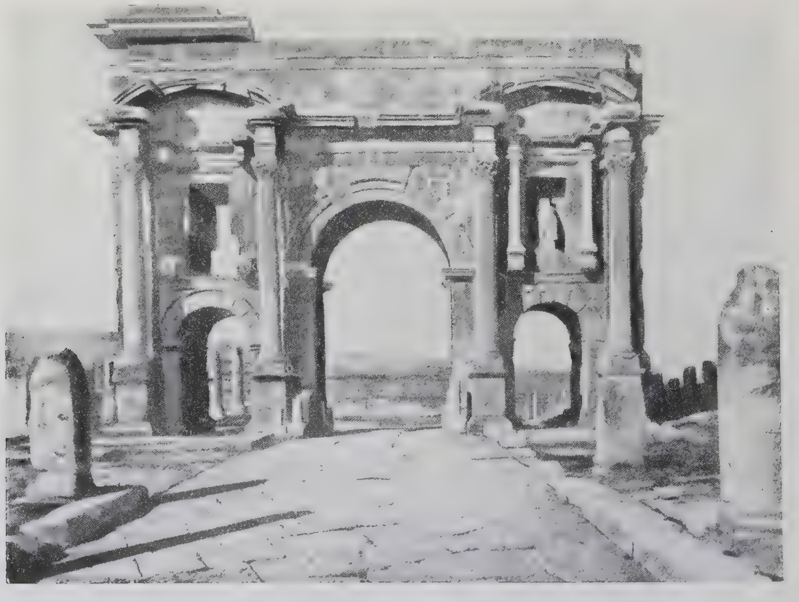


THE MARKET OF SERTIUS: A GLIMPSE OF ONE OF TIMGAD'S BEAUTIFUL PUBLIC BAZAARS

Like so many of the fine buildings of the city, this once splendid market was the gift of a private citizen, whose own house stood not far away. The market was built in the form of a large basilica, with the southern end semi-circular, and in this part, as will be seen, were alcoves with sculptured stone counters in front of them on which the merchants exposed their goods for sale. The sellers had to enter their shops by creeping under the stone counters, just as the Mahomedan merchants do in the bazaars of Tunis and elsewhere in the East to-day. The rough stonework was once covered in with fine marbles and sculptural decoration, suggesting the merchandise of the different stalls, fruit, game, etc.

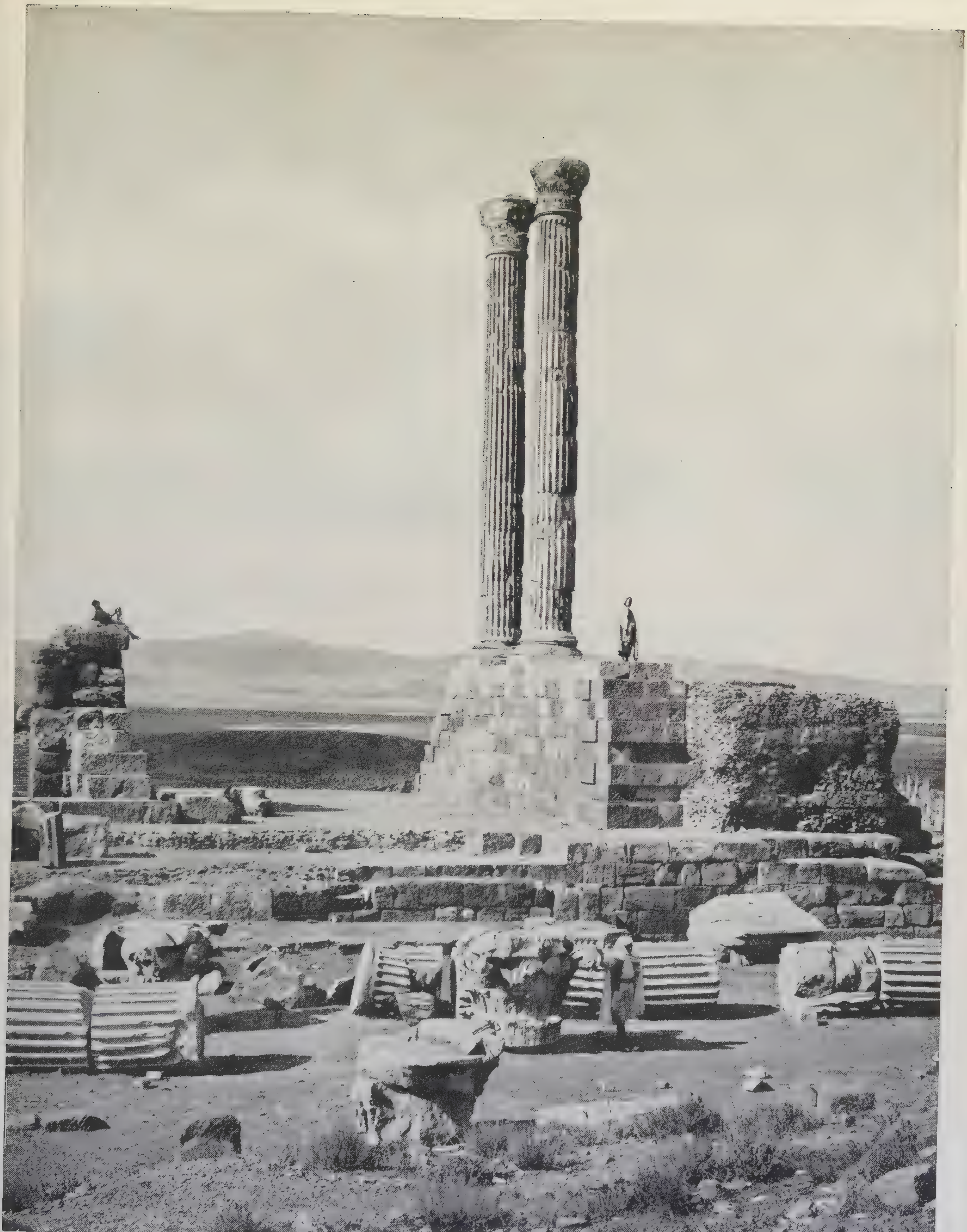
WHERE ONCE A LITTLE GARDEN BLOOMED

This striking scene in Timgad's ruins is taken from the house of the flower-boxes.



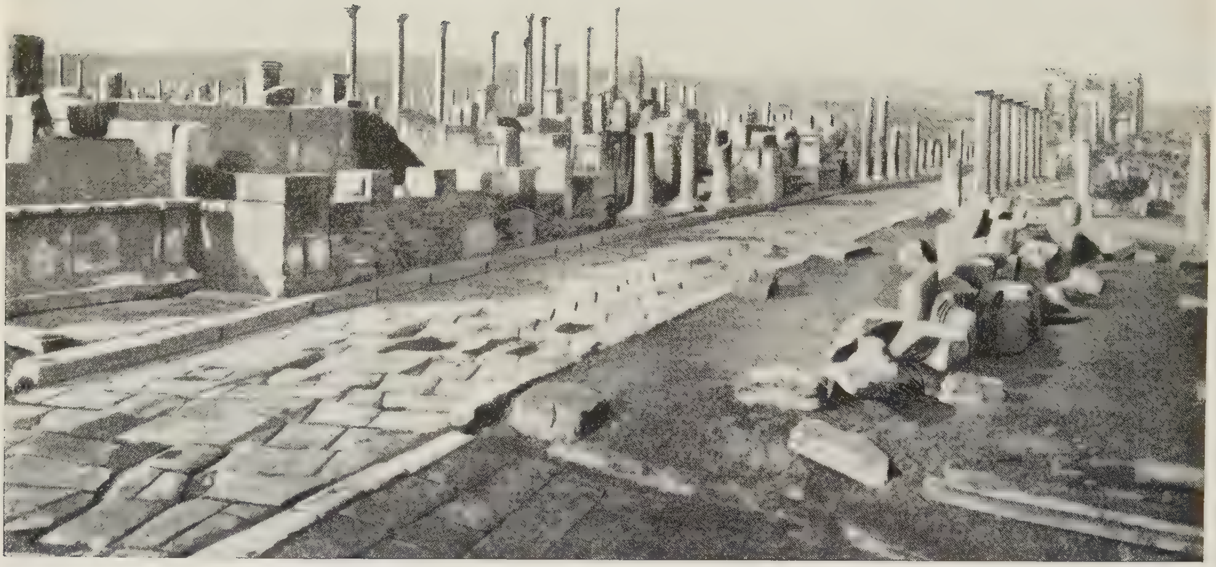
TRAJAN'S ARCH DOMINATES THE RUINS OF TIMGAD

Popularly known as Trajan's Arch, this splendid piece of Roman architecture served as the western gateway to the city, and an inscription at its base reads: "The Emperor Trajan Augustus, the Germanic, son of the divine Nerva, High Pontiff, Consul for the third time, and for the fourth time invested with tribunal power, father of the country, founded the colony of Timgad by the Third Augustan Legion, Lucius Manatius Gallus, being legate proprætor."



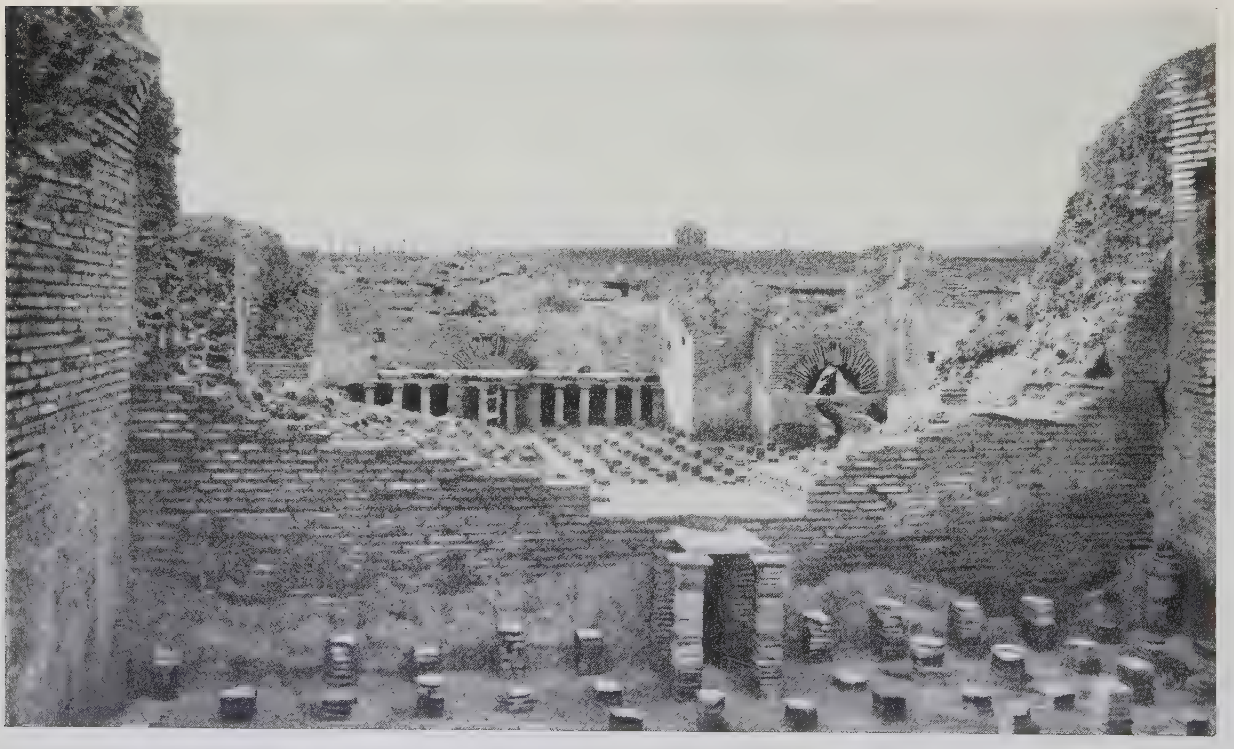
ALL THAT REMAINS OF TIMGAD'S ONCE MAGNIFICENT TEMPLE TO THE GREAT GODS OF ROME

Every provincial city of Rome and every colony sought to imitate the imperial mistress in its public and religious edifices, and Timgad duly had its temple in honour of the Capitoline triad, Jupiter, Juno, and Minerva. Of the splendid statues that stood within it only scraps have been found, as the precious marbles from which they were carved were ground up by the Byzantines for the making of mortar to build their fortress when they got possession of the city.



THE MAIN ARTERY OF TIMGAD'S LIFE IN THE SECOND CENTURY OF OUR ERA

The above photograph has been taken near the point where the Cardo, the chief street of the north, joins the city highway from east to west, known as Decumanus Maximus. In the days of its prosperity this would be the very centre of the thronging city life, and, as at Pompeii, one can clearly see in the great stone blocks with which the road was paved the ruts worn by the wheels of the chariots. A few feet below the street levels lie the drains of the city, still wonderfully preserved.



THE ELABORATE UNDERWORLD OF A GREAT ROMAN BATH CLUB

Fifteen public bath establishments have been excavated at Timgad. These magnificent buildings were not merely devoted to bathing, like the so-called Turkish baths of modern times, which are really their lineal descendants. They were centres of social life, more resembling the modern club. Here is seen the ruin of the great northern baths. Numerous stone supports carried the gorgeous mosaic floors of the hot rooms. The blackened traces of the smoke, and the very ashes burnt in the ancient furnaces 1,500 years ago, can still be seen.

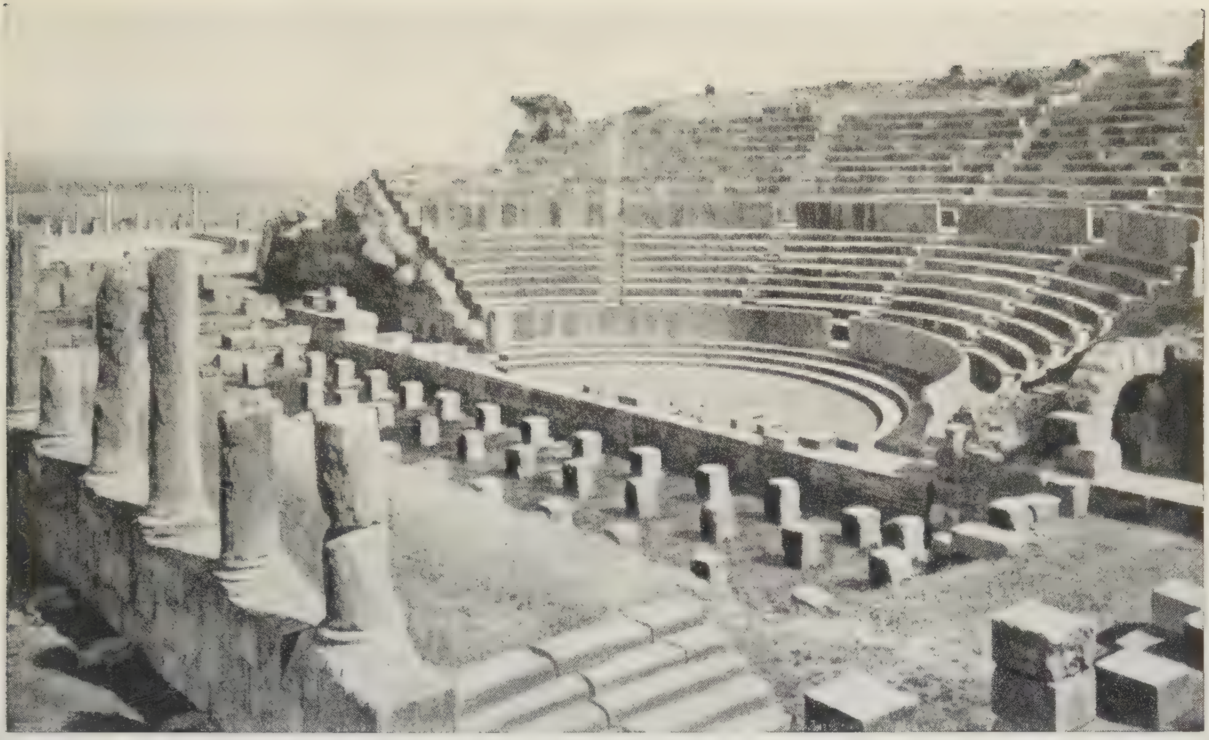
Great villas rose beyond the suburbs, and these manor-like villages, with their pleasure pavilions, increased the pomp of festivities in Timgad and enlarged the market for the work of the craftsmen artists. The mosaic workers, who had given Timgad's many public baths remarkable decorative pavements, developed a fine pictorial style, as the splendid collection of mosaics in the Timgad museum bears witness, and the sculptors were not behind them in talent and invention. At the end of the first generation of town-folk the frontier city was a lovely frame for a most picturesque medley of civilisation and barbarism. The shy Berbers came down from the mountains and in from the desert to taste the strangeness of city life. There was no mixture of Arab or negro blood then in them, and the tall, grey-eyed northern Vandals had not yet come to inter-marry with them. For the most part they were small, thick-set men, with fair or red hair and blue eyes or brown; roughly dressed in a belted tunic, but proudly careful of their waved and curly beards and hair.

Above the shores of the Mediterranean were the settled farming tribes, who were fairly peaceful, but on the Atlas heights and round the desert oases were wandering shepherds riding bareback on fine, hardy horses, men who made the best cavalry in the world, that had often shattered the armies of Rome in the days of Hannibal and had lately assisted Trajan to victories. Neither under Hadrian nor under any later emperor could Rome conquer them, though the best legions from Europe and Asia were added to the famous Third Augustan Legion in repeated campaigns, each of which was intended to be conclusive. Yet, though the wild Berber could not be won by arms, he could be wooed, and Timgad, rising in majestic beauty within hail of the Sahara, lured him into peaceful civilisation. The brave, sun-dried savages, coming in with their caravans to trade, wandered in amazement in the statue-crowded Forum, and found a foretaste of paradise in some of the fourteen great baths, where they could be steamed out of their fatigue, cooled, massaged with oil and scented.

But what pleased them most was the superb open-air theatre. Timgad was remarkable for its passion for literary drama at the time when the mob of Rome had lost all fineness of mind and delighted only in racing, indecent pantomimes, and gladiator shows. In this remote African town the gentry of retired army men were sick of human bloodshed, and fond either of literature or hunting. They set the taste for good drama. The settled natives, in search of a Roman education, also supported the theatre; while the wild Berbers without troubling to learn the language of Greek tragedy and Roman comedy, enjoyed the scenes somewhat in the manner of modern kinema plays.

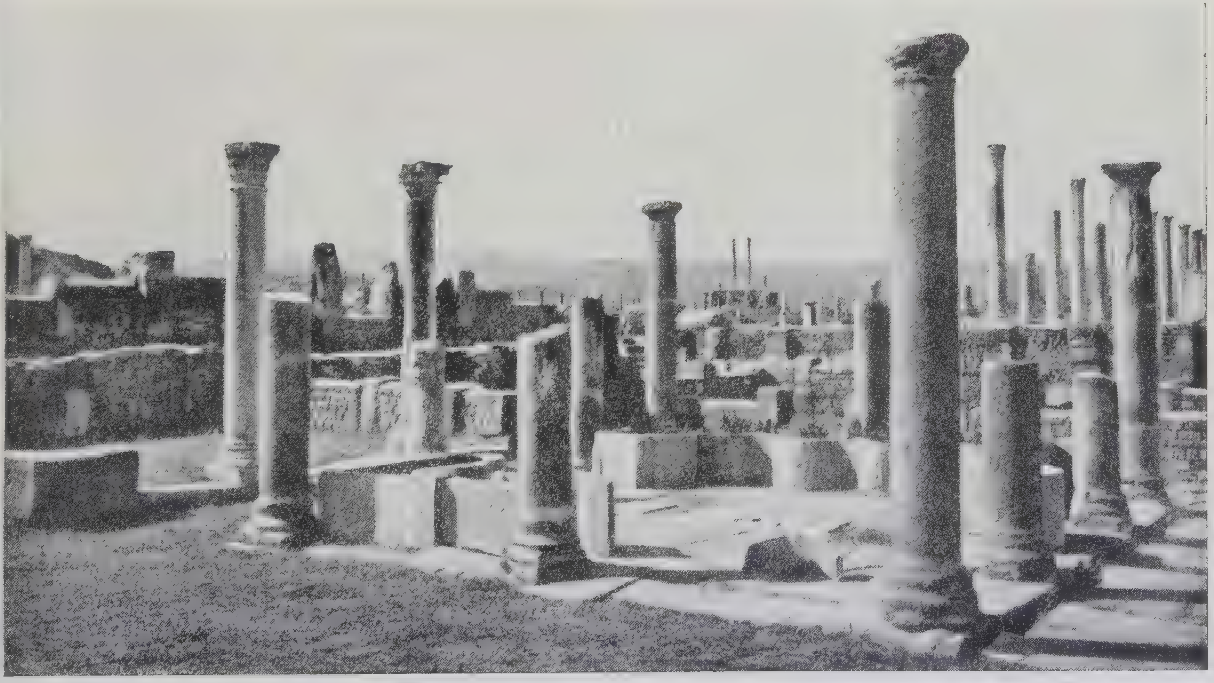
Likewise the market prices tempted them into Timgad. One third of the wheat required to feed Rome came from Africa, and light rains often made a general shortage, when prices went desperately high. The Berbers therefore began to leave their mountain nests and settle round the well-watered city. Their sons entered the army, and by inherited skill often rose to high position and returned in glory, having almost forgotten in their new Roman culture their native speech.

But the Berber remained a Berber, even in the days of his conversion, when he came to be the main working force of the Third Legion, as well as of the Mauritanian army, and had as officers mostly men of his own stock, disguised under Roman names and Roman ways of life. Timgad was far from pleased when Rome lost her power and the Greeks of Constantinople acquired it. After considerable trouble the city and surrounding country accepted the Christian faith, but the folk displayed their unexhausted energy of mind in the invention of strange heresies. It was partly because of their passionate revolt against the persecuting Christians of the orthodox faith that they welcomed the Vandals from Spain. At Timgad a Vandal-Berber army was at last, in A.D. 535, broken by the Byzantine general Solomon, the remains of whose great fortress now stand by the ruined city. The city, however, was an absolute ruin before the Byzantine forces arrived, and their fortress was built out of the wreckage of the lovely work of the old Third Legion, most of the glorious bits of marble sculpture having been ground into powder for the mortar. For before the decisive battle the mountaineers resolved that Timgad should not be a prize of victory and house a large hostile garrison that might subdue the mountains and countryside. So they completely destroyed the town. They fired the Capitol and other great buildings, and made



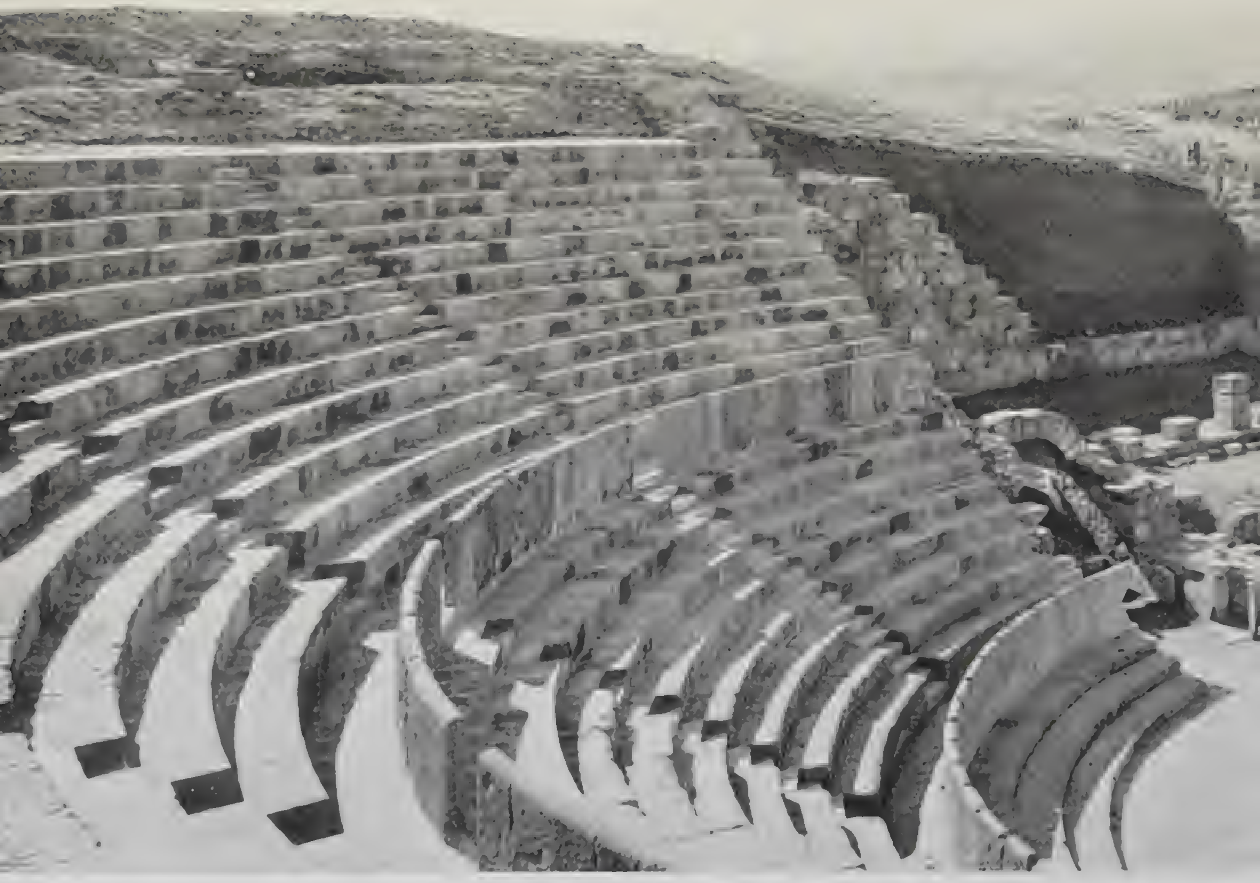
WHERE ROMAN DRAMA WAS ENCOURAGED WHEN IT WAS DYING AT ROME

The inhabitants of Timgad took the theatre seriously at a time when that of Rome was given over to obscene buffooneries. Their magnificent theatre could seat 3,500 spectators, and the stone benches, which were covered with cushions of varying style according to the quality of the spectators, still stand in a state of remarkable preservation. The short square pillars seen in the middle carried the stage. In very hot weather the whole building was roofed in with immense sheets of decorated canvas.



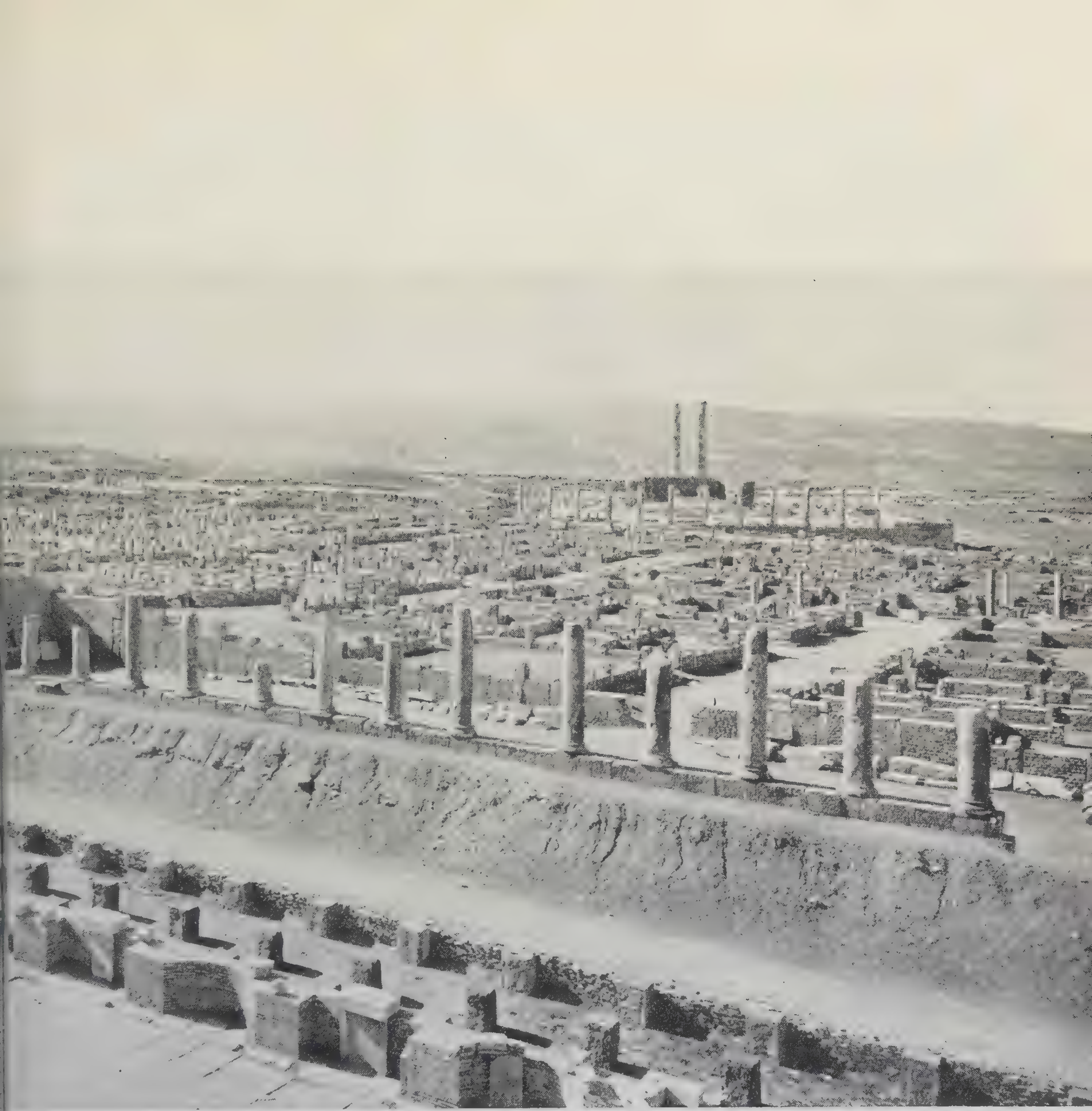
GARDEN PLANTS GROWING WHERE ROMAN COLONISTS GREW THEM 1,800 YEARS AGO

In the blazing summer days in ancient Timgad it would be difficult to keep any green growth from becoming scorched, but private gardens were contrived, as this ruin illustrates, with decorative stone flower-boxes around the atrium or the peristyle of the house, and in the centre of the open courtyard was the well. The custodians of Timgad keep plants growing in some of these boxes to-day to suggest something of the effect of the ancient garden.



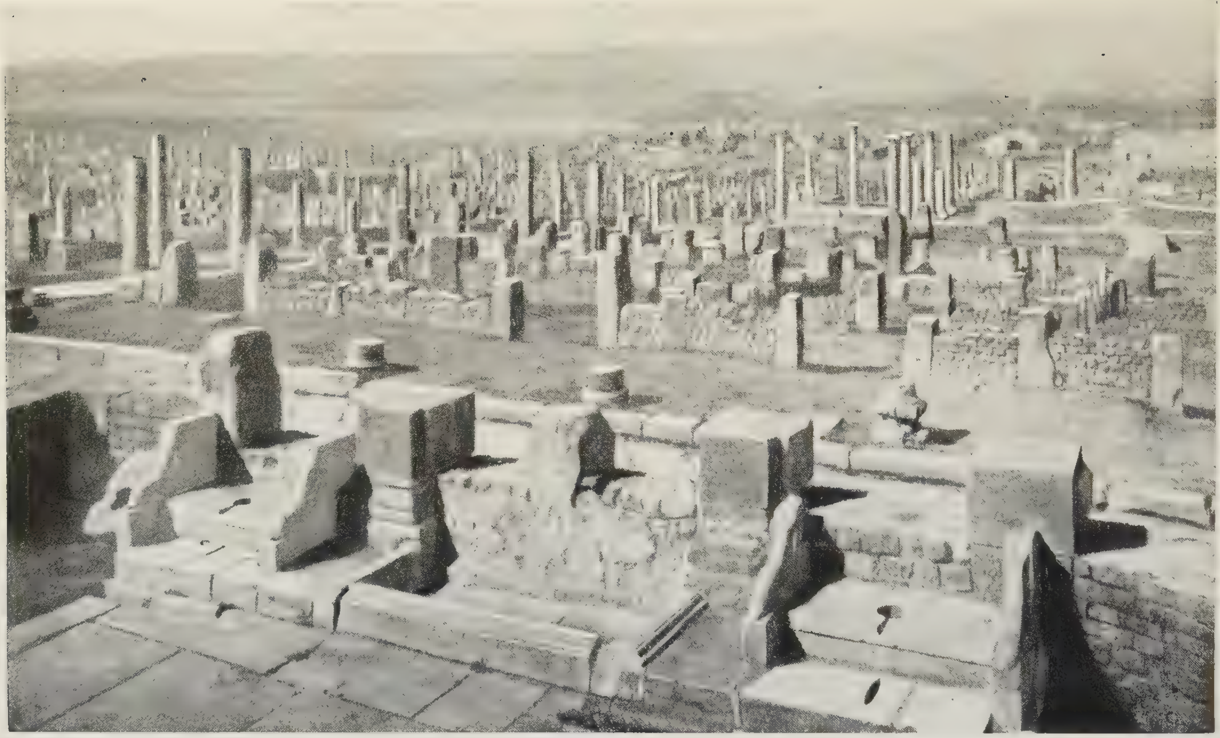
FINE PANORAMIC VIEW OF THE S.-W. CORNER OF TIMGAD, SHOWING IN THE DISTANCE—

he portion of the city illustrated does not exceed one-fourth of the original area. The splendour of the theatre will be understood when it is ex-
d that in the foreground, immediately in front of the area reserved for the orchestra, the stage itself, which was made of wood, rested upon the masonry
ning, and the whole front of this was lavishly covered with magnificent Numidian marble, each of the alcoves having, as can be seen in one case, two



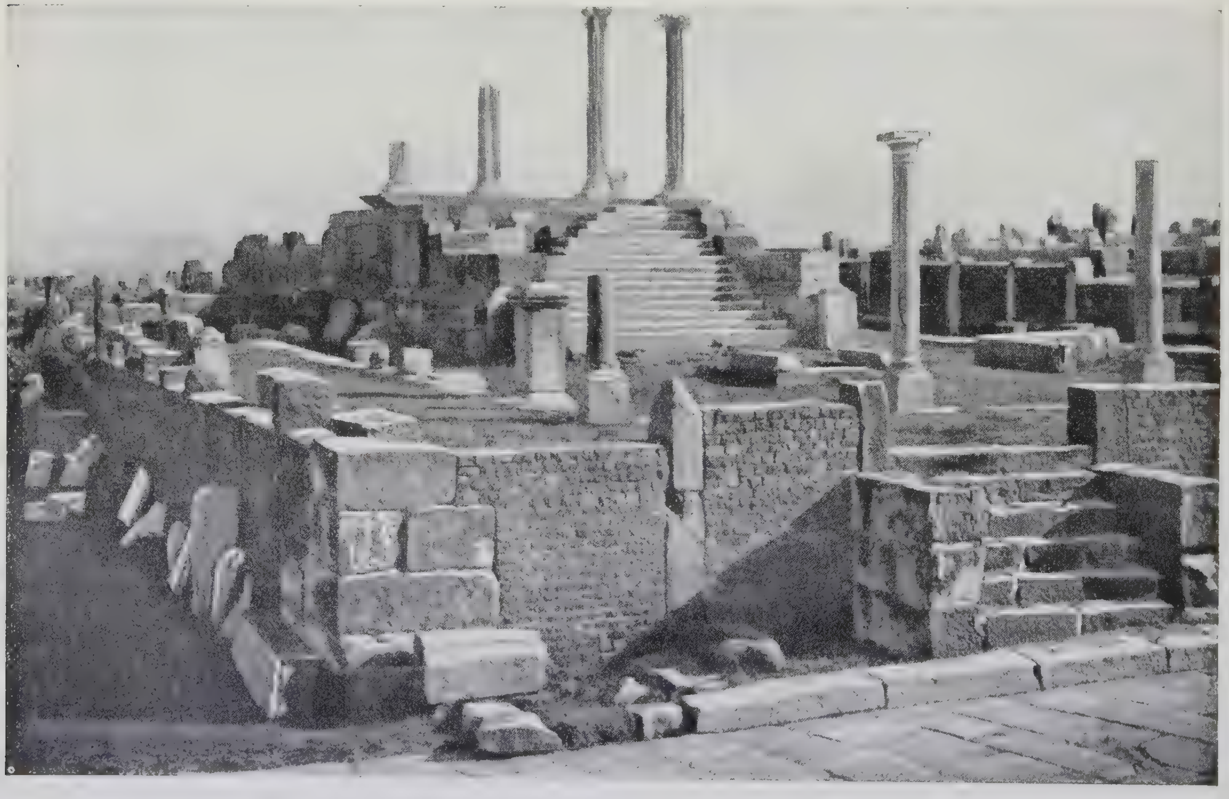
—THE COLUMNS OF THE CAPITOL AS SEEN FROM THE AUDITORIUM OF THE THEATRE

elegant marble pillars. The effect of this must have been pleasing in the extreme. Above and behind the stage stood a magnificent portico, of which ma
broken pillars are still in place, and within its cool shade the crowds that attended the performances at the theatre sauntered and discussed the mer
of the plays.



THE LUXURIOUS SANITARY METHODS OF EIGHTEEN CENTURIES AGO

The finest lavatories of the great cities of to-day show hardly any advance on those of Timgad, where the sanitation was extraordinarily "up to date." Here is seen a corner of the great public lavatories hard by the Forum, with 26 carved stone seats, each enclosed by two gracefully chiselled dolphins. In the centre an ornamental fountain served to flush out the drains.



RUINS OF TIMGAD'S TEMPLE TO THE PROTECTING SPIRIT OF THE TOWN

Throughout the whole Roman world the worship of the genius of place was observed, in the humblest provincial city as in the capital of the empire itself. The inhabitants of Timgad set up a very beautiful votive temple to the protecting genius of their town, and even the remains of it, as will be seen from this photograph, are not without a certain impressive dignity. The custom has its equivalent in modern times in the patron saints of cities.

so hasty a retreat to the hills that, not many years ago, when the Market of Sertius was dug out of the sand, with which tempests had covered it, there were found in the wineshop bottles of desiccated drinks which the fugitives had not stopped to consume!

The marks bitten by the flames of fourteen hundred years ago can still be seen upon some of Timgad's stones. During the course of the generations that followed there were people who came and rebuilt some of the fine old Roman houses, and lived amid the wilderness of ruin, but only another Augustan Legion could have restored the splendid life of Timgad. This was quenched for ever that day of A.D. 535.

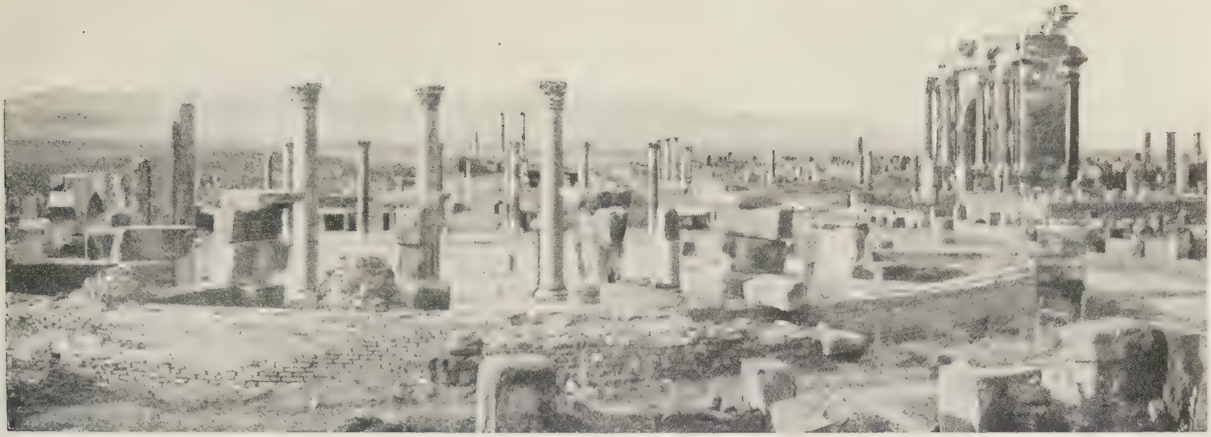
France, who has attempted to re-establish in our own day a new Roman Empire in North Africa—and seems in a fair way to success—has dealt most reverently and most ingeniously with these stones of Timgad. Her archæologists have unearthed most of the city that had disappeared beneath the sand and dust of ages, have set up again many of the fallen columns, have even searched among the remains of the fortress, which Solomon, the Byzantine general, built from the debris of the city, for such items as theatre seats, and restored them to their places, so that in the weird ghost of a town we may walk again the very pavements once thronged with joyous life and muse, amid the roofless columns of its once elegant and spacious public library, on that great enigma of life—the meaning of progress.

It is difficult to believe that in any of the real essentials of a full and reasonable life we are to-day one step advanced upon the Timgad of seventeen centuries ago. The public buildings of the city were all vastly finer than any existing in any town of like dimension or importance in the world to-day. The public baths, immense as cathedrals some of them, were great centres of social enjoyment, where lectures were given, entertainments held, and the pleasures of friendship and cultivated human intercourse experienced to the full.

The public markets were as practical as, and incomparably more artistic than, any in modern Europe or America; the public lavatories were astoundingly like those of the greatest hotels of New York or London and probably more beautiful in their marble decoration, while the sanitation was far ahead of anything that even cultured France could boast a generation or two back.

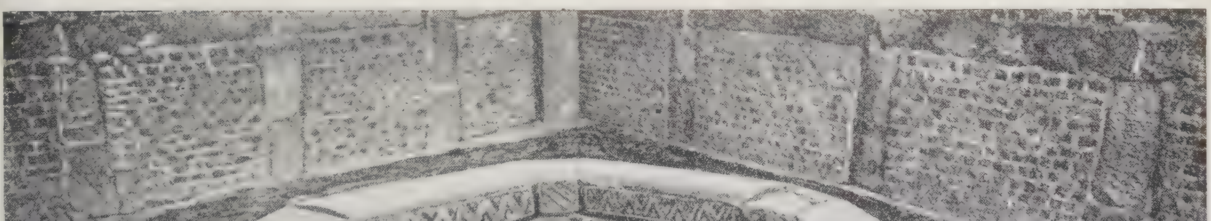
The houses of the people, too, as we can trace them in the distinct outline of their enduring foundations, were commodious and attractive, and free from the horrid ugliness of undue ostentation.

And all this splendid life, so seemingly wisely directed, was suffered to perish and to leave a husk of carven stone behind—perhaps as a warning to all of us who dwell in great stone-built cities that, often when a civilisation seems to be attaining to its highest, it may, imperceptibly, but none the less surely, be nearing its extinction.



ANOTHER VIEW OF THE MARKET OF SERTIUS, LOOKING TOWARDS TRAJAN'S ARCH

This photograph has been taken from a point of view behind the semi-circular part of the market, and shows, beyond, some of the remaining pillars of the large square basilica within which the merchants conducted their bargaining, much on the same lines as in many a corn or wool exchange in modern countries.



MAGNIFICENT BYZANTINE BAPTISMAL FONT WORKED IN MOSAIC

Timgad is unrivalled in the quantity and beauty of the Roman mosaic pavements there discovered, but this is a remarkable example of early Christian work in the baptistery which stood a little outside of the original area of the town, and close to a large Byzantine basilica. All the gorgeous black and yellow tile work is in a wonderful state of preservation. These early Byzantine baptisteries gave later Arab architects the design for their fountains and bathing places.

THE SEVEN WONDERS. I

THE MAUSOLEUM AT HALICARNASSUS

By F. Norman Pryce, M.A.

THE MAUSOLEUM AT HALICARNASSUS

By F. Norman Pryce, M.A.

Of the Greek and Roman Department, British Museum

BUDRUM is a small Turkish port, with a ruined castle of the Knights of St. John of Jerusalem, beautifully situated on the coast of the Gulf of Kos at the south-west angle of Asia Minor. The district was known in ancient times as Caria, and though nominally a province, or satrapy, of the great empire of Persia, its situation, shut off between the mountains and the sea at the extreme limits of the empire, secured for it a measure of independence.

In the first half of the fourth century B.C. the country was ruled by an active and warlike prince, Mausolus, who fixed his capital on the site of Budrum, anciently called Halicarnassus.

On his death, in the year 353 B.C., his devoted widow, Artemisia, resolved to perpetuate his memory and appease her own sorrow by erecting for him the most splendid tomb ever known, and sent to Greece to secure the services of the most renowned artists of the age. The names of the architects were Satyros and Pythios. The sculptors who were to adorn the structure were Scopas, the greatest Greek sculptor of the century—famed above all for his power to express in stone the most passionate emotions and the most vivid movement—Timotheos, Bryaxis, and Leochares, of whom less is now known, but who in their own age were considered second only to Scopas.

Queen Artemisia reigned for only two years, and then died, consumed by wasting grief for the loss of her husband. The tomb was then still unfinished, but the artists resolved to complete it as a labour of love "for their own fame and a record of their skill." The result was a work of such magnificence and splendour that it ranked as one of the Seven Wonders of the

World, and its name, the Mausoleum, has come generally to be employed to denote any elaborate sepulchre.

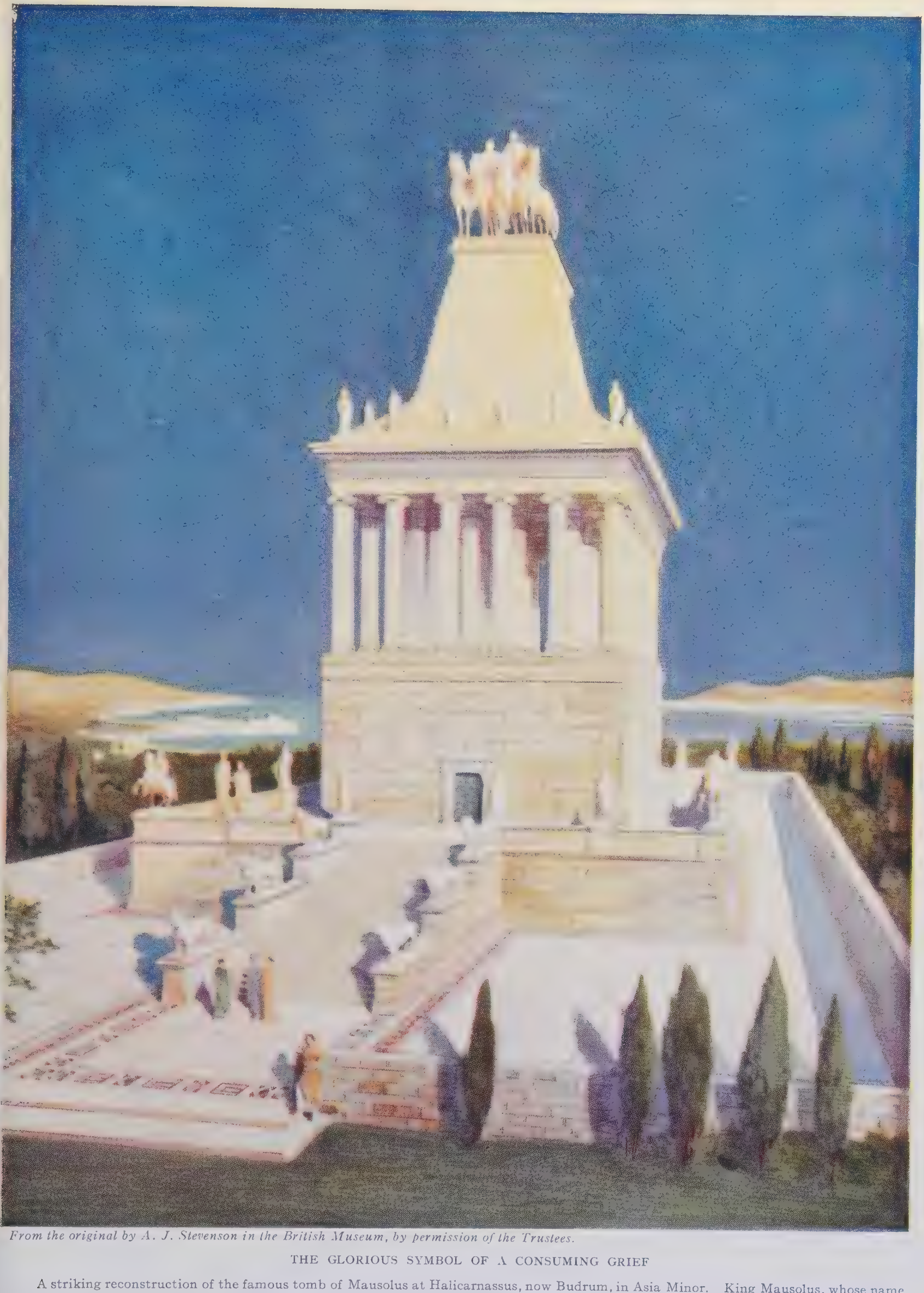
Descriptions of the building have been handed down to us by more than one ancient writer, but, unfortunately, these are ambiguous and permit of interpretation in various ways, and the dimensions as recorded are suspected by some authorities.

There is thus considerable difference of opinion with regard to many details of the Mausoleum, and a large number of widely differing reconstructions have been produced. Generally speaking, however, the building was rectangular, with the short sides on the north and south; the lower storey, in which was the tomb-chamber, was solid; bans of sculpture ran round all four sides. Above this was a colonnade of thirty-six columns of the Ionic order of rich golden-white marble, which was surmounted by a pyramid of twenty-four steps, and on the top of the pyramid was a chariot with four horses. The total height was one hundred and forty feet. What appeared to ancient sightseers the most remarkable feature of the building was the impression of lightness; the massive pyramid, poised on top of the slender colonnade, appeared to float in air.

There is reason to believe that down to the twelfth century, or even later, the building survived practically undamaged. But in 1402 the Knights of St. John took possession of Halicarnassus and began to build on the site their castle of St. Peter.

To obtain the necessary building materials they pulled down the remains of the ancient city, and probably about this time the superstructures of the Mausoleum were destroyed. In 1472 the building was in ruins, and the last of these ruins was destroyed in 1522, when Sultan Suleiman was preparing his great expedition to drive the Knights out of Asia Minor and Rhodes. The Grand Master of the Order of St. John, realising the military importance of the castle at Budrum, ordered it to be put in repair. For this purpose the Knights broke up the base of the Mausoleum and burnt the marble blocks for lime.

While doing this they broke into a large square chamber elaborately adorned with slabs and bands of marbles of different colours, with battle scenes sculptured in relief. The story goes that the finders at first admired these, and then broke them up. They then penetrated into an inner chamber containing a sar-



From the original by A. J. Stevenson in the British Museum, by permission of the Trustees.

THE GLORIOUS SYMBOL OF A CONSUMING GRIEF

A striking reconstruction of the famous tomb of Mausolus at Halicarnassus, now Budrum, in Asia Minor. King Mausolus, whose name lives in our language in the word "mausoleum," ruled Caria, from 387–353 B.C., as a satrap, or provincial governor, under the Great King of Persia. The stately monument raised to his memory was inspired by the grief of Artemisia, his widowed queen. Accounted as one of the Seven Wonders of the World, it stood 140 feet high.

cophagus. As night was coming on they returned to the castle, and in the morning when they returned they found that this tomb had been robbed during the night by unknown pirates or brigands. Thus the grave of Mausolus, after remaining inviolate for over eighteen centuries, was finally destroyed. Shortly afterwards the Knights of St. John were driven from Budrum by the Turks, and all recollection even of the site was lost.

Although this wholesale destruction is recorded of the Knights, yet at times a desire seems to have prevailed to preserve and save some fragments of the priceless sculptures which otherwise would have been fed to their lime-kilns. At some unknown date a slab of carved frieze was sent to Genoa; other slabs were built into the walls of the castle into which a number of marble lions were also inserted. In the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries Western travellers and merchants passing through Budrum observed these fragments, and it was rightly concluded that they must have been taken from the Mausoleum. In 1846 Lord Stratford de Redcliffe, then British Ambassador at Constantinople, obtained permission of the Sultan to remove to the British Museum twelve slabs forming part of the large frieze showing the combat of Greeks and Amazons. In 1856 Sir Charles Newton was allowed to remove the lions and also to excavate on the actual site.

The excavation revealed little more than the foundations and ground plan, and it was evident that the Knights had destroyed everything above ground. Scattered about in the vicinity of the site, however, were discovered a large number of fragments of architecture and sculpture, which with great labour were brought to England and put together in the Mausoleum Room of the British Museum.

The most striking of the sculptures thus recovered are the fragments of the chariot group which surmounted the pyramid. The top step of the pyramid has been preserved, showing a horse's hoof in position. Large portions of the colossal bodies of the marble horses, decked out with harness of gilded bronze still remain, and it is conjectured that the two portrait statues of Mausolus and Queen Artemisia stood originally in the chariot, thus crowning the whole edifice.

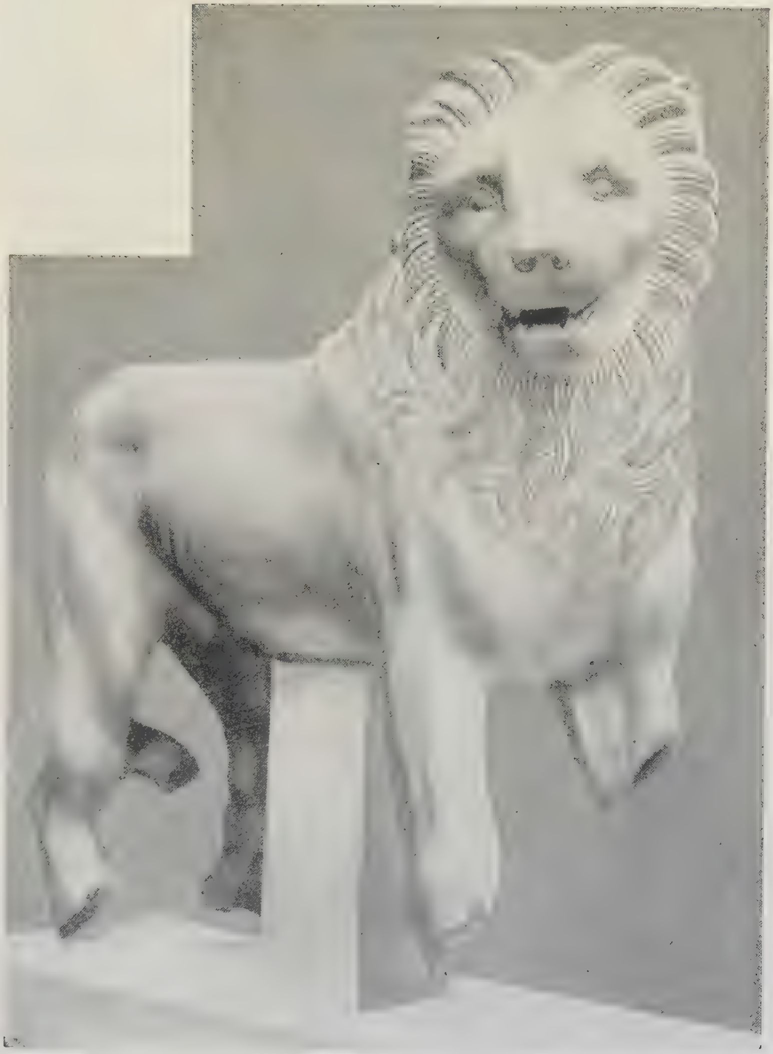
The portrait of Mausolus can be identified from his coins.

It shows a bearded man, in the prime of life, richly robed, and with an expression of quiet dignity. The head of the companion statue is injured, so the identification as Artemisia, though extremely probable, is not certain; nor is it universally accepted that the statues did originally stand in the chariot. Some authorities have preferred to suppose that they formed part of the groups of statuary scattered about and within the building, of which numerous fragments have been found.

The other decorations of the Mausoleum take the form of three long bands of sculptured frieze which ran round the building, though the level at which they were applied cannot be determined. It has, however, been observed that the least important of the three—a frieze representing Greeks and Centaurs, of which very little remains—is less carefully finished than the others. Probably, therefore, it was placed high up, at some distance from the spectator's eye.

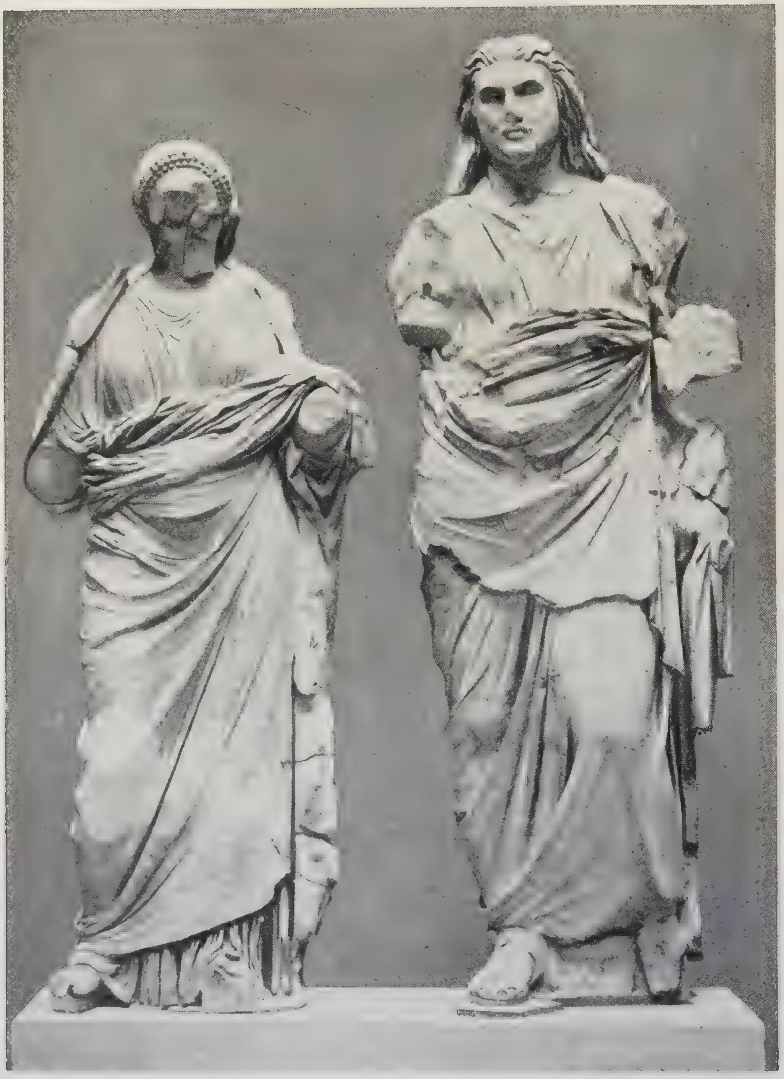
Of the other two friezes one is narrow and of very fine workmanship, but it survives only in small fragments. The subject is a chariot race. The third is the best preserved of all. Twelve complete slabs were taken out of the walls of the castle in 1846; four additional slabs, the finest of all, and hundreds of fragments were discovered during the excavations; and yet one other slab was obtained from a palace in Genoa in 1865. Thus pieced together, the frieze occupies the whole length of the room in the British Museum.

As was the invariable custom with Greek architectural ornaments, the whole frieze was originally bright with colour: blue background, red flesh, white, green, and gold drapery. The weapons of the combatants and harness of the horses were of bronze, and the holes for this metal embellishment may be observed along the whole length. The figures are slenderly proportioned and broadly spaced out against the background, which thereby gives due effect to a certain fondness for oblique lines which is visible in the pose of the figures, nearly all of which are either lunging forward or drawing back with one leg straightened out down to the ground-line. The result is a wonderful spring and movement beating rhythmically along the whole length of the frieze. Never has the rush of battle been rendered with more vigour.



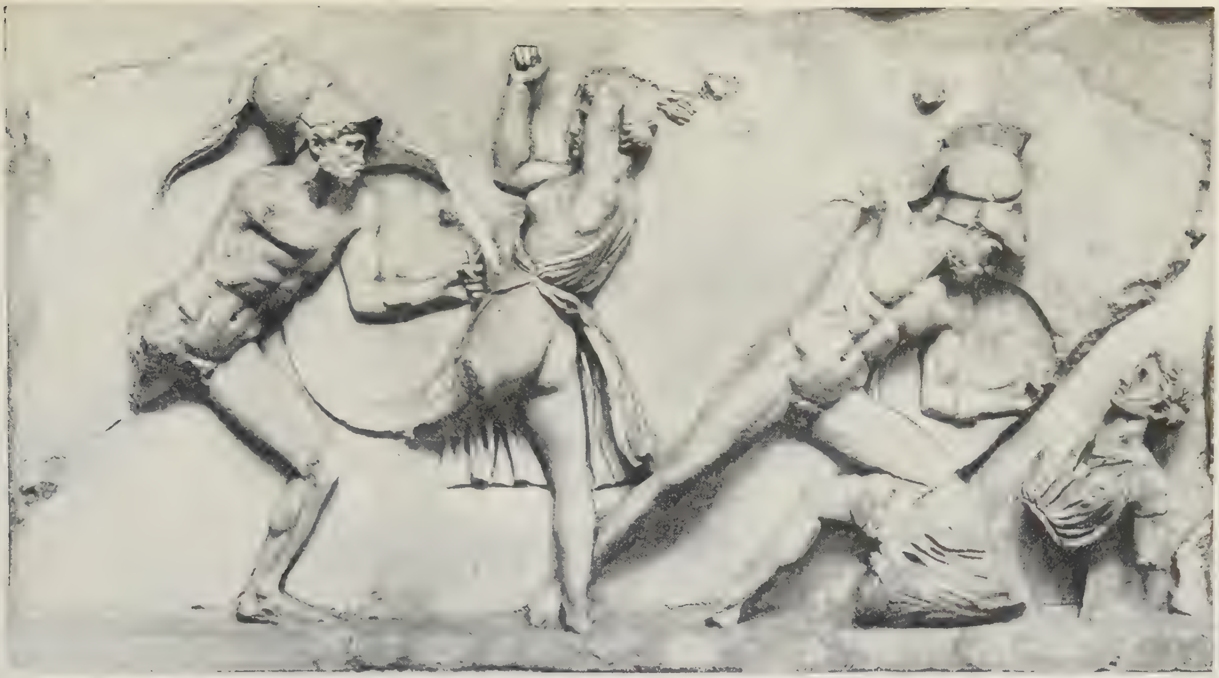
ONE OF THE DECORATIVE LIONS OF THE MAUSOLEUM

Several of these splendidly sculptured beasts, all uniform and conventional in design, have been brought to light by the labours of excavators. In 1855, at the instigation of Sir Charles Newton, they were removed for safety to the British Museum.



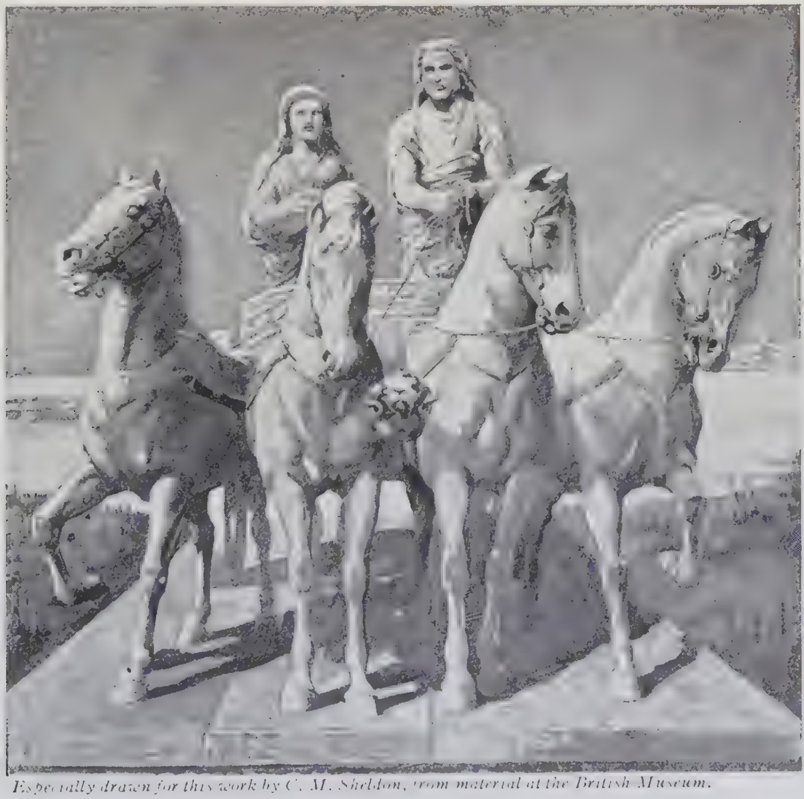
QUEEN ARTEMISIA AND MAUSOLUS, HER LORD

Two draped portrait statues which once stood in the chariot, the crowning glory of the edifice. They are now preserved in the British Museum. The figure of the king is that of a man in the prime of life. The dignity of expression, grace of pose, and superb execution of the draperies make these statues a triumph of the sculptor's art. According to Pliny, they were the work of Pythis, commonly identified with Pythios, the architect of the building.



SPIRITED FRIEZE THAT RECORDS DEADLY STRIFE 'TWIXT AMAZONS AND GREEKS

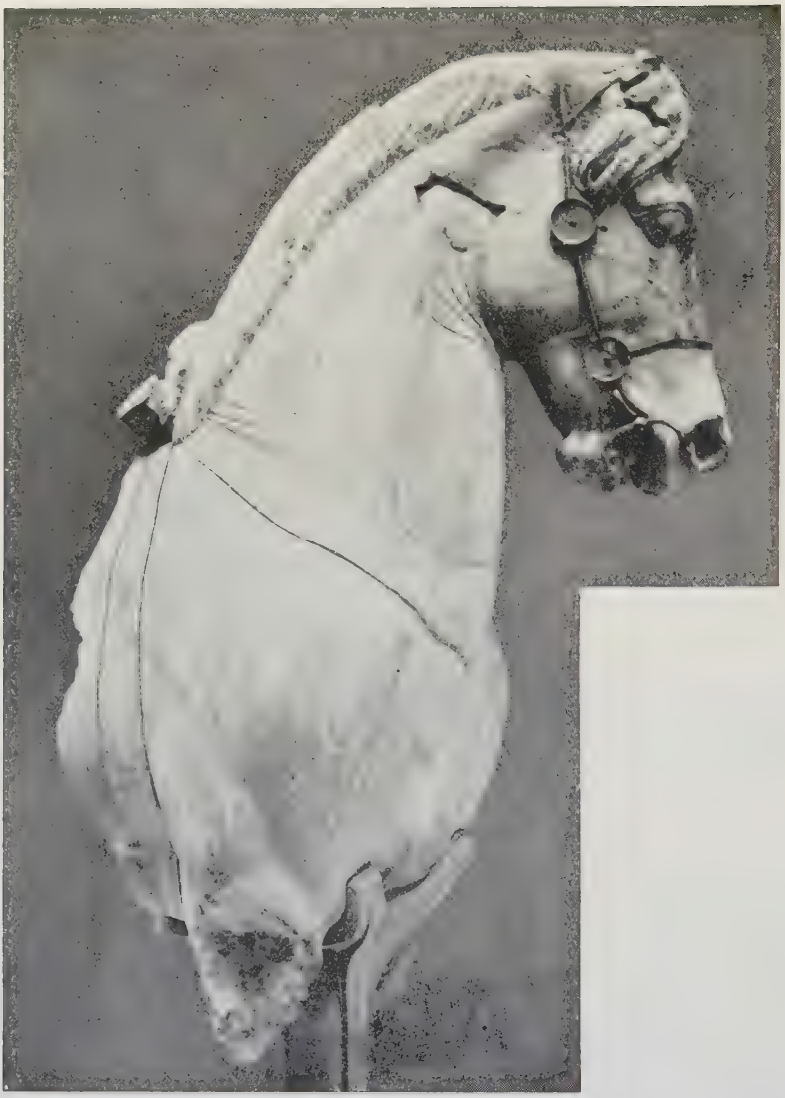
Fragment of the once delicately-coloured frieze of the Mausoleum rescued in 1846 from the Castle of St. Peter, and now preserved in the British Museum. On the left, the Amazon is drawing back from the attack of her bearded Greek assailant, but has both hands raised, waiting for a chance to hit back with her axe. On the right she is seen thrown to the ground, the Greek bending over her, ready to deal the fatal blow.



Especially drawn for this work by C. M. Sheldon, from material at the British Museum.

THE CROWNING GLORY OF THE MAUSOLEUM

A special reconstruction of the four-horse chariot. Some authorities think the king's companion to be a goddess driving his chariot, as Athene is shown on black figure vases driving the chariot of Heracles. But since the figures are in the normal proportions of a man and woman, she probably represents the woman who loved and shared the fortunes of the tomb's dead occupant.



WITH BIT AND BRIDLE STILL ATTACHED

One of the colossal horses of the chariot group, wonderfully suggestive of physical energy. The original harness, made of gilded bronze, is interesting. In place of a collar, there is a band round the horse's chest; this unites at the crest with another band which passes round the body. When excavated, the chariot group was found in a confused heap. The supposition is that it fell from the summit of the building.

RECORDS OF THE TOMBS. I

TUTANKHAMEN AND HIS TREASURES

BY H. R. HALL, D.LITT., F.S.A.

TUTANKHAMEN AND HIS TREASURES

I. FIRST FRUITS OF A GREAT DISCOVERY

By H. R. Hall, D.Litt., F.S.A.

Deputy Keeper of Egyptian and Assyrian Antiquities, British Museum

BEFORE the close of the year 1922 the name of the ancient Egyptian king, Tutankhamen, may have been familiarly known to a couple of hundred Egyptologists and students of Egyptology in the world, and perhaps five hundred more persons might have remembered that they had heard or read of him at some time or another. Now his name is familiar to thousands throughout the world, far more familiar indeed than the greatest names in Egyptian history, the Thothmes and the Rameses. A curious fact, because he was a most undistinguished and ephemeral monarch, who reigned perhaps six, but certainly not more than ten years, and is not known ever to have done anything in his short reign that is worthy of record, unless the return, which was effected in his time, of the Egyptians to the ancient religion of their forefathers after the strange interlude of the Atenist heresy is to be ascribed to him and not to Akhnaton, which is very doubtful.

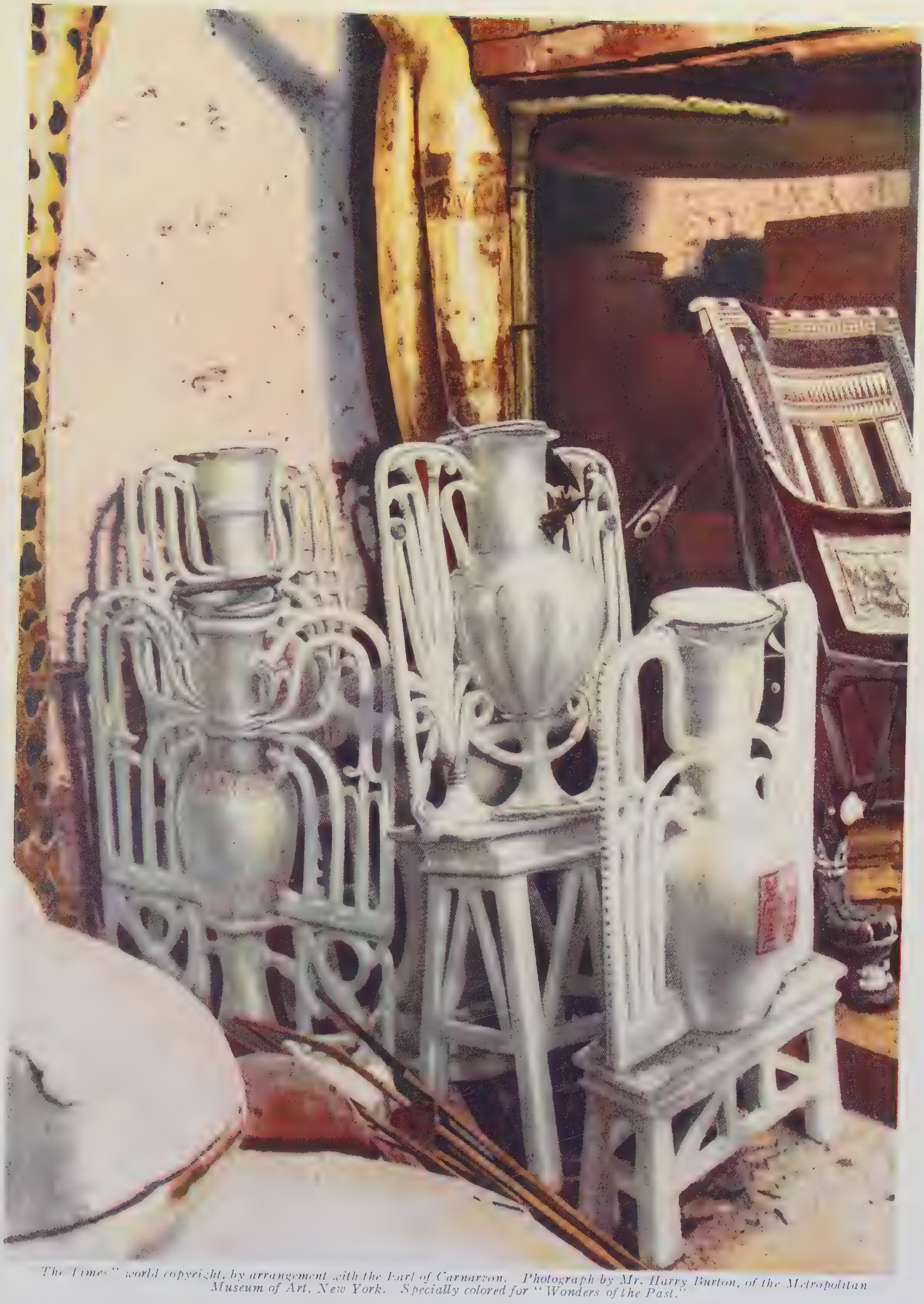
This fact means that something very interesting happened in his reign, it is true. But it is not on this account that his name has suddenly become familiar in the mouths of men, though to the small band of those interested in Egyptian matters it was the chief reason for remembering him at all. Tutankhamen is now familiar to the man in the street on account of the sensational discovery of his burial place in November, 1922, with its marvellous wealth of funerary furniture, by Mr. Howard Carter, working for Lord Carnarvon.

For months after the discovery the newspapers were full of the tomb and of the extraordinary relics of ancient civilisation that it contained. We read the description of how these objects of ancient art were removed one by one from the tomb—the gorgeous golden beds, the thrones, the chariots, the caskets, the candlesticks, the actual garlands of flowers placed with the dead, and how they were treated by expert archæologists and chemists in another tomb hard by, used as a workshop, before they were packed up and removed to the museum at Cairo. We heard with astonishment that even these treasures were not all, but that another room "chockfull" of others still remained to be cleared, and everybody awaited with eager curiosity the opening of the sealed burial-chamber, in which, it was hoped, the body of the dead Pharaoh would be found in his sarcophagus, lying in his last funeral state—a memorable event which took place on February 16, 1923.

It may be that the general interest in this discovery is due largely to the human love of tales of buried treasure and the desire to gloat over gold and precious stones, as a cynic has observed. But we may also attribute it, at least partially, to higher motives, to the human love of the wonderful, and to the stirring of the imagination that is caused by such a revelation of ancient days as this. Fairy tales seem outdone; we see in existence the ancient splendour of Ormuz and of Ind, of Cairo and Baghdad, that we read of, as children, in the stories of Sinbad and of Aladdin. Two benevolent djinns in the persons of Lord Carnarvon and Mr. Carter seem to have revealed to us by a touch of their wands the ancient Pharaoh, like another Barbarossa in the Kyffhäuser, preserved as by magic with his royal state about him until these latter days for us to behold him and wonder.

It is the magic of it that enthrals, and the magical effect is not diminished by the fact of it being in Egypt that the discovery is made (where else but in that land of ancient sorceries and mystic lore could it have been made?), or by the strange and awe-inspiring setting of the tomb, amid the stark and bare rocks and ravines of the western desert of Thebes, the city of the dead.

There, for generations, the great men and kings of Egypt



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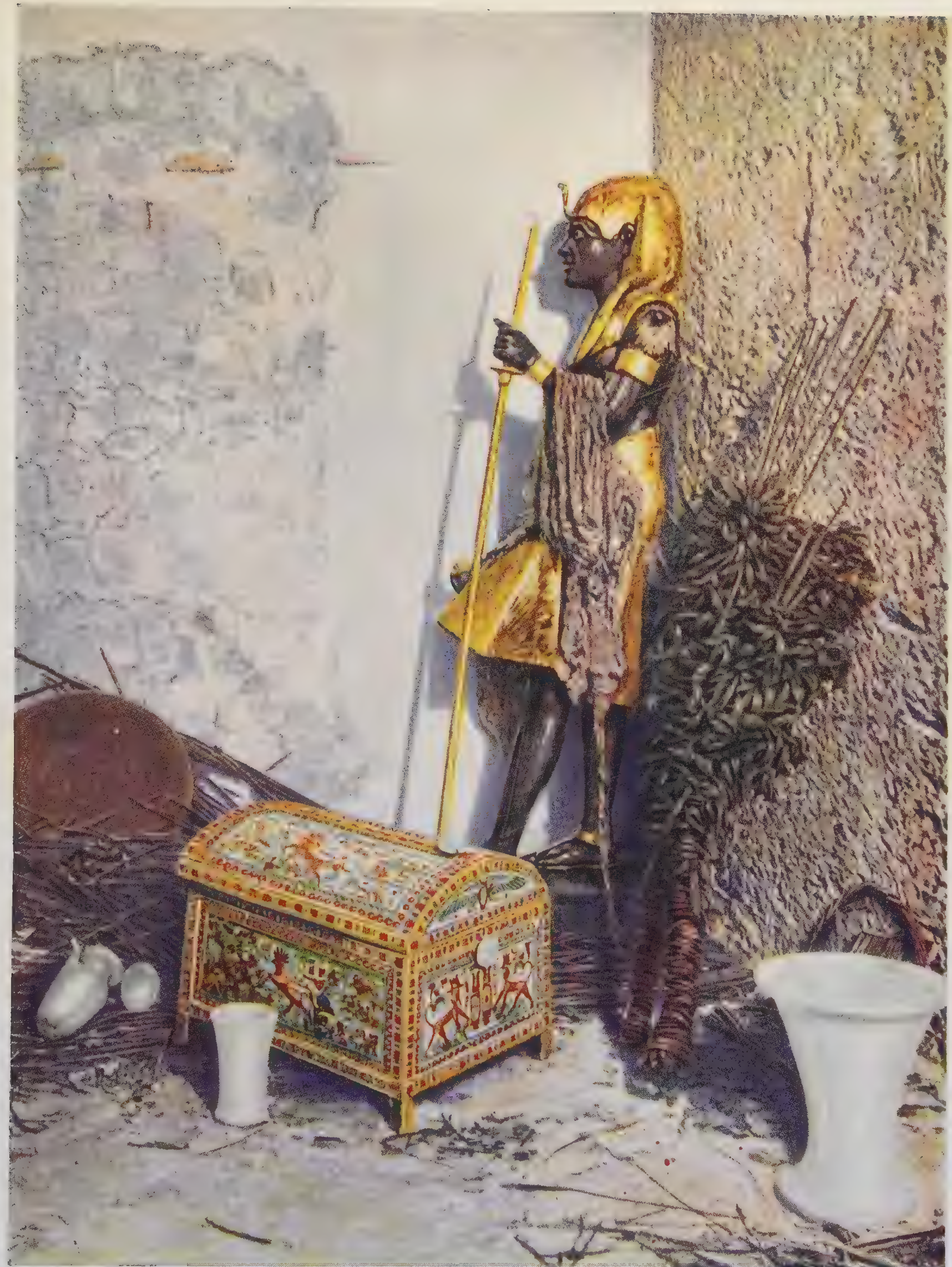
THE MOST BEAUTIFUL ALABASTER VASES IN THE WORLD

Despite the inestimable treasures of ancient beauty existing in the museums of the world to-day, nothing so startlingly perfect in taste and craftsmanship had been seen before this group of vases was discovered in a corner of the ante-chamber to Tutnakhamen's tomb. The faint fragrance of the perfumed essences they once contained was perceptible after 3 300 years.



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COLOURS THAT GLOW AGAIN AFTER THIRTY-THREE CENTURIES OF GLOOM

The painted clothes chest, which lies at the foot of Tutankhamen's statue, excels in delicacy of brush-work and charm of design the famed work of even the Chinese and the Japanese. The large vase on the right, and the other smaller vases, are all of alabaster, and were used for unguents or perfumed ointments.

were buried, mummied in their coffins, deep down in the passages of their tombs, hewn beneath the mountain by the hands of countless slaves. In the great city, the metropolis of ancient Egyptian empire, they lived their lives with joy and feasting, woe or grief, loves and hates, and then went away "to the west," the necropolis of ancient Thebes, where they were to abide either a short time till tomb-robbers destroyed them in the search for gold, or a long time until modern archæologists came to bring them up again into the light of day, in order to increase our knowledge of ancient days and show to our marvelling eyes the actual men and women who lived and ruled and died as kings and queens in Egypt three thousand years ago. Archæological work in Egypt, therefore, is not merely interesting, but inspiring. And it can be carried on without the least disrespect to the dead themselves. What would modern culture and art have lost did we not possess the relics of ancient Egypt that fill our museums, the result of discoveries of much the same kind as that of Lord Carnarvon and Mr. Carter?

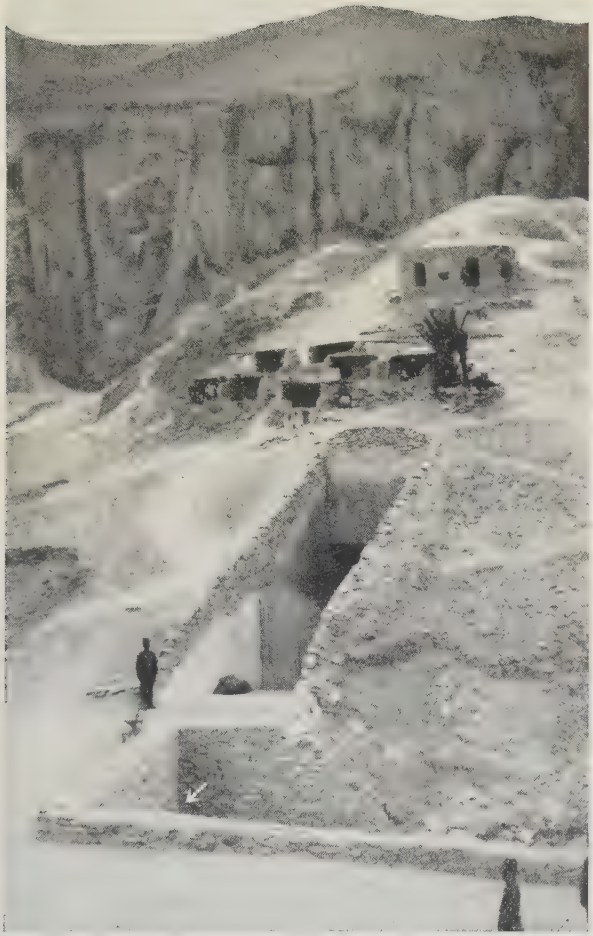
This is the most important discovery of its kind that has ever been made in Egypt. In quantity, the find immeasurably surpasses any other; in quality, it is second to none. The only thing we have to fear is that damp, which has penetrated into the tomb in some slight degree in the course of ages, may have effected the preservation of some of the objects found. Destruction has been at work, too. For not so very long after the king's burial, tomb-robbers entered his sepulchre in search of gold, and must have removed some few precious things and damaged others by throwing them about in their hurried quest. Then official inspectors in the old days tried to "tidy up a bit" after the robbers, and did so hastily and perfunctorily, piling up things in their wrong boxes, and so on. But, in spite of this, the find remains unique in splendour.

It is, of course, not unique in kind. We have only to go to the British Museum to see specimens of much the same kind of things that have been discovered in the tomb of Tutankhamen. One need only go to Bloomsbury and look at the gold-sheathed throne of a queen (battered and riven it is true), and at folding chairs and inlaid caskets of the same kind as Tutankhamen's. At Cairo we see more; there are the mummies of the

Pharaohs, and there are the chariot and splendid furniture, as magnificent as Tutankhamen's, discovered in the tomb of Iuaa and Tuaa by Mr. J. E. Quibell in 1905. This find is a smaller edition of that of Tutankhamen's. The funerary furniture is every whit as fine as his so far as one can see, and it is entirely comparable with his, because it belongs to the same period; the lives of Iuaa and of Tutankhamen may have overlapped. But in variety and in quantity it cannot be compared with Tutankhamen's funerary state, which is the greatest archæological discovery of its kind that ever has been made.

The tomb of Iuaa and Tuaa is also in the Valley of the Tombs of the Kings. We see from this discovery that the archæologists had been at work successfully there years before the most recent and greatest discovery. It is only during recent years that exploration has been carried on in the valley systematically and without a break. One of the greatest discoveries of royal tombs here was made over a century ago, in 1818, when Belzoni found the magnificent tomb of Seti I. But it had been entered and plundered long before; only the wonderful alabaster sarcophagus, now in the Soane Museum in Lincoln's Inn Fields, remained for him to bring back (in itself, however, an inestimable treasure), and the broken "bitumenised" wooden statues and *ushabti* figures, now in the British Museum. The body of the king, the finest mummy in existence, was not there. It was found, with that of Rameses II. and other kings, in 1881, in a pit at Deir el-Bahri, on the other side of the hill from the Valley of the Kings, where they had been placed by the priest-kings, two centuries after their death, to save them from the sacrilegious hands of the tomb-robbers.

In modern days, after the time of Belzoni, interest in the tombs, though whipped up for a moment by the extraordinary find at Deir el-Bahri, already mentioned, did not result in much in the way of excavation until in 1898, M. Loret discovered the tomb of King Amenhotep II., and in it, besides the body of its owner (the first king found in his proper tomb), those of eight other kings, besides other persons, were found. At the instance of Sir William Garstin, then Under-Secretary of the Interior, the body of Amenhotep was left in his tomb, an act of good taste which, however, gave the opportunity for one of vandalism.



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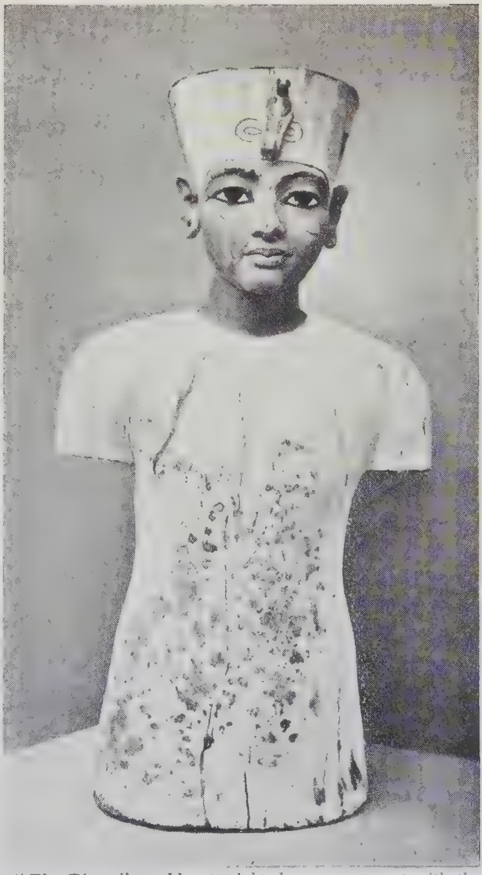
THE CAVE OF A THOUSAND WONDERS!

No little spot of earth has ever attracted the mind of modern man so irresistibly as that here illustrated in the Valley of the Kings among the arid Theban Hills. Below the large middle opening which leads to the great series of chambers forming the chamber of Rameses VI., and denoted by the arrow, the excavators found the entrance to the wonderful tomb chambers of Tutankhamen.



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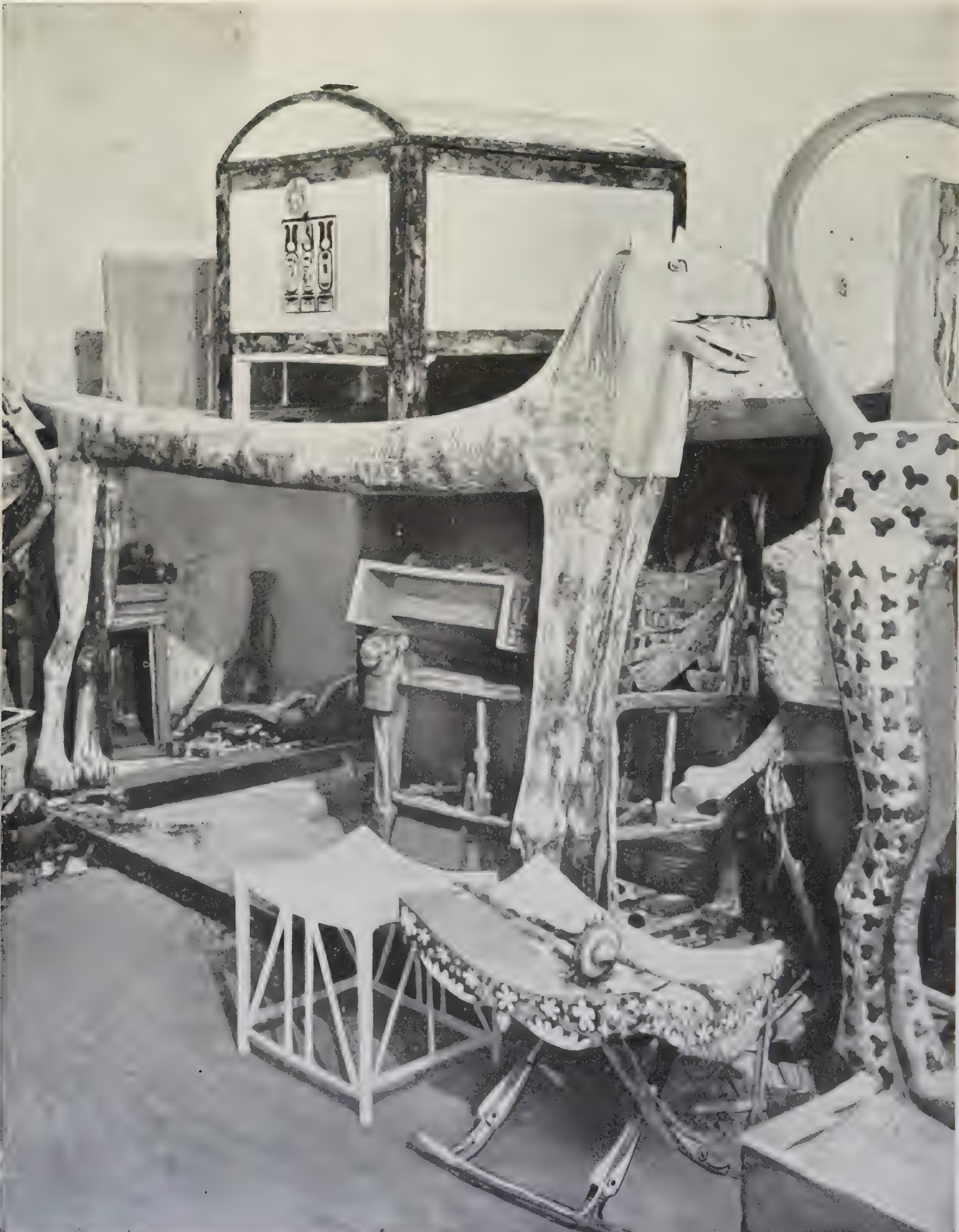
LIFE-SIZED WOODEN MODEL OF THE KING

Probably used for robing purposes. It is carved out of hard wood, painted and gilt, and is thought to be a portrait of the young king.



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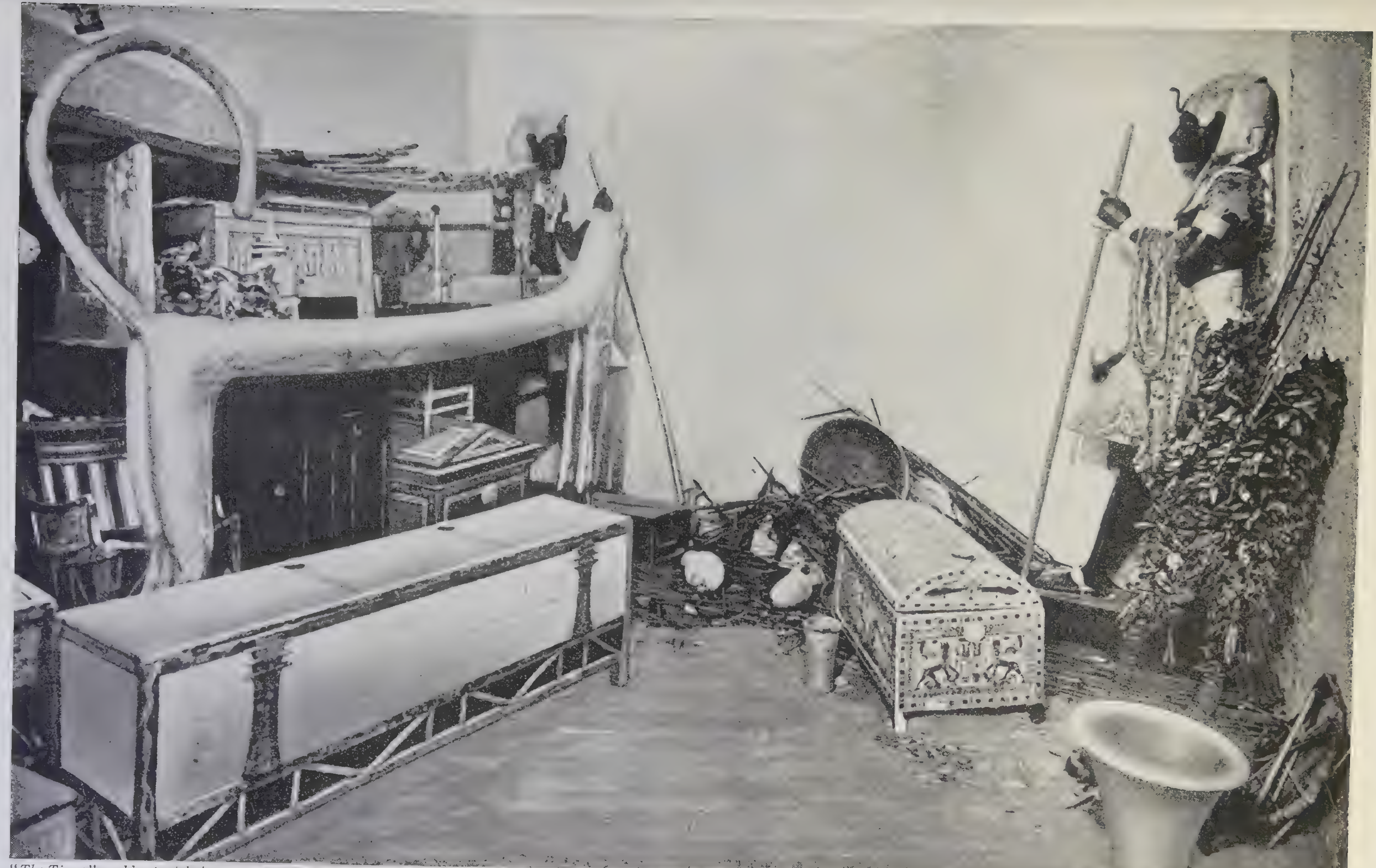
IN THE FIRST WONDER ROOM OF THE ROYAL VAULTS

Furniture from Pharaoh's palace just as it was brought to light in the outer chamber of his tomb, all in a perfect state of preservation. The pink ivory tongue, even the gleaming teeth, of the typhonic beasts which served to support a ceremonial couch have defied the shafts of time. Resting on the couch is a clothes-chest, bearing three cartouches of the king and his queen. At the foot of the couch is Tutankhamen's folding stool. The gem of the collection is the throne, seen under the chest; covered with gold and silver, it sparkles even now with the jewels which once delighted its royal occupant.



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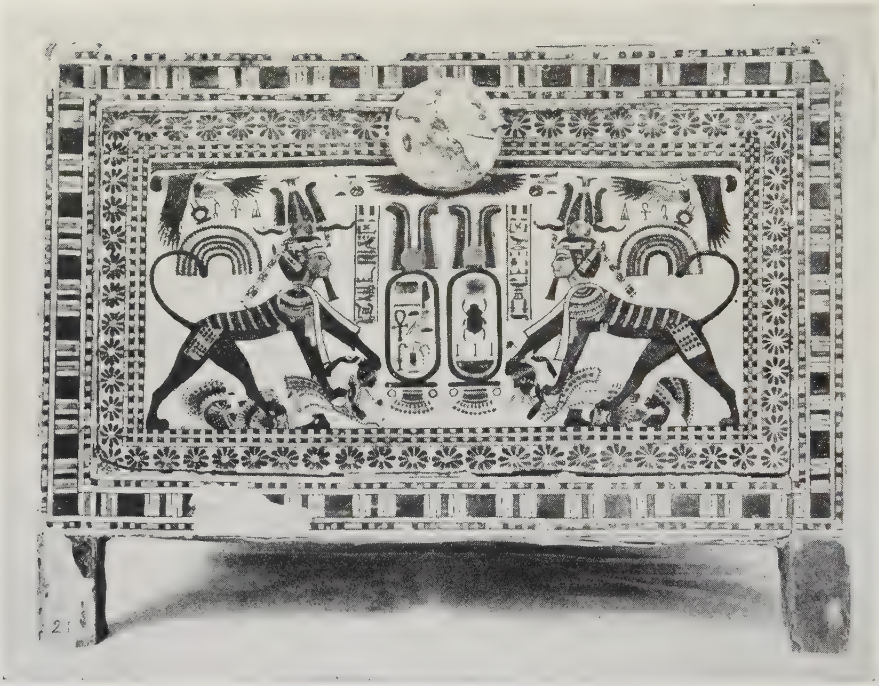
A SCENE OF WONDER ON WHICH NO HUMAN EYE HAD LOOKED SINCE THIRTEEN CENTURIES BEFORE CHRIST WAS BORN!

And this scene has passed away with the clearing of the ante-chamber, but the modern magic of photography records it for ages yet to come. The two life-size figures of Tutankhamen are carved in bitumenised wood, and richly decorated in beaten gold. The long wooden chest in front of the lion couch and the gorgeously painted smaller one on the right had been used as royal clothes-chests, while the bunches of flowers had blossomed in Egypt in the days when the Children of Israel were dwellers in the land.



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NEAR VIEW OF ONE OF THE TREASURES

One end of the painted casket, showing the monarch Tutankhamen in the form of andro-sphinxes —human-headed lions, typifying intellectual and physical power—trampling upon his African enemies. In the centre are the two cartouches of the King, surmounted by the winged solar-disk.

In 1901, excited by rumours of treasure in the tomb, native robbers entered it and tried to despoil the body of the Pharaoh in exactly the same way as their ancestors were accustomed to do.

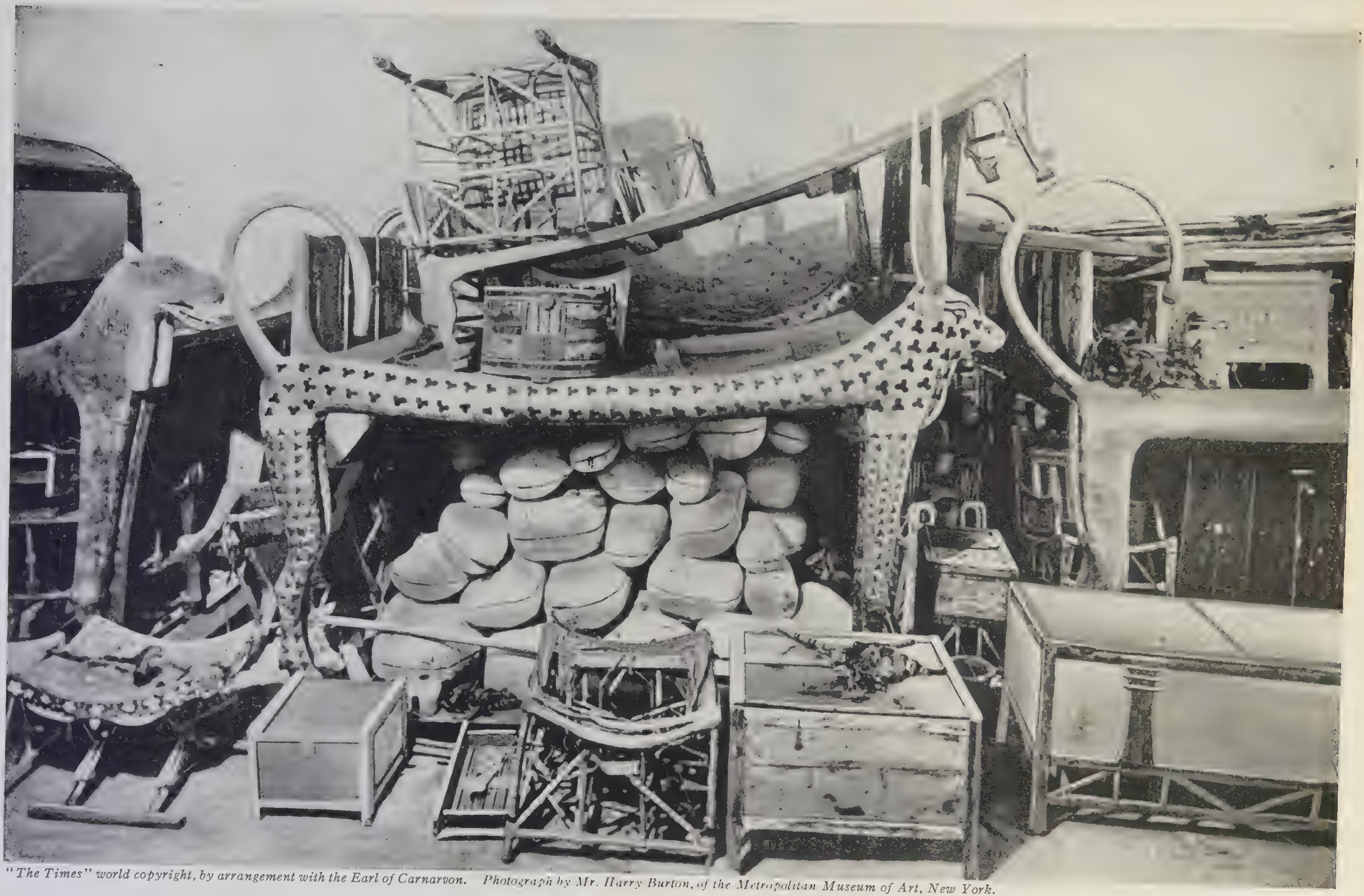
Happily the outrage did not result in the removal of the royal body to Cairo. It was removed only for a moment to be photographed by Mr. Carter (then Inspector-General of Antiquities at Thebes), an operation at which the present writer was present. It was an extraordinary sight to watch the body of the long-dead Pharaoh being borne up to the light of day through the passages of the tomb on the shoulders of the descendants of his subjects, while candles, carried by the Italian electric-light workmen employed in the tomb, accompanied him in his progress like funeral torches. Returned again to his rest, he remains in his sarcophagus, with his funeral garlands around him, while a single electric-light at his head shows the profile of the king in his eternal rest, illuminated against the surrounding darkness.

Besides the king's body and the eight other kings, torn from their sepulchres, who were found with it, other mummies were found in this tomb. Two women still lie there—who, we know not—and a boy of about fourteen years of age, whose chest had been ripped open (after mummification, of course) with a very sharp knife, by ancient plunderers in search of golden amulets that might be hidden on the body. One hopes they were disappointed.

The boy's face is perfect, and from the right side of his head still hangs his side-lock—a long, wavy, lustrous mass of hair nearly a foot long, which from the nature of its waviness was certainly usually plaited. All boys in ancient Egypt wore their hair thus; the greater part of the head was shaved, except at the right side, from which depended this thick and long pig-tail, the sign of boyhood. This fashion never changed. The men usually shaved their heads or cropped their hair short, and wore wigs; the women sometimes wore wigs over their own hair, and sometimes shaved their heads like the men, especially at Tutankhamen's period. The wonderful head of a queen of this time—Tutankhamen's mother-in-law, Nefertiti, in fact—at Berlin, shows her crowned and with her head shaved, and the beautiful little head of a princess, also at Berlin, is shaved as bare as a billiard ball. One of the two women in the tomb of Amenhotep II. has her head clean-shaven, while the other still has her own long hair adhering to the skull. Both sexes wore heavy gold earrings at this period, and the holes bored in the lobes of his ears are very plain in the case of the boy found in this tomb, who may have been one of the king's sons. Who the women were we have no means of knowing, but it has been suggested that one is none other than the great Queen Hatshepsut, placed here by the priest-kings with the other eight kings.

This discovery stimulated interest, and in Mr. Carter's inspectorate, systematic exploration of the valley began, at the expense of a munificent American, the late Mr. Theodore Davis, of Newport, R.I. Mr. Carter discovered the tombs of Thothmes IV. and Seti II., and when he left the Theban inspectorate, Mr. J. E. Quibell took up the work and found the sepulchre of Iuaa and Tuaa. Mr. Davis's work went on successfully under Mr. E. R. Ayrton, with the discovery of Queen Tiyi's tomb and the body of the heretic king Akhnaton in Mr. Weigall's period of inspectorship. Then, shortly before the war, Mr. Davis gave up his task. After the war, Lord Carnarvon, who had for several years past worked with Mr. Carter in the necropolis of Thebes, at Dra Abul-Negga and Deir el-Bahri, over the hill from the Royal Valley, where he had made many notable discoveries, especially that of the tomb of King Amenhotep I., took up the work in the Tombs of the Kings.

Mr. Carter returned to the scene of his old successes, and with his intimate knowledge of the terrain, proceeded to quarter the valley in all directions, until he obtained a new royal tomb. It was known, of course, that there could not be many more to find. In fact, Tutankhamen was almost the only king of the period left to be found. And he was finally found in almost the very last patch of ground that Mr. Carter had left unsearched, immediately beneath the entrance to the tomb of Rameses VI., and deeply buried by the debris thrown out by the workmen who excavated that great tomb in the days gone by. The "earth" in the Valley of the Kings is a sort of dry rubble, a mass of loose dry stones and sand—not true sand, but powdered limestone—and one rakes and scrapes this about until one comes to the hard



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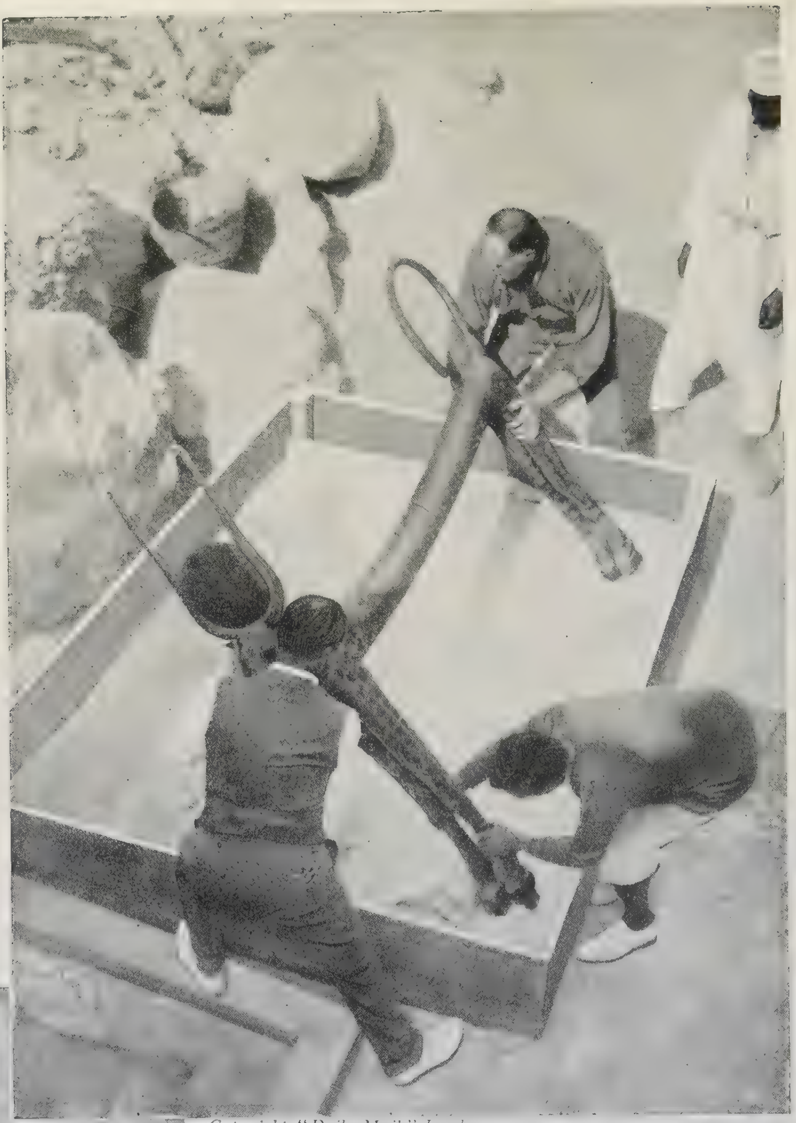
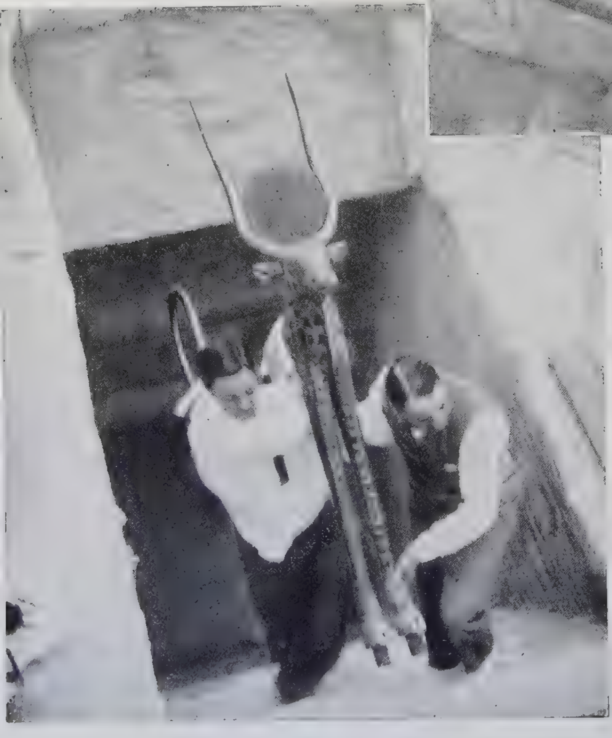
MUMMIFIED SOUL-FOOD FOR PHARAOH ON HIS JOURNEY THROUGH THE UNDERWORLD

Piled under the now famous gilt-and-blue ceremonial couch of the Hathor cows were some thirty oval boxes, which the discoverers of Tutankhamen's tomb found to be filled with mummified foods of various sorts. It was assumed that the soul on its journey through the Underworld could derive sustenance from the spirit of the mummified foods. Lying on the Hathor couch are a royal bedstead, a papyrus chair, a veneered box of semicircular shape, while one of Tutankhamen's faience collarettes had been thrown upon the





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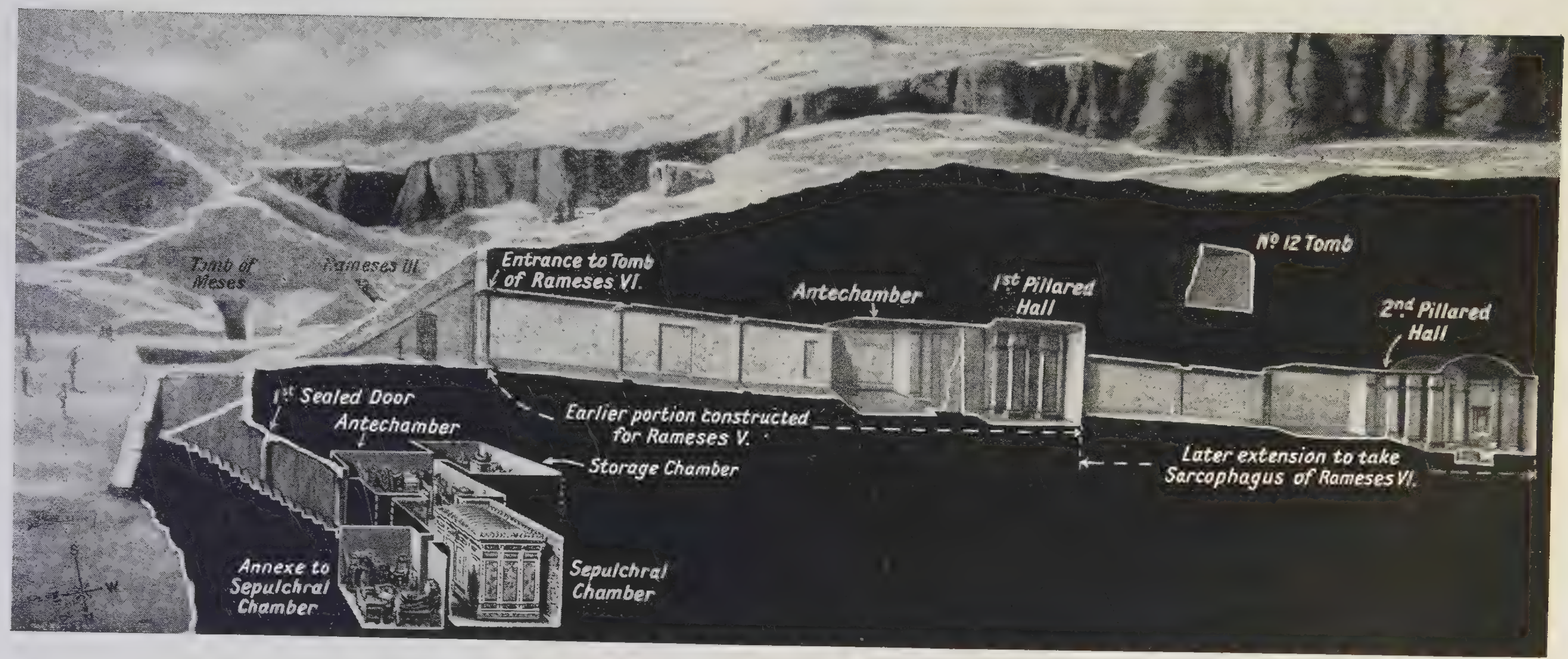
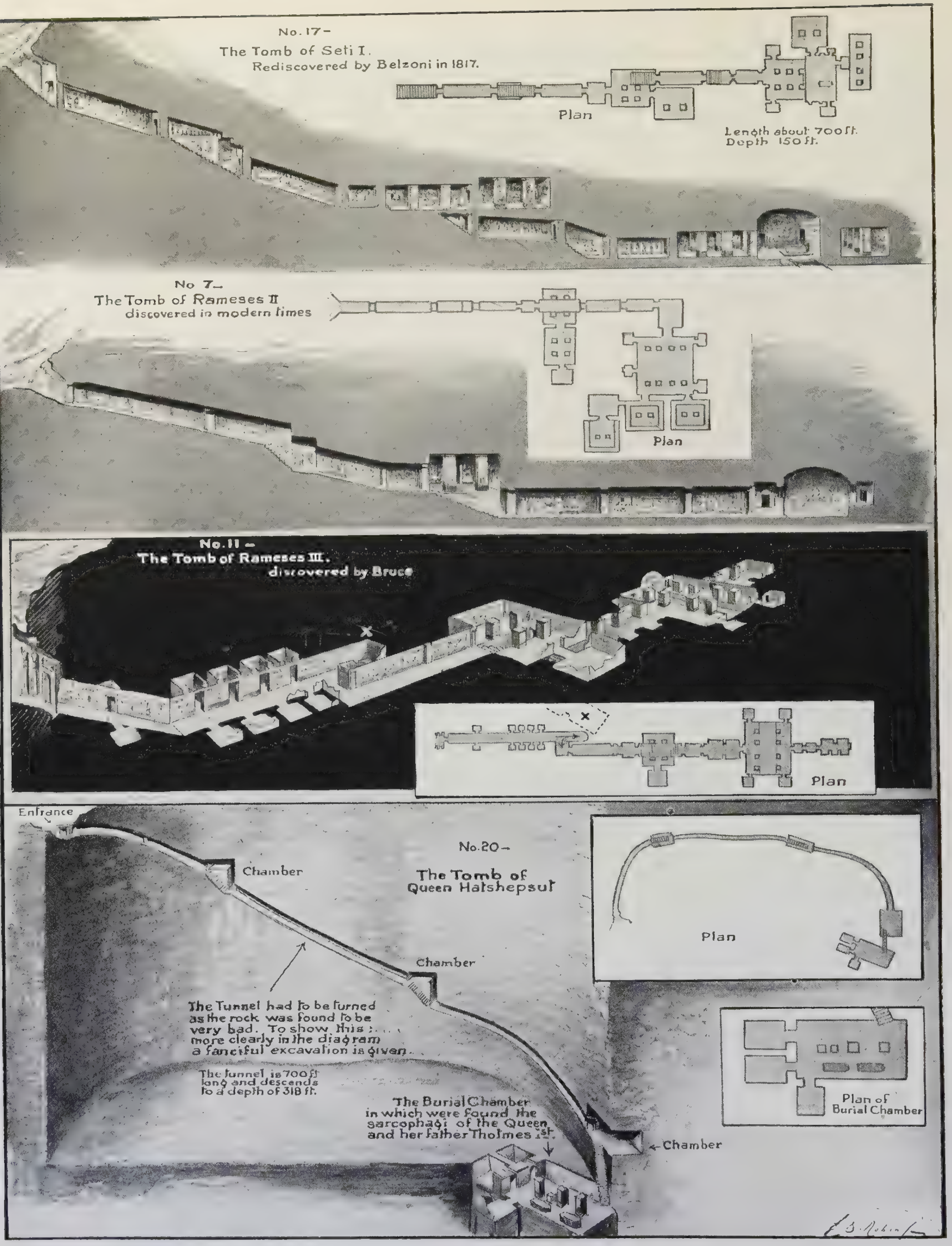
BACK INTO SUNSHINE AFTER 3,000 YEARS OF SHADE

In the lower picture Dr. Howard Carter and an assistant are seen coming up the stairway from Tutankhamen's tomb, bearing with tender care one of the richly gilt Hathor cows that served as side pieces for a royal couch. The upper photograph shows this treasure being placed in a carrying-box for removal.


Tomb of Meses
Rameses III
Entrance to Tomb of Rameses VI.
Antechamber
1st Pillared Hall
No 12 Tomb
2nd Pillared Hall
1st Sealed Door
Antechamber
Earlier portion constructed for Rameses V.
Storage Chamber
Later extension to take Sarcophagus of Rameses VI.
Annexe to Sepulchral Chamber
Sepulchral Chamber
S
W

GRAPHIC DIAGRAM SHOWING POSITION OF THE TOMB OF TUTANKHAMEN IN THE VALLEY OF THE KINGS

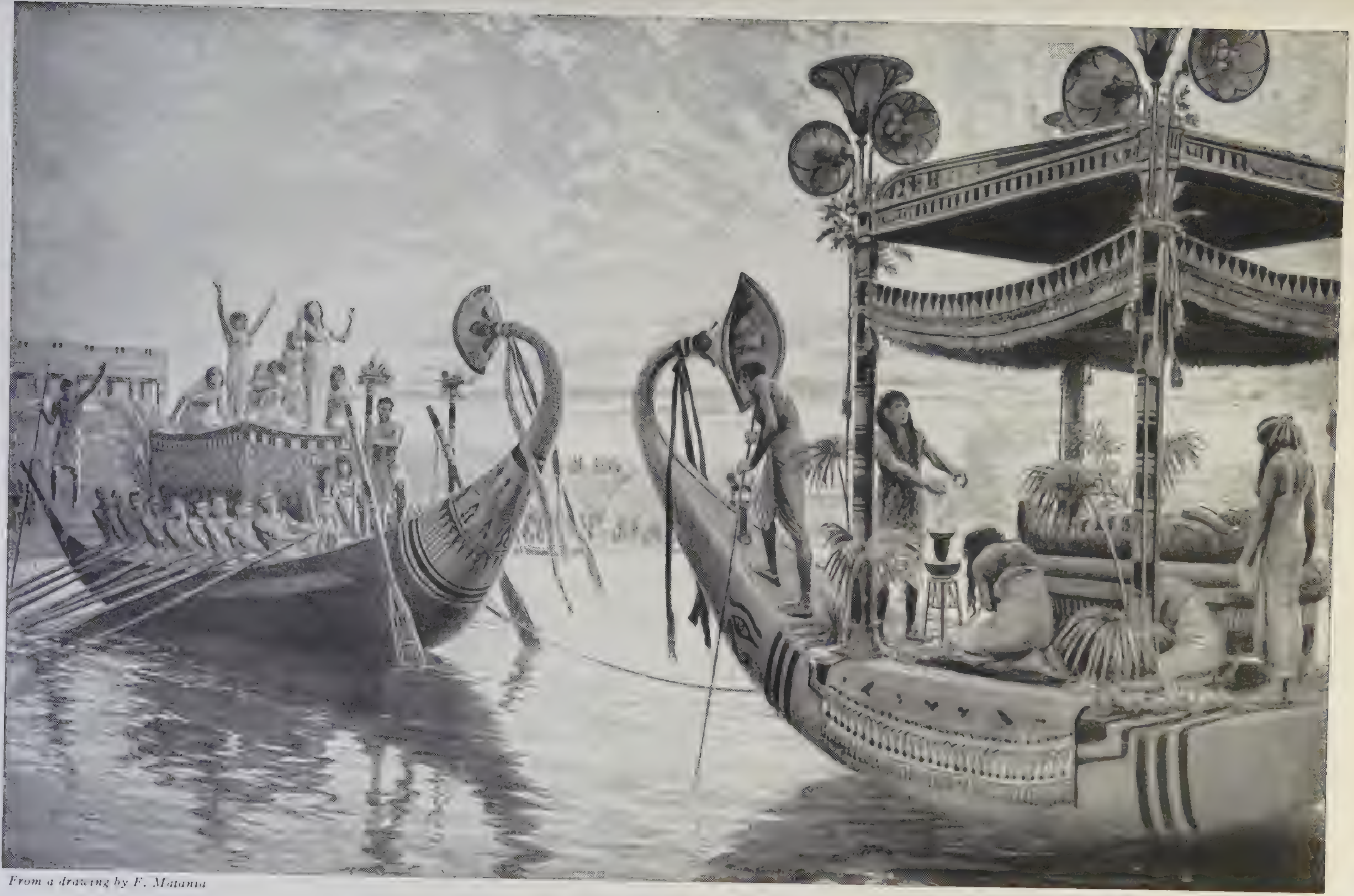
To safeguard their mummies and their funerary treasures from the hands of robbers, the kings of Egypt had their tombs deep-cut in the living rock among the Theban hills, in the case of Rameses VI. a total length of 320 feet being attained by the corridors and chambers hewn from the rock by the hands of numerous slaves. By comparison, the tomb of Tutankhamen was quite unpretentious, and its preservation intact was due to its lowly position under tons of débris dug out of the great tomb above it two centuries later.



Drawn by W. B. Robinson.

KEY TO THE WONDERFUL SECRETS OF THE THEBAN HILLS

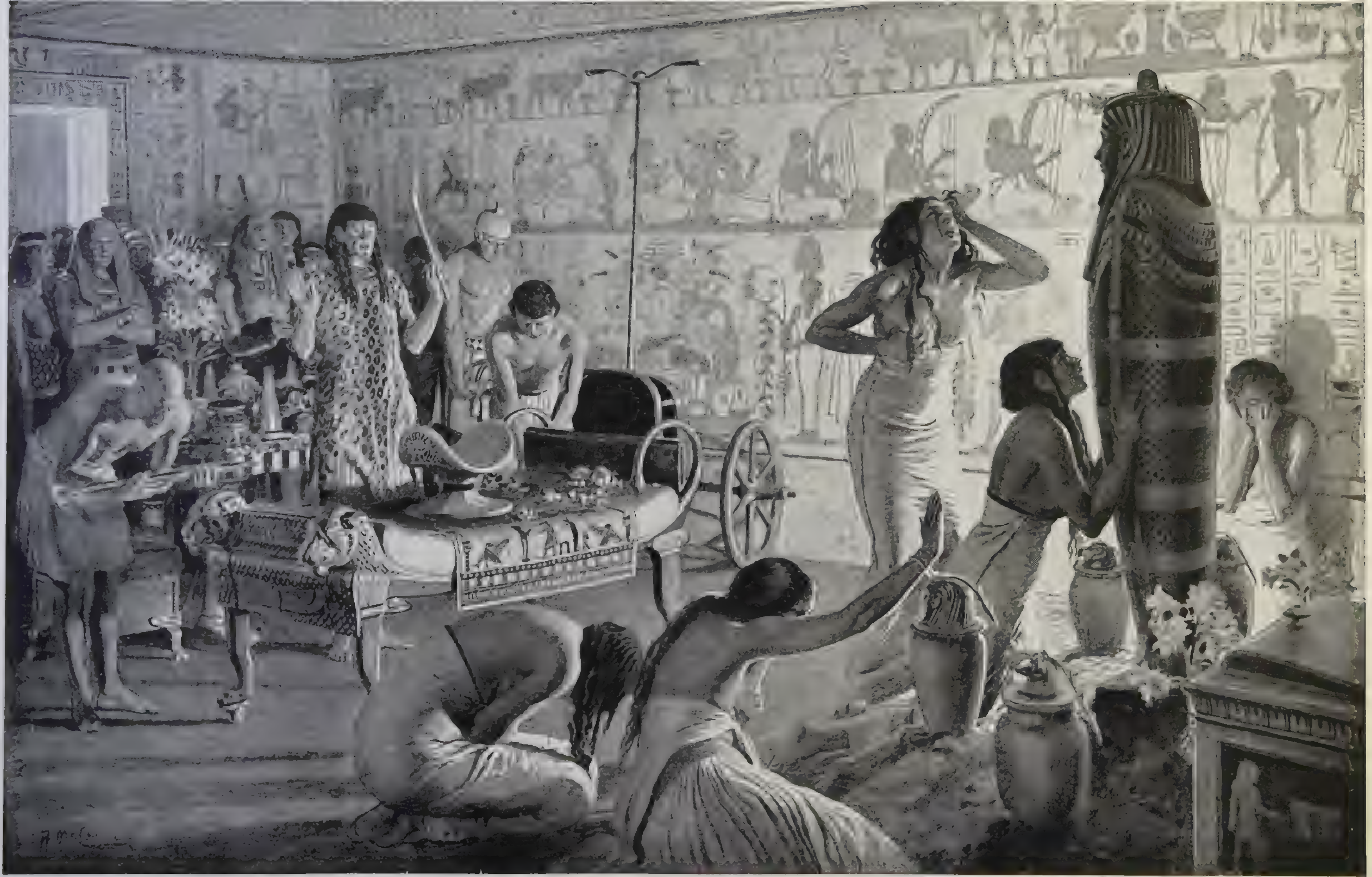
Here for some 450 years (circa 1550–1100 B.C.) departed Pharaohs were laid to rest in chambers dug deep in the rocks. The tomb of Queen Hatshepsut, at the bottom of this set of diagrams, is typical of the burial-places of the Pharaohs of the eighteenth dynasty, to which Tutankhamen belonged. Above it is a twentieth-dynasty tomb, that of Rameses III., and above that again are the tombs of Rameses II., best known of all the rulers of Egypt, and Seti I. These latter were Pharaohs of the nineteenth dynasty, and their tombs show a noticeable similarity in design. The purpose of these laborious excavations was that buried monarchs might sleep for some 3,000 years, where none could disturb them, a pious hope which thieves, alas, too often brought to naught.



From a drawing by F. Matania

THE POMP OF DEATH: PHARAOH CROSSING THE NILE FOR THE LAST TIME IN SUMPTUOUS STATE

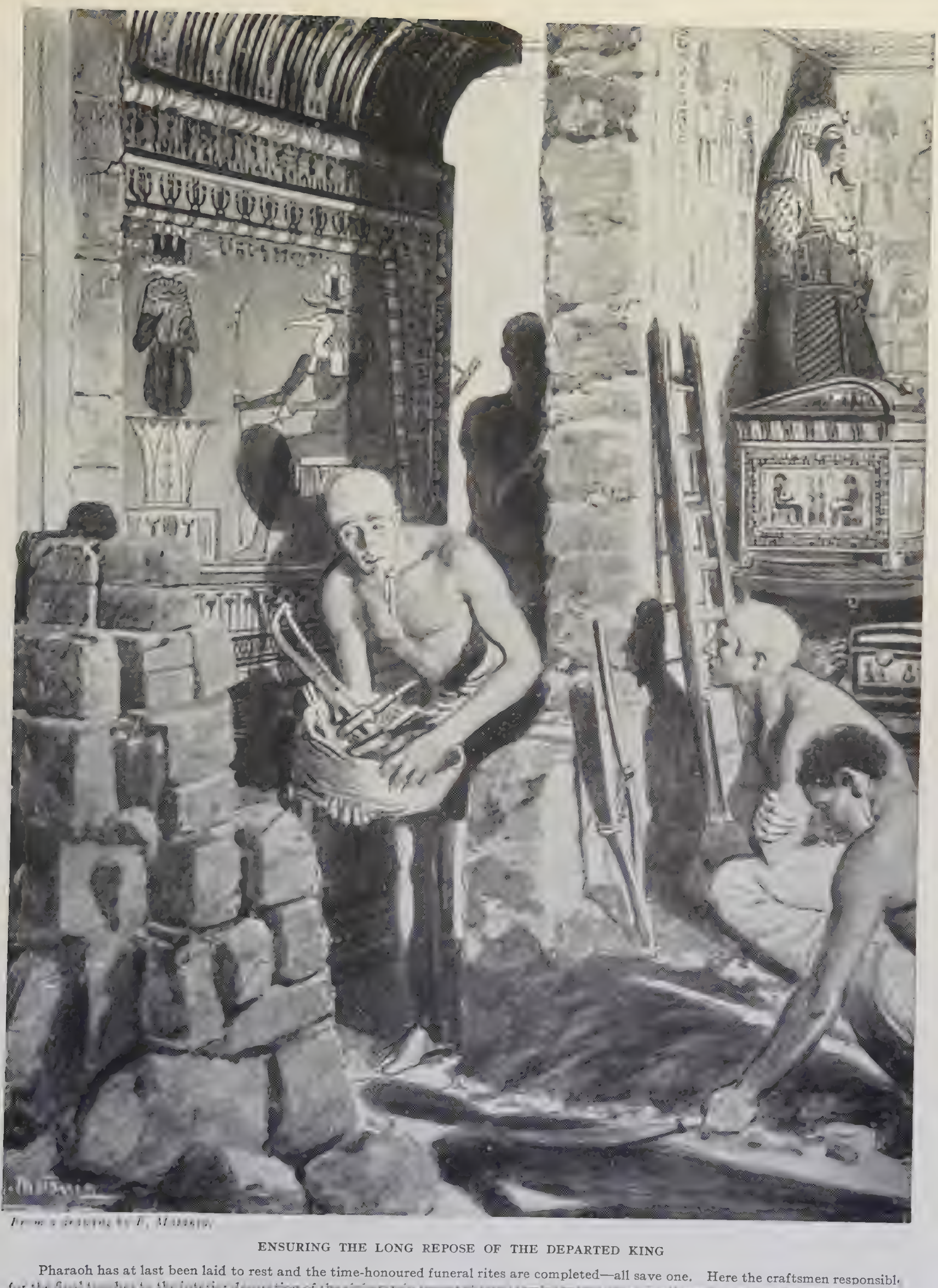
Most probably it was thus that the mummy of Tutankhamen neared the final stage of its journey to its resting place in the Valley of the Tombs of the Kings. The funeral bark is a copy of a boat which was kept at Abydos and specially dedicated to the use of Osiris. It is adorned at each end with a lotus flower, and under the central canopy, decorated with palms and flowers, lies the body of the king. At its head stand two priestesses; at its foot stands a leopard skin-clad functionary, who is burning incense in a sacred vessel, while the widow and children kneel weeping at its side. The boat which tows the funeral bark carries, in addition to the rowers, a number of professional mourners.



From a drawing by F. Matania, based upon the researches of Egyptologists

THE PASSING OF A PHARAOH: SCENE OF MOURNING AT THE FUNERARY TEMPLE

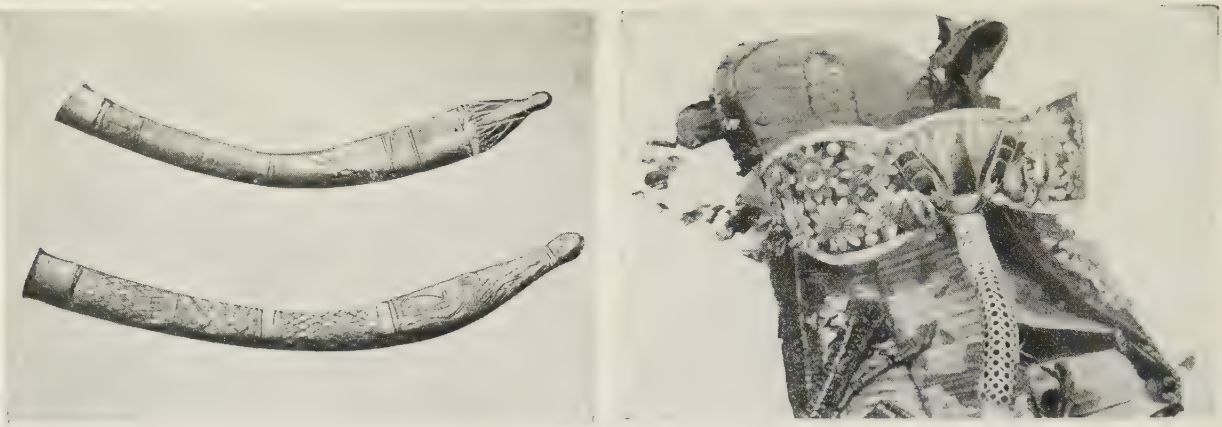
With elaborate ceremonies and ritual the mummy of the king was brought to the shrine, and here, amid outbursts of grief, tearing of hair and beating of breasts, the women of the Court would lament the death of their master and bid their last farewell. Around the base of the mummy are four jars, containing the heart and other organs of the deceased embalmed in spices. The man-headed jar holds the stomach, the dog-headed jar the small intestines, the lungs and heart being placed in the jackal-headed one, while the hawk-headed jar contains the liver.



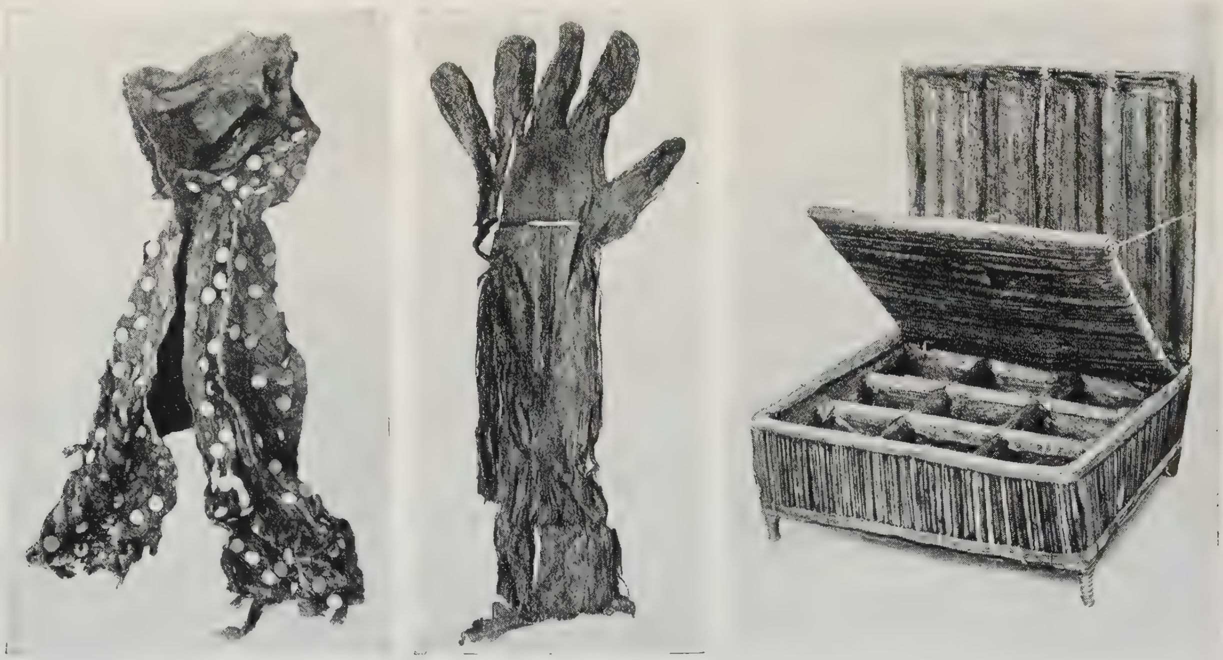
From a drawing by F. Matania

ENSURING THE LONG REPOSE OF THE DEPARTED KING

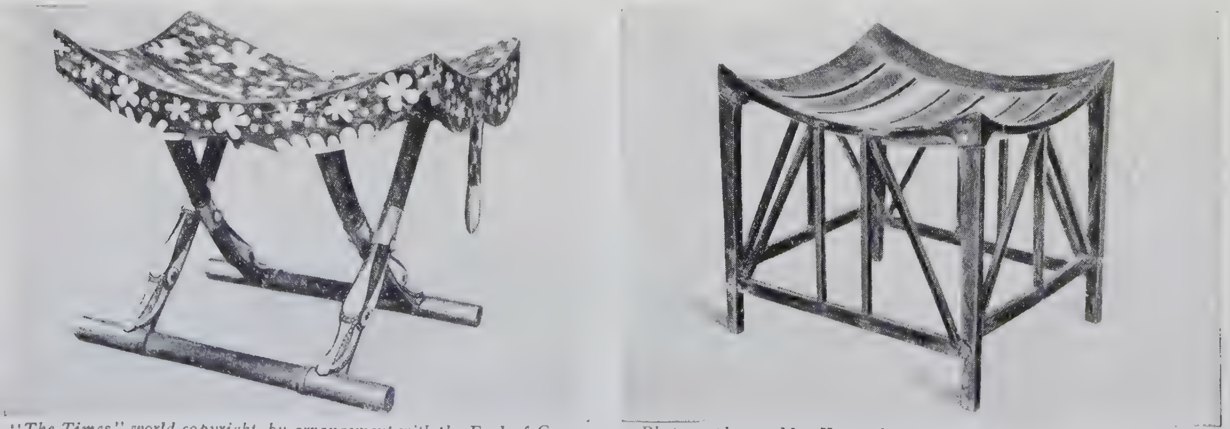
Pharaoh has at last been laid to rest and the time-honoured funeral rites are completed—all save one. Here the craftsmen responsible for the final touches to the interior decoration of the elaborately prepared royal tomb are seen emerging through a narrow passage-way in the wall which masons are waiting in the outer chamber to fill in and seal. This done, it was thought that Pharaoh would be secure from all disturbance in his long sleep of death.



Two gold and faience boomerangs found in a box, and intended, possibly, to be used by the spirit of the king when he went fowling in the Elysian fields. On the right is a buckle of the king's sandals of inlaid goldwork, the two ducks' heads are very realistic.



The hood and tippet of a child, made of fine linen fabric, covered with gold sequins, may have been a souvenir of Tutankhamen's infancy, and the glove is also that of a very young person. It is the oldest known glove in the world. The shallow square basket of rush work, with double lid and nine compartments, was no doubt plundered of its precious contents by the ancient tomb-robbers.



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SOME PRECIOUS ODDS AND ENDS FROM THE CAVE OF A THOUSAND WONDERS

On the left is a larger view of Tutankhamen's charming folding stool of inlaid ebony and ivory with gold mountings seen in other pictures of the ante-chamber, and on the right an enlarged photograph of another stool, this one being of red wood, its seat richly inlaid with ebony and ivory.

rock beneath, and then one feels for an artificially smoothed surface. If found, that will be the first sign of a tomb.

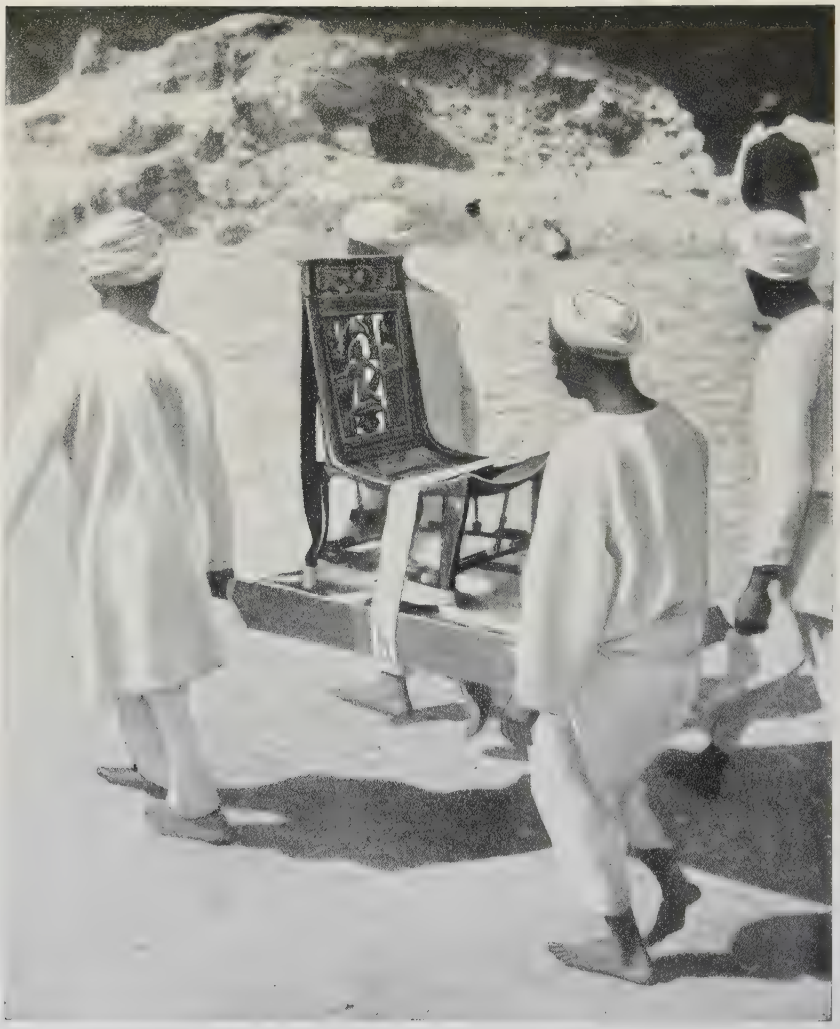
So Mr. Carter searched in almost the last unexplored piece of ground in the vicinity of the royal tombs, and found there the tomb of Tutankhamen, as we know. Some scraps of faïence and gold leaf, which bore the name of Tutankhamen, had been found in 1907 by Mr. Harold Jones, digging for Mr. Davis, in a small tomb, which was therefore supposed to be that of Tutankhamen. These, however, were evidently merely a tomb-robber's cache, things hidden in this disused chamber by one of the very thieves, probably, whose traces Mr. Carter has found in the real tomb. For Tutankhamen's tomb, too, had been entered by tomb-robbers at some period, probably soon after his death, but the thieves seem to have done little damage beyond carrying off a few small objects, probably of gold or of the variegated glass that was so valued at the time.

The preceding chapter should be read as an introductory study to the more detailed examination of the extraordinary collection of ancient treasures discovered in the tomb of Tutankhamen, which the reader will find in later pages of "Wonders of the Past," profusely illustrated and interpreted as to their cultural interest and values by various famous Egyptologists.—EDITOR.

From a drawing by A. Forestier

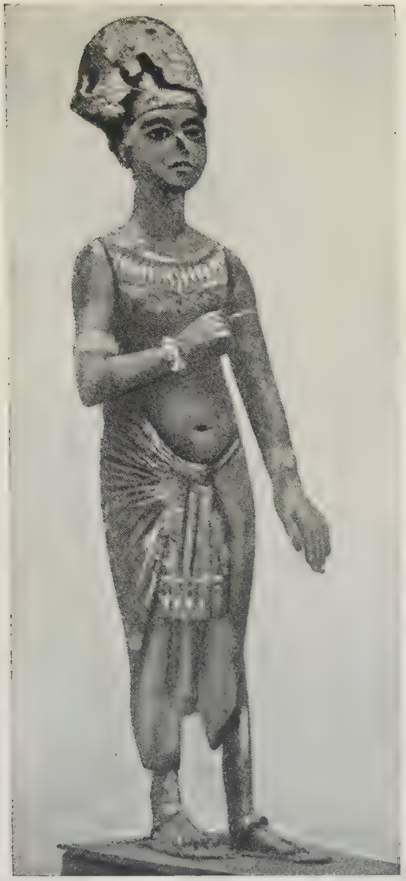
AN IMAGINATIVE EFFORT TO RECALL THE WEIRD CORTÈGE OF AN EGYPTIAN ROYAL FUNERAL IN THE TIME OF THE EIGHTEENTH DYNASTY

In this arresting drawing the artist has skilfully introduced many of the objects found in the tombs of the Pharaohs, and imagined the long procession bearing the funerary objects with the imperial mummy towards its stronghold of death in the Valley of the Kings. But it is thought that the final burial scene would be kept a secret of a very few, while the tomb itself was made outwardly difficult of discovery, in the hope that the Pharaoh's three-thousand year sleep of death might be undisturbed.

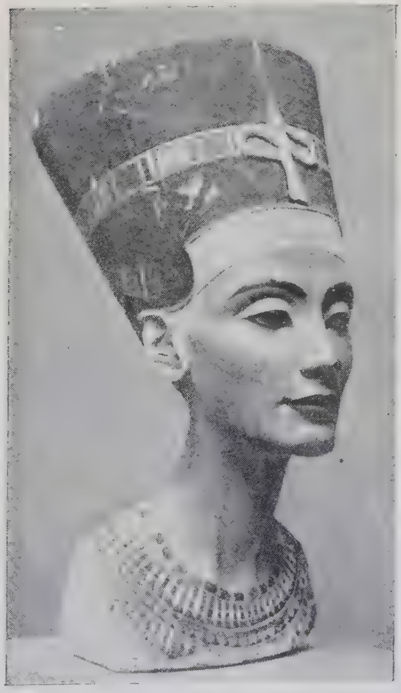


LOVING WORK OF CRAFTSMEN BEFORE THE DAYS OF MOSES

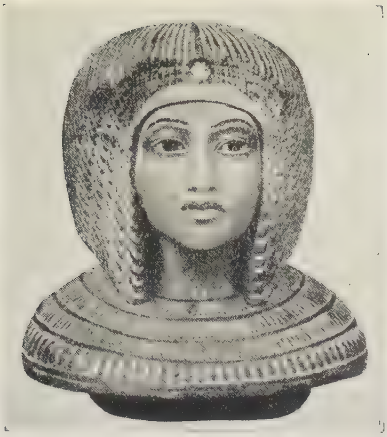
In the thirty-three centuries that have gone since Tutankhamen was sealed in his secret tomb, what millions of chairs have been made in all countries of the world! Yet for craftsmanship and for beauty this could not be excelled to-day. The central figure in the openwork of the back holds the symbol of eternity.



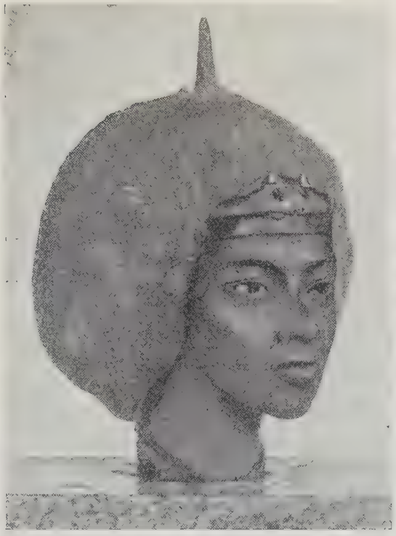
Wooden statuette of Akhnaton, the father-in-law of Tutankhamen.



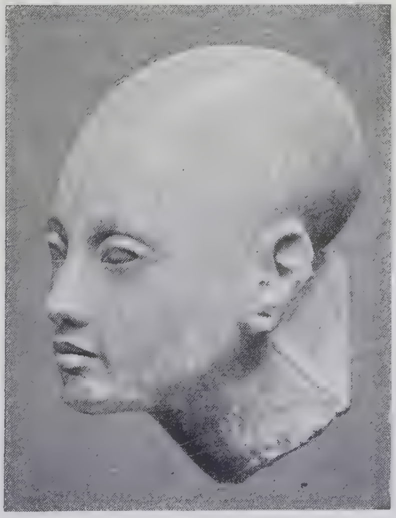
Queen Nefertiti, the beautiul wife of Akhnaton, the "heretic" Pharaoh.



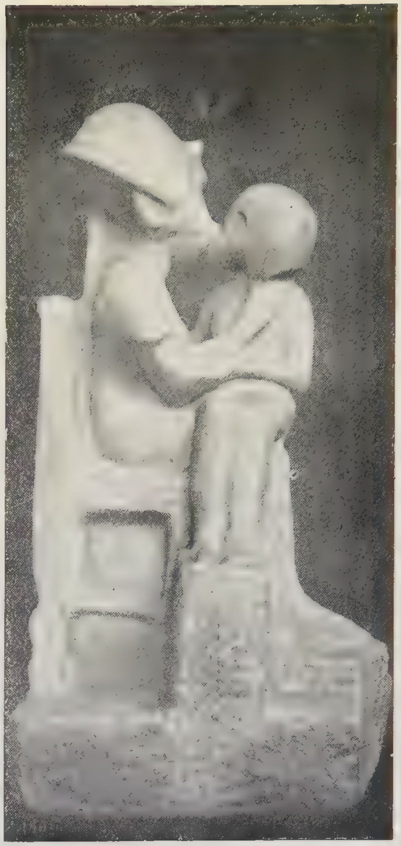
Akhnaton's mother, from the lid of an alabaster canopic jar



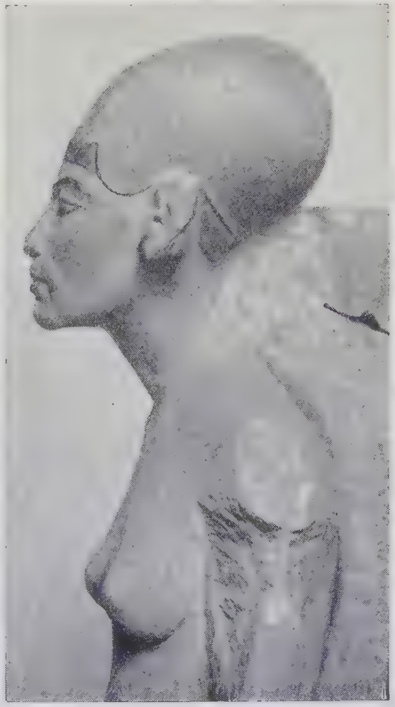
Queen Tiyi, wife of Amenophis III., and mother of Akhnaton.



Believed to be a "head" of Tutankhamen's bride, Akhnaton's heiress.



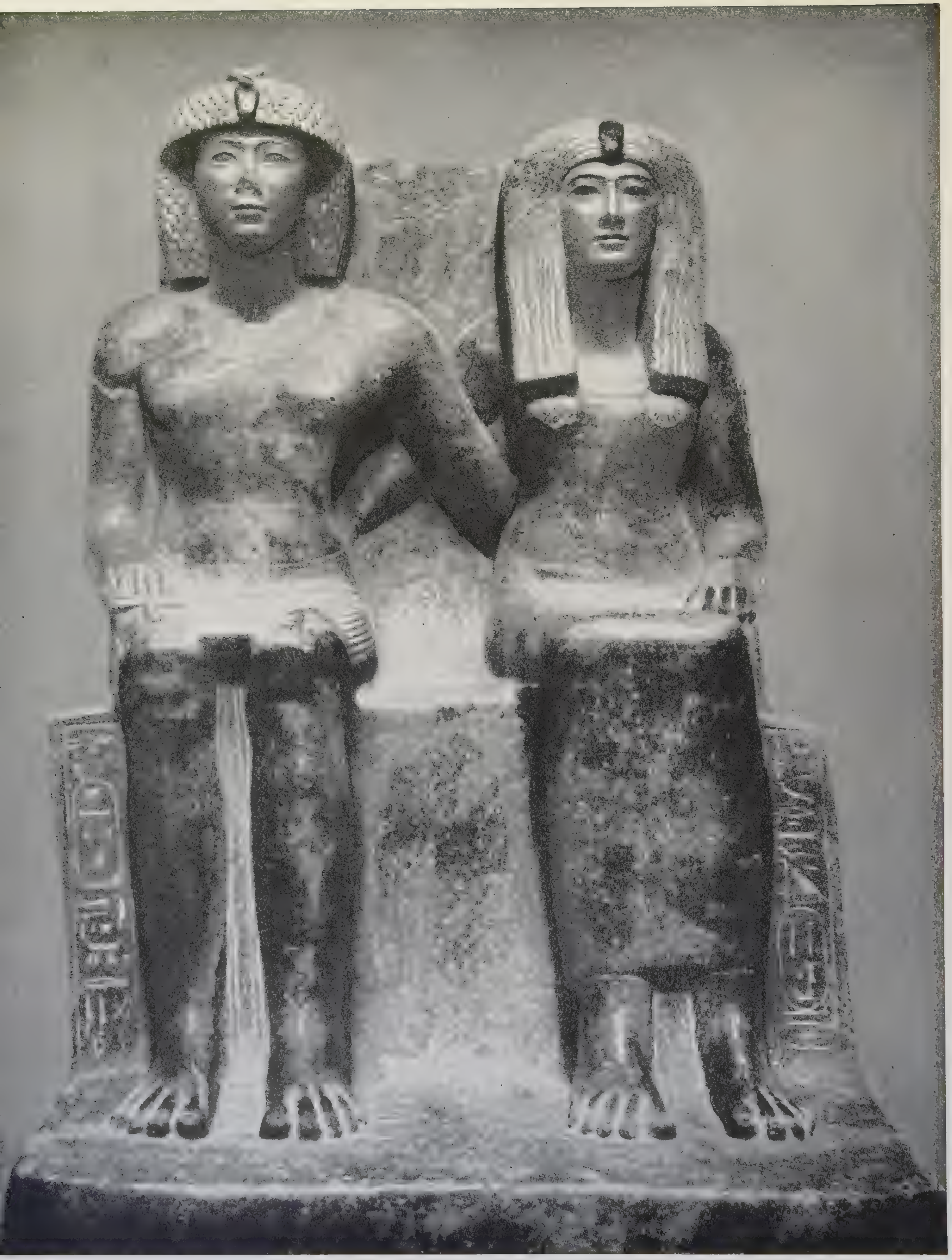
A remarkable statue: Akhnaton kissing his infant daughter.



An exquisite sculpture, the mother-in-law of Tutankhamen.

TUTANKHAMEN'S "IN-LAWS": SOME TREASURES OF EGYPTIAN ART NOW IN THE BERLIN MUSEUM

Akhnaton has been well described as "the first individual in human history," and his reign (*circa* 1375–1358 B.C.) is of particular importance and interest in that it marked an attempt to establish monotheistic religious belief in the land of the Nile.



By courtesy of the Cairo Museum.

TUTANKHAMEN'S GREAT-GRANDFATHER AND GREAT-GRANDMOTHER

Pharaoh Thothmes IV. and Tiaa, his queen, an incomparably beautiful black granite group, discovered at Karnak and now a treasured possession of the Cairo Museum. The coiffure of the queen, two heavy masses of hair falling down the sides of her face to her breast, calls for special notice. The statue of the king, believed to be a good portrait, shows a powerfully built man in the full vigour of youthful strength. On his head is the royal uræus, and around his loins the shenti, kept in place by a buckled belt.

TEMPLES OF THE GODS. I

ANGKOR: A MARVEL HIDDEN IN THE JUNGLE

By Edmund Candler

ANGKOR: A MARVEL HIDDEN IN THE JUNGLE

BY EDMUND CANDLER

Traveller and Descriptive Writer; author of "The Unveiling of Lhasa," etc.

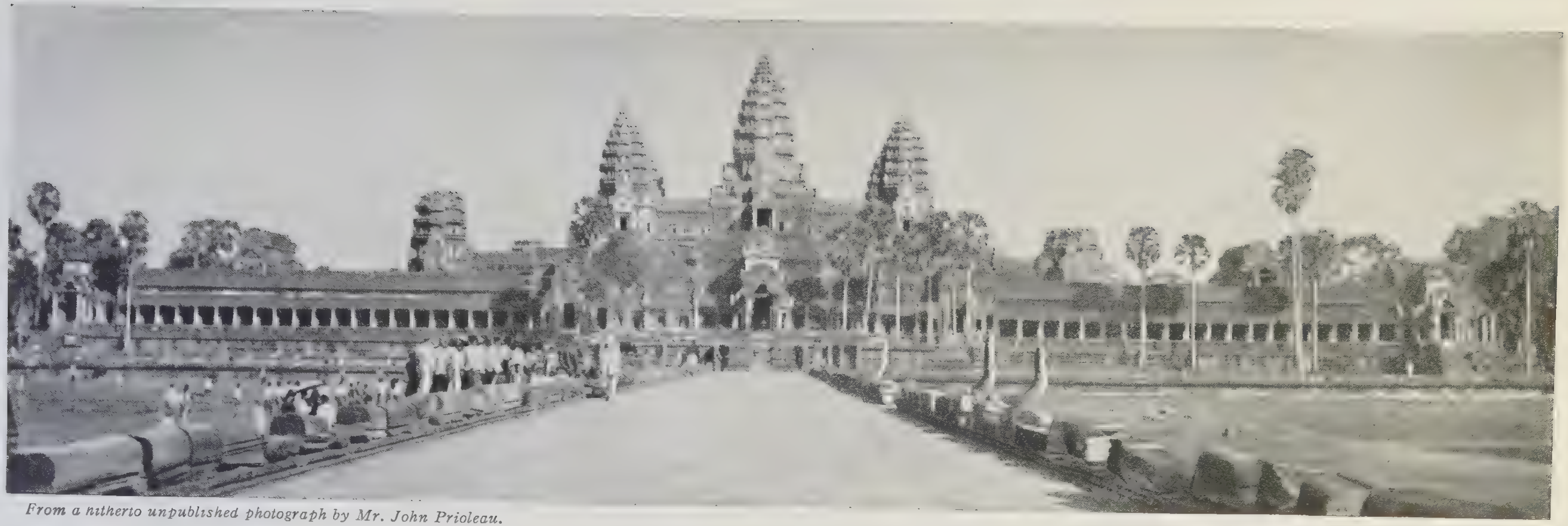
UNTIL quite recently Angkor was little known to Western travellers. The temple lies, buried away in the jungle, to the north of Cambodia in the Mekong basin, not a day's journey from the inland sea of Tonle Sap. Owing to the beauty and grandeur of its architecture, the mystery of its origin and its isolation, Angkor has exercised a greater spell on those who have visited it than any other Oriental shrine. In spite of its thirteen centuries and the ravages of the encroaching forest, this monument of a lost civilisation is almost intact, though there is no trace of the empire builders who conceived it—only the ruins of neighbouring cities and temples, shrouded in the same mystery, strangled in the same vegetation.

Life in Cambodia to-day is centred in the districts bordering on the lake and rivers. Angkor lies to the north, a league or two outside the fringe of the populous cultivated zone. A few yellow-robed priests dream away their life in the ruins. Otherwise the temple is deserted save at the time of the annual festival when the Cambodians carry offerings to their dead. They regard the shrine as some supernatural emanation planted there inscrutably by giants or genii. They approach ignorantly, careless of its inspiration and significance. If you ask them who built it, they will look at you vacantly and say, "The Gods." The founders of Angkor have passed away from the face of the earth, leaving no trace of their influence on the races who absorbed them. The old forgotten Hindu deities they enshrined in the temple are as dead as Pan. There is no tradition in modern Cambodia of the builders.

The riddle of these enigmatic ruins, so far from being solved, is, if anything, obscured by the contradictory conclusions of French archæologists, sent out by the French Government to study early Cambodian architecture and history. It is the most difficult field of research. Khmer architecture is distinctive and unique, and nobody has been able to speak with authority as to the sources from which its salient features are derived.

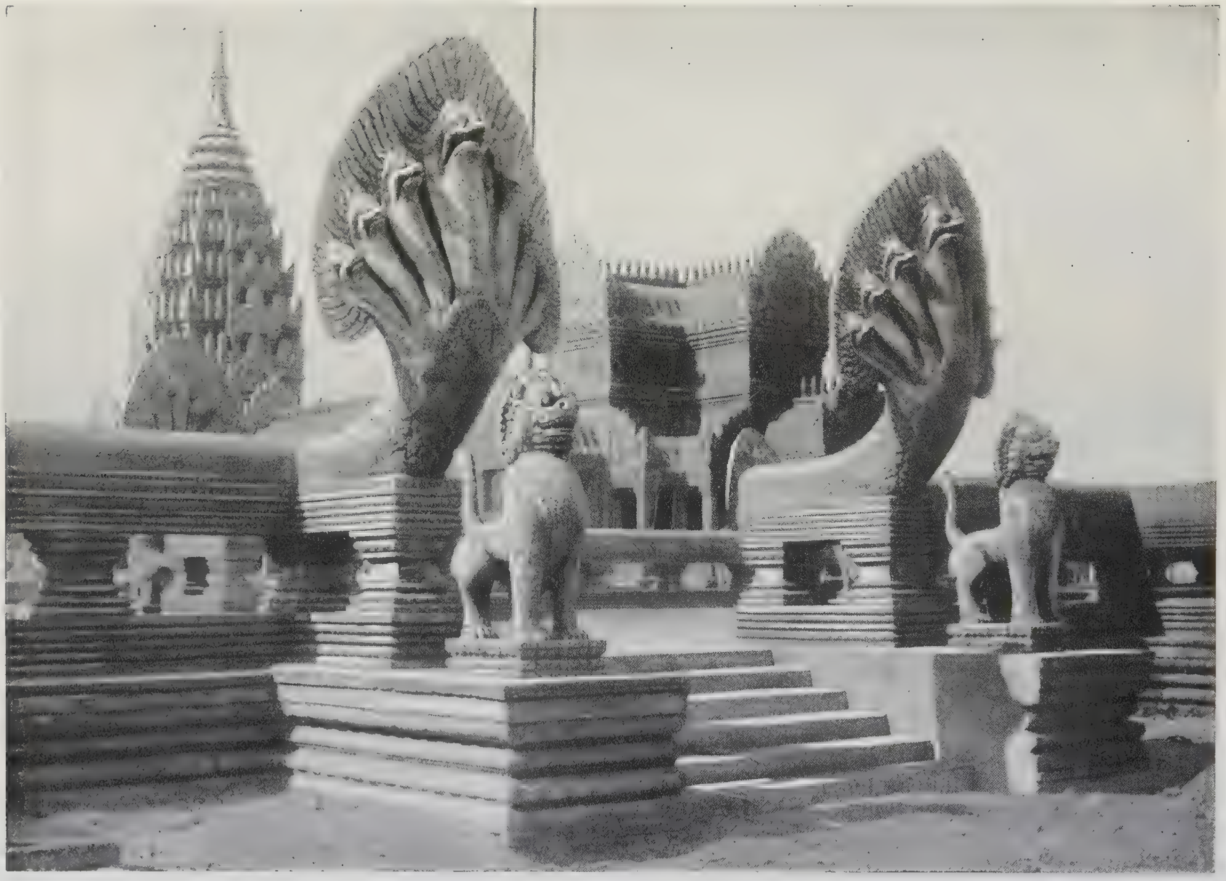
The Khmers have left no record save in stone. Historic data is confined to legends, oral and written, of Cambodia, China, and Siam, puerile and contradictory fables of which the aim, as in most Oriental chronicles, is the glorification of the dynasties concerned. The earliest inhabitants of the country were the Ciampas, whose cult was serpent-worship, a race which received a large admixture of Malay blood. Later, they were known as the Khomen. Fournereau fixes the date of the Aryan invasion in the fifth century (A.D.), and believes that Prea-Thang, the founder of the Khmer Empire, was the son of the sovereign of Indrapat, the earliest of the strata of capitals on which the modern Delhi is built. He revolted against his father, was defeated and banished; then, with his army of followers, broke across the southern continent, devastated, destroyed, created, and was only checked in his eastward course by the marshes of the Mekong valley and the Tonle Sap.

This was the beginning of the Khmer Empire. It endured as a great military and civilising power until the tenth century. Brahmanism succeeded the cult of the serpent. The Hindu invaders built the temple of Angkor Vat. But in the seventh century, when the work was completed, it seems, save for the chiselling of a single pillar, the sacred Buddhist books were introduced into Cambodia from Ceylon and the temple was given over to the new cult. It was a peaceful revolution. In the statuary and friezes of Angkor the images of the Brahmanic and Buddhist ideal exist side by side to-day. Architecturally, Angkor owes little to the Buddhists save that their tolerance has left the shrine intact. Perhaps with the new influence the religious aspirations of the Khmers were idealised, they were filled with the sense of the pervading vanity of things, and the motive for this monumental labour vanished. Anyhow, the adaptation of Buddhism as the state religion marks the beginning of the



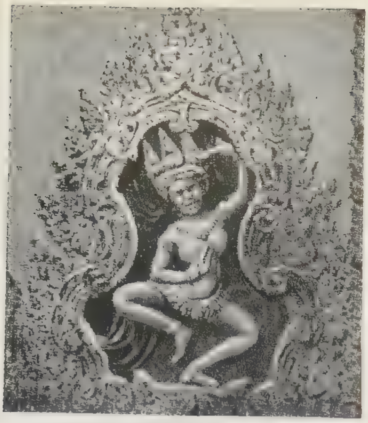
From a hitherto unpublished photograph by Mr. John Prioleau.

A SIGHT FEW TRAVELLERS HAVE SEEN: STRIKING VIEW OF THE IMMENSE KHMER TEMPLE AT ANGKOR, IN CAMBODIA



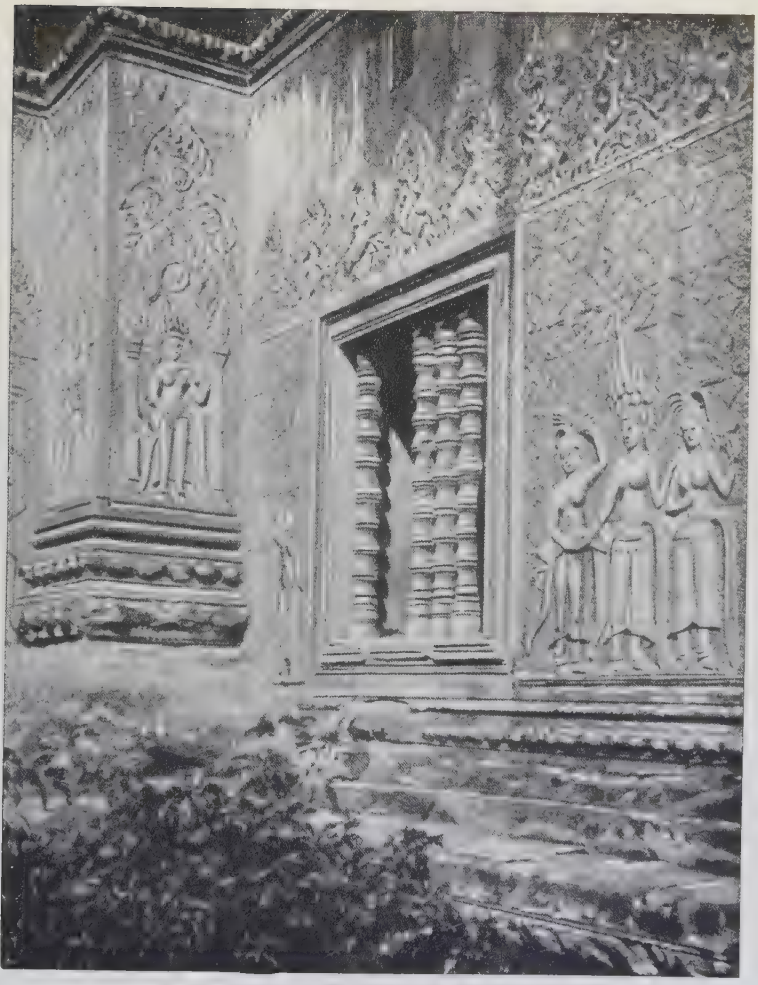
AS MEN OF THE VANISHED RACE SAW IT IN THE DAYS OF ITS SPLENDOUR

This reconstruction of an approach to the Angkor temple was shown in Marseilles at the French Colonial Exhibition of 1922. Sacred Nagas raise aloft their hooded seven heads, awful and majestic, above the symbolic beasts which flank the stairway, and the long bodies of these terror-inspiring monsters stretch away to right and left along the balustrade of the terrace.



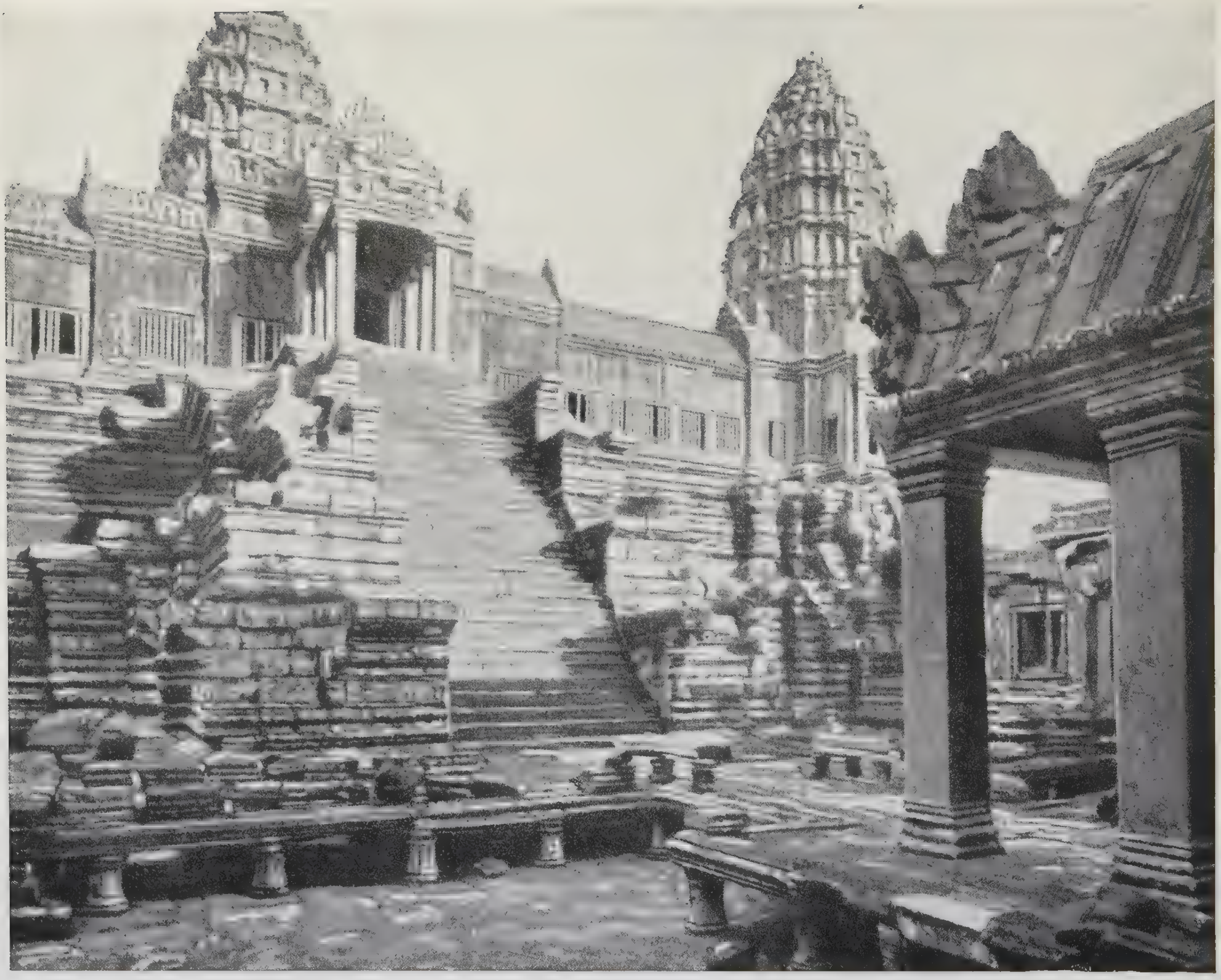
SCULPTURE THAT LIVES

The embodiment of lithe movement, this dancing girl, one of sculptured myriads, almost seems to move on the walls of the Angkor temple.



DANCERS IN THE HEAVEN OF THE GODS

To show the immense acreage of mural decoration on the Angkor temple is beyond the power of camera. This photograph at least enables one to appreciate what an immense amount of loving labour must have been given to produce effects so superbly delicate. The gracefully posed dancing-girls are inimitably carved, and the pillared window, though sadly damaged, is still a thing of entrancing beauty.



THE "STAIR OF HONOUR," ALSO OF WONDER

In the centre of the west side of the great temple of Angkor. The impression of height and immensity given, to those who behold it, by this long, unbroken flight of steps can be only faintly conveyed by a photograph.

decadence of Khmer architecture. No monuments dating from the eighth century or after approach Angkor in vigour or imaginative expression.

Angkor Vat in any other geographical situation would be the goal of pilgrims from the four continents, but situated as it is in a country where the highest flight of the architect's imagination seldom soars beyond a draughty cowshed on stilts its appearance is doubly imposing. My first distant view of its towers and battlements in the dim light before sunrise suggested an old-world Dutch garden with its fantastically-clipped yews and mounting terraces; then, as the slanting rays of the sun fell on the ruins and transfigured them, I knew that the rhapsodies of the French travellers which prompted my journey were not vain.

The fascination of Angkor is incommunicable. Its beauty, mystery, and symmetry may be dimly suggested by illustrations as to the massive solidity of its stone-work; but to convey an idea of the grandeur and dimensions of the building one has to fall back on the uncongenial medium of statistics.

Like other ancient shrines of the Khmers, Angkor stands in a walled enclosure defended by a broad moat traversed by causeways. One crosses a bridge and passes under a gate guarded by huge stone lions to an inner raised causeway which leads to the main entrance of the shrine. The foundations are ten feet in height, and massively built of volcanic rock. The whole building, including the roof, is of stone, but without cement, and so close-fitting that the joints in many places are scarcely discernible.

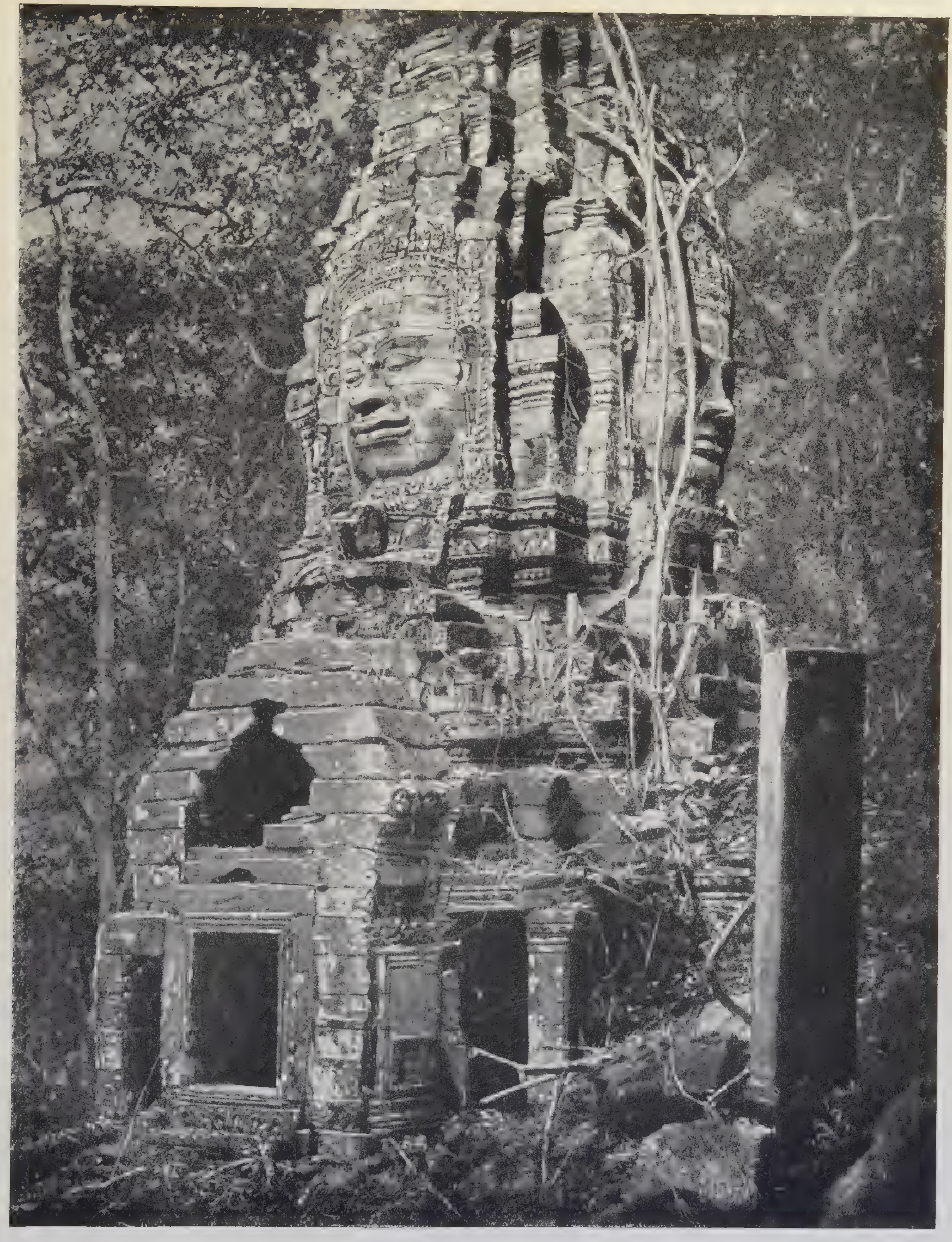
The temple is built as an oblong, 796 feet in length, 588 feet in breadth. The central pagoda rises some 250 feet above the foundations, and the four others at the angles of the court are each about 150 feet in height. The grouping of them differs from the design in Indian shrines where the height of the towers diminishes progressively towards the centre of the temple, with the result that the greater part of the building is often hidden by the walls of the *enceinte*. In the Khmer temple the towers increase in height from the circumference inwards to the central shrine. Thus one gains a view of the whole building and much of the subordinate detail from the outside. The origin of these conical-pyramidal towers of the Khmers, and of their ogival vaulted roofs, is one of the mysteries of Angkor. Another distinctive feature is the stairway that leads from terrace to terrace and, unlike the stairs in Indian temples, enclosed within the thickness of the walls, contributes impressively to the general plan.

Angkor Vat was completed in the first half of the seventh century (A.D.). Neither the Siamese nor the Cambodians have concerned themselves with its preservation. It is doubtful if, before the coming of the French, any guardian of the shrine cut away a single destructive root or creeper, or spent an hour in its repair. The outer walls enclose 400 acres, and it would take an army constantly employed to cope with the vegetation. Nevertheless, in spite of the encroachments of the jungle, the temple is wonderfully preserved. Enough is left to reconstruct the whole in the imagination.

The pre-eminence of Angkor Vat over other Hindu temples lies in its simplicity and restraint. There is nothing which may be compared with it in the land from which the Khmers sprang. India contains no supreme monument of Hindu architecture. Beside Angkor the conception of temples like Madura and Trivandrum, with their heavily overcharged ornament and exuberance of design, appear morbid excesses of fancy, the play of a diseased mind. Angkor has its profusion of ornament, but the general impression is harmonious. Everything is in its right place; there is little in excess. The architects have achieved a paradox in preserving a sense of moderation in the multiplication of detail, whether in the statuary or in the bas-reliefs.

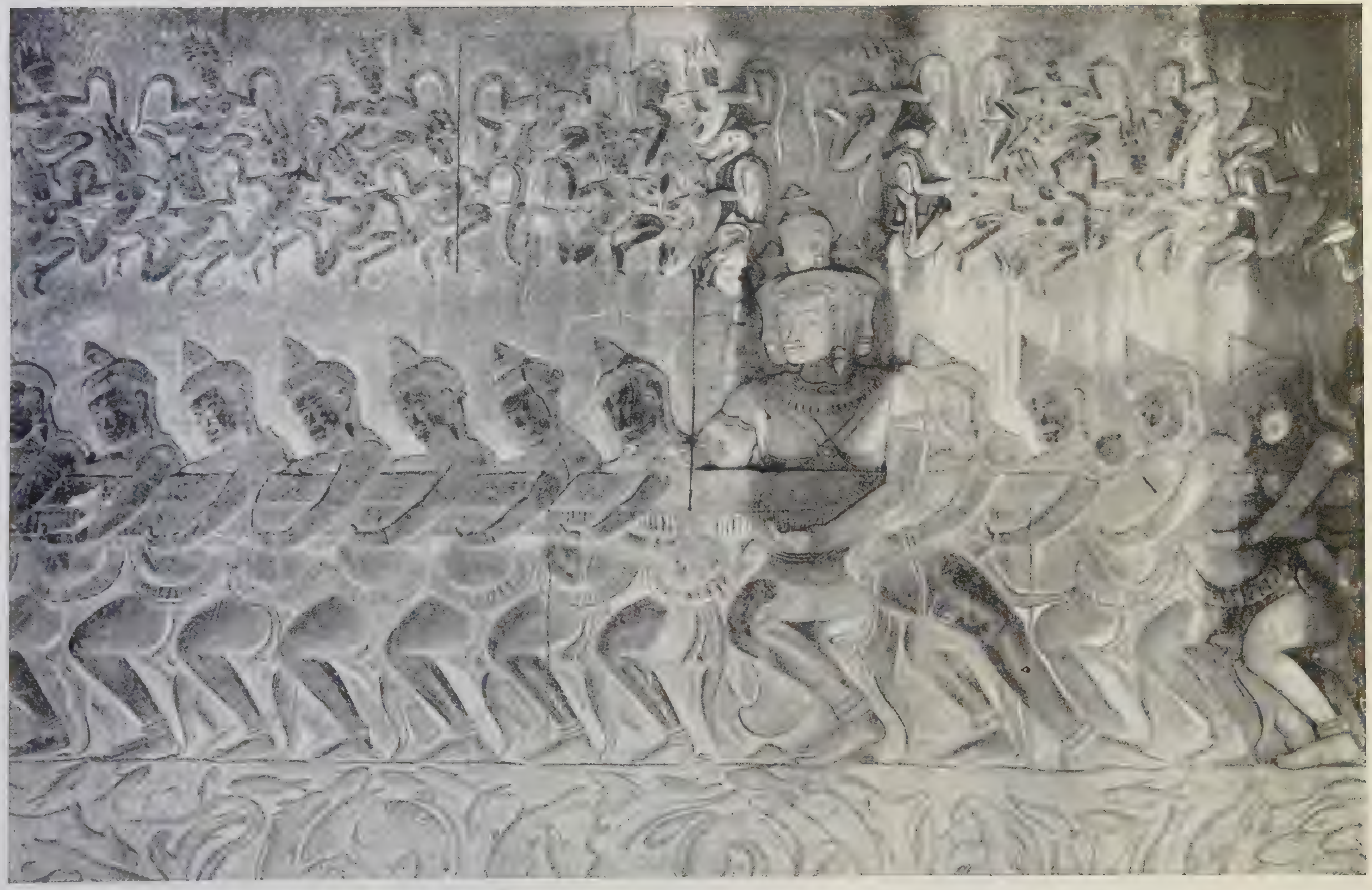
The interior courts with their colonnades in the form of cloisters are on the Indian model; only the Khmer corridors have an ogival vaulted roof supported on the inside by pillars. There is not an inch of these galleries which is not richly carved in bas-relief. The temple contains 1,025 yards of sculpture; hundreds of thousands of figures are represented with surprisingly little repetition. Rame and Hanuman draw bows, slash swords, and thrust savagely with knives in the wildest fury and hate. The ferocity implicit in the features and gestures of the Rakshashas is most realistic.

When I visited Angkor Vat, I had the shrine very much to myself. Perhaps the grand old ruin was the more impressive in



FRAGMENT OF A VAST TEMPLE SMOTHERED IN EXUBERANT JUNGLE

This extraordinary edifice lingers a sorry ruin some 80 miles to the north of Angkor. In all thirty-seven towers, each bearing four colossal faces and about 24 feet in height, still stand in various stages of decay, strangled by creepers, eaten by parasites. The one-time immensity and grandeur of the building cannot be imagined, much less portrayed, for—to adopt a popular saying—none can see the ruin for the trees.



'ANIMATED MURAL SCULPTURE ILLUSTRATING THE STRANGE RITES OF THE KHMERS' SACRED SNAKE

An amazing bas-relief in the outer corridor of an Angkor temple, a riot of movement and mystery, dominated by the immense body of the serpent which the bearers—a multi-headed figure in their midst—labour to support. Below is a fantastic collection of symbolic fishes, above are dancing-girls, grouped with incomparable grace. The headdress of these damsels is faithfully preserved as part of the traditional dress of the girls who dance in the royal ballet before the King of Cambodia to-day.

that it showed no trace of human meddling for the last thousand years. The chaos of vegetation had penetrated to the inner courts of the temple; one could see the roots at grips with the masonry. A block was overthrown here and there, a pillar wrested from its portico, but the greenery and shade were welcome associations. Stripped of its verdure, its naked stones exposed to the glare of the sun, Angkor would lose much of its sombre fascination. To-day the French custodians are repairing the ruin. They can arrest or postpone its decay, but they cannot restore its ancient charm. The more one sees of their diagrams of the reconstructed Angkor in its hard and cold perfection—Angkor as it ought to be—the more one appreciates Angkor as it is.

I slept two moonlight nights in the temple, alone save for a small company of yellow-robed Buddhist priests—a solitude probably unpurchasable to-day. The sound of one's footsteps in the deserted colonnades awoke myriads of bats. Every night, as the sun sinks, they sweep along the vaulted roofs with a rushing sound like a great wind. The smell of them is like some fœtid incense to age and decay. Then, when they were still, I could hear the gentle stir of the palms inside the walls. The moonlight patterned on the stones, silhouetting their plume-like fronds, is associated in my mind with an atmosphere of nirvanic calm and rest. Now and then an owl wailed plaintively from a tree by the moat, and I heard other strange noises nearer by, the labouring of the stones, rustlings as of snakes, sounds without reason, voices of the night.

Sometimes the darkness of the corridors took tangible shape and a shadowy priest appeared out of the silence. A quiet old priest glided by me with noiseless feet like a shadow; he lit a taper at the end of the cloister; a little shrine before a Buddha was illumined by the flicker of a joss-stick; then he turned and passed me again, as silently as he had come, without a look or a word, devoutly incurious, walking in a trance. The flag-stones were haunted with pious feet.

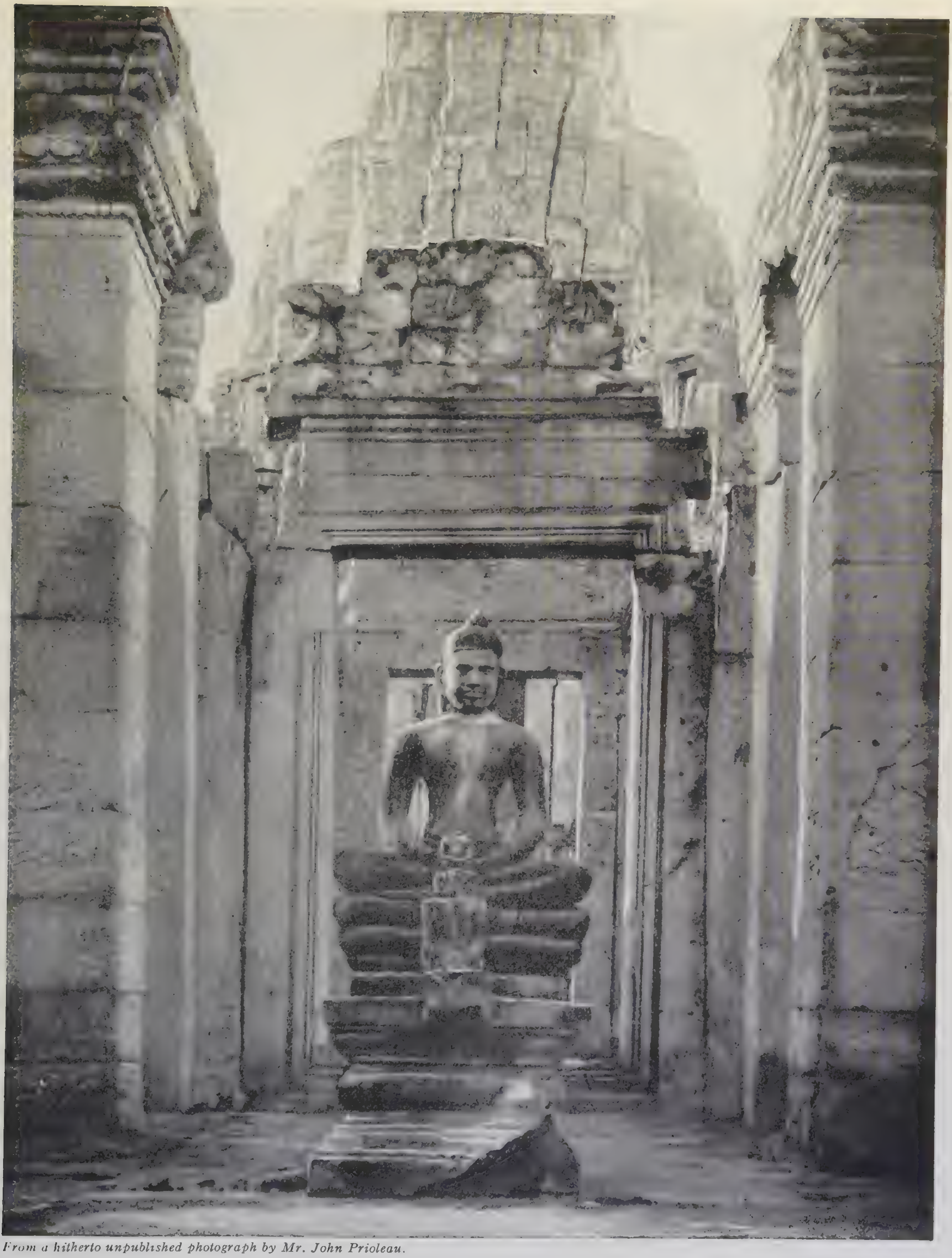
Angkor Thom, which lies three miles to the north, the capital of the Aryan invaders who built the temple, is of an earlier date, and has suffered more from the ceaseless sapping of roots and creepers, the secular war which is being waged between the masonry and the sacred fig tree, the shadow of whose branches, arched and embossed like a cathedral, has caressed the temple for centuries, while its roots have spread their slow and secret ruin. The ruined city lacks the sublimity of the temple owing to this decay, but in wonder and mystery and suggestiveness it transcends it.

The city is spread over miles. The grandeur of the shrine is repeated in fragments. Stumbling through the thick, tropical tangle one comes upon a tower with a human face. One creeps through crumbling galleries, scrambles over fallen pillars, and in the struggle to keep one's feet finds oneself clasping the knee of an elephant or the waist of some grotesque Hindu goddess.

The traveller enters a massive gateway through which elephants have passed to war; sculptured bowmen peep out at you above the lintel, grin, and attitudinise. On either side of them are stone chambers, in which slept the guard. It is easy to people these ruins with the figures one has seen in the sculpture galleries of Angkor—the monks, the dancing girls, the courtiers making their obeisance with their foreheads on the ground as the king and his guards ride out to war.

Then one breaks through a thicket and is held up by a wall of bas-relief, on which a troup of demons afflict the damned. One surprises the elephant-headed god Ganesh under his green canopy, or looks up and meets the nirvanic smile of a Buddha. Other faces leer at you enigmatically through the forest, draped with creepers and parasites, like hair. Everywhere lifted above the vegetation you meet the cobra's cowl, the sacred seven-headed Naga, its fan-shaped hood erect, the genius of Angkor. Sometimes it forms an immense horizontal balustrade supported by squat archers, its head the newel; or it rises life-like from the centre of a tank. Rows of them guard the terraces and causeways of Angkor and figure on the friezes.

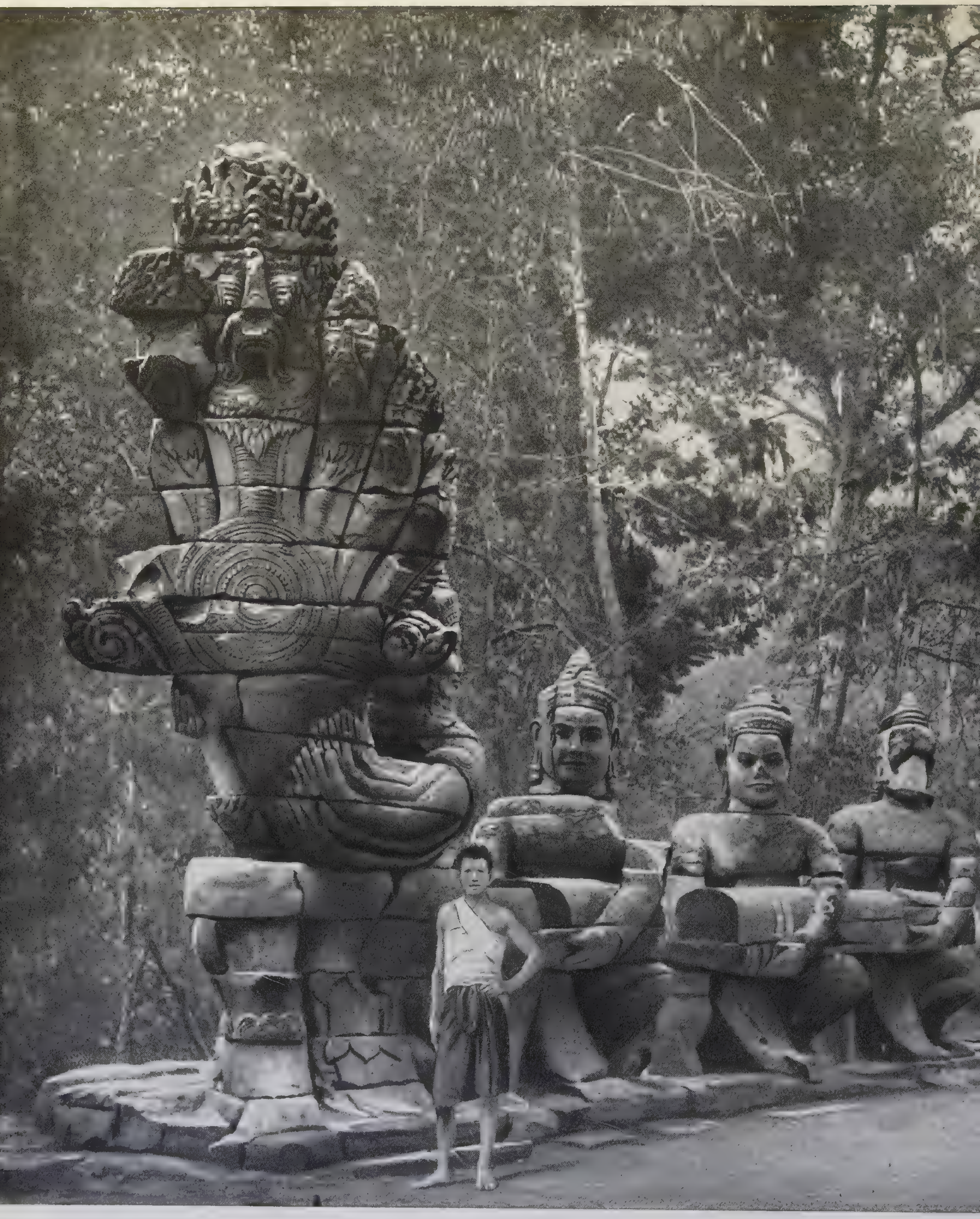
Right in the heart of this forest is a shrine only less immense than Angkor, half smothered in the exuberant jungle. Arches of foliage interlace its arches of stone. Its thirty-seven towers are grouped round the central pagoda, the sanctuary, and each has four Brahmanic faces, which embrace the four points of the compass in a mystic secular smile. Bapuon and Pimean Acas, some



From a hitherto unpublished photograph by Mr. John Prioleau.

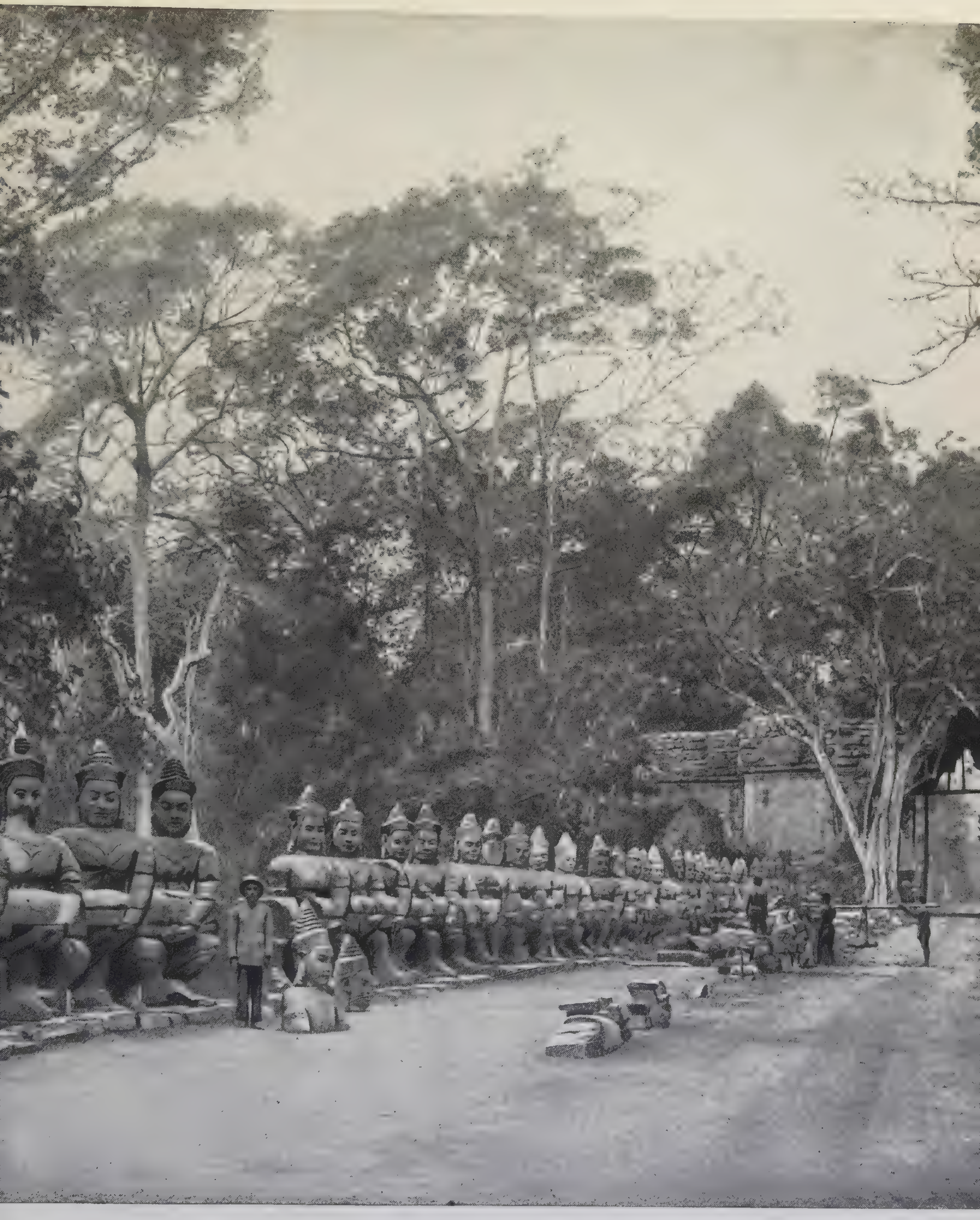
SMILING HIS NIRVANIC SMILE IN THE ANGKOR TEMPLE

An immense Buddha in the shrine where the Brahmanic and Buddhist ideals are preserved side by side. Yet, Angkor owes little to the Buddhists architecturally, save that their tolerance has left the place intact. The introduction of Buddhism in the 8th century marked the beginning of the decadence of Khmer architecture which never fully recovered its former vigour and imaginative expression.



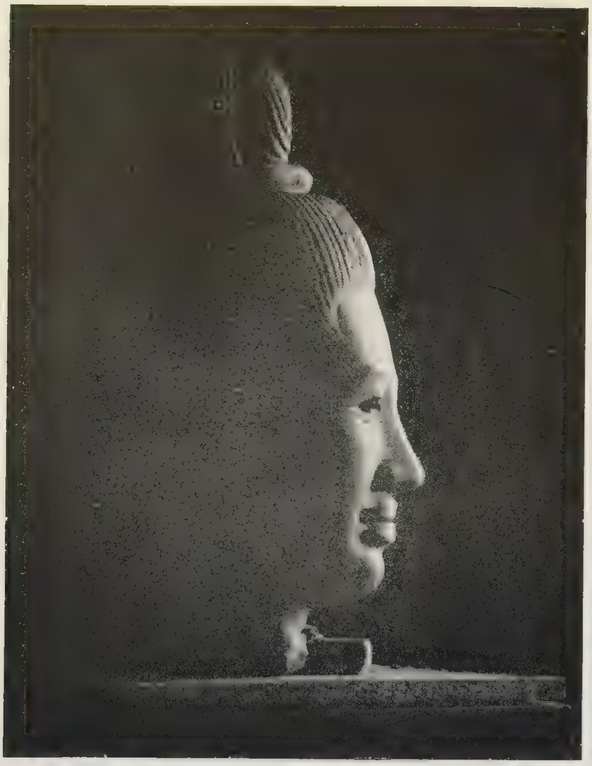
ALONG THE APPROACH TO THE EASTERN GATE OF ANGKOR THOM:

Once the capital city of the Khmer Empire, Angkor Thom, in the jungles of northern Cambodia, has an incommunicable fascination for the traveller ho ventures thus far into this little-travelled part of French Indo-China. And everywhere, its head raised above the tangled vegetation, he meets the acred Naga, symbolic of that snake worship dear to ancient mythology. Who fashioned these things? The present natives of the land, when questioned, ay, "The Gods" and even savants can only conjecture. Some authorities maintain that the Khmers came from Indrapat, the ancient Delhi; others

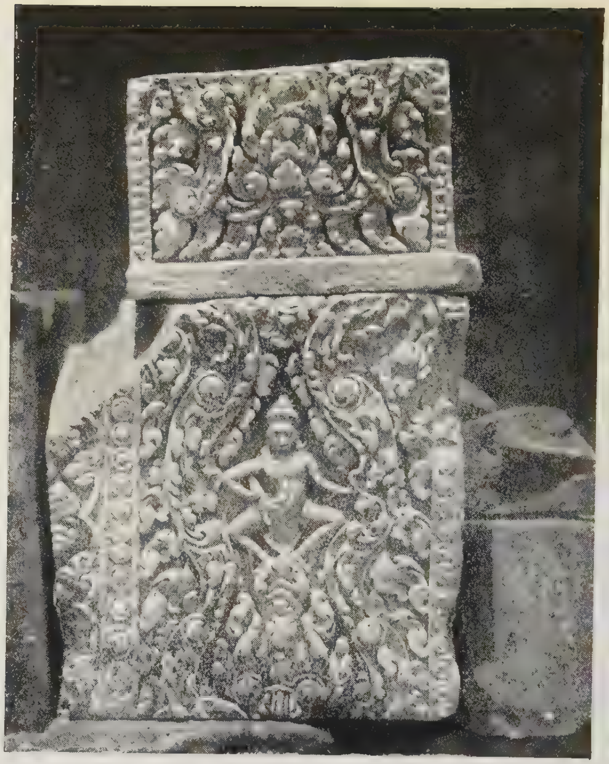


GIANT SEVEN-HEADED SERPENT SUPPORTED BY ITS ATTENDANT BEARERS

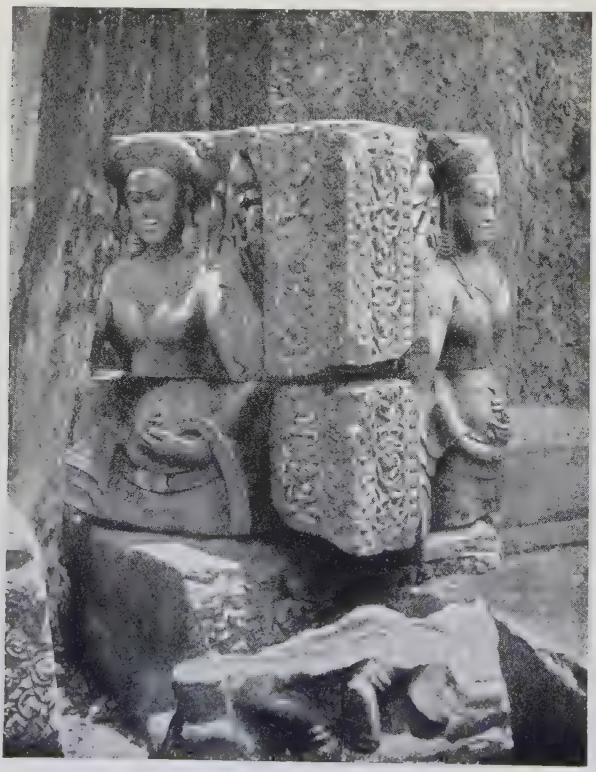
believe that the founders of this wonderful civilization were traders who ventured up the rivers Menam and Mekong from the sea. But the riddle of th coming and their going is insoluble; in the 5th century A.D. these people mysteriously rose to greatness, in the 10th century they mysteriously disappeare leaving as traces of their culture such amazing structures as the temple of Angkor, strong enough to defy even the destruction of the jungle, as puzzles to t modern antiquarian.



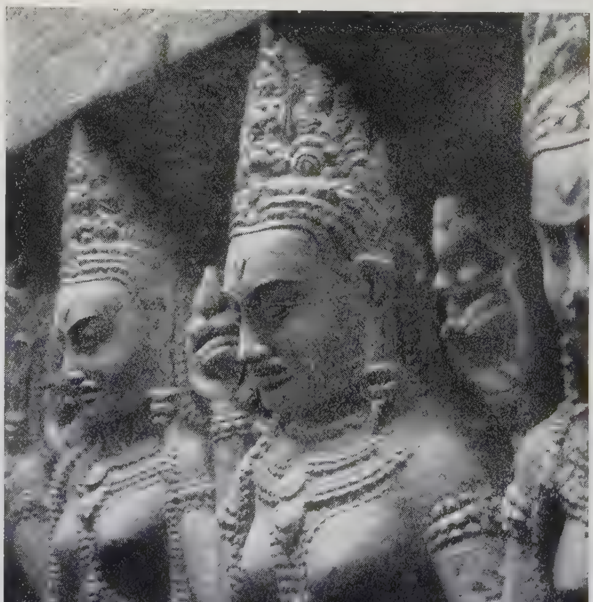
A Buddha head, beautifully sculptured, with nirvanic smile, enigmatic, unfathomable, discovered by French archæologists while clearing the dense forest undergrowth from the site of a temple at Angkor.



Dug up among the débris of a Cambodian temple; for distinctive and intrinsic beauty this broken fragment of an unknown sculptor's art is comparable with the best that all the round world can show.



After lying for centuries strangled by weeds; the corner of a pillar which once adorned some great, long-vanished Khmer temple. The human figures are superbly, inimitably chiselled in low relief.



Specimens of amazing sculptures such as archæologists find, decked horribly in creepers and parasites, in a land where art is now dead, and where natives are content to live in the rudest of bamboo huts.

WONDERFUL WORK OF UNKNOWN MASTER SCULPTORS way to the west and north, are other miracles in the efflorescence of stone.

All the Lower Mekong Valley and the borders of the great lake are rich in monuments of a dead civilisation. Forgotten temples, fortresses, cities, bridges, and roads are scattered over Indo-China from the Laos country in the north to Thop-moi south of Pnom Penh, from Korat in Siam to Quinhon on the coast of Annam. Altogether, archæologists have numbered a hundred shrines. Some of them are almost as vast as Angkor, and might perhaps have rivalled her in grandeur and beauty and strength of line, if they had survived the vandalism of the races who succeeded the Khmers. For there is evidence of other agents of destruction than the strangling jungle. Pakhan, an older shrine than Angkor, which stood within its four and a half miles of surrounding wall, has been reduced to a heap of ruins, and the riot of the conoclasts is witnessed in the stones. Adjacent temples seem to have been destroyed or spared according to caprice.

This is another riddle of Angkor. Who were the iconoclasts? What inspired their fury or stayed their hand?

The disappearance of the Khmers and the manner of their dispossession is as mysterious as the wave of immigration that established them within the basin of the Mekong. There is a great divergence of opinion among French savants as to when and how they came. Fournereau's story of the exodus of Prea-Thang and his host from Indrapat, the ancient Delhi, and the breaking across the Burmese peninsula is not generally accepted as history. M. Foucher has ascribed the Hinduisation of Angkor to Sivaite priests who came from the basin of the Ganges in successive human waves and were absorbed in the indigenous population of the country. General Beylie, on the contrary, believes that the founders of Khmer civilisation were adventurers, exiles, or traders who entered the mouths of the Menam and the Mekong by sea, a theory based on the evidence of Chinese annals and the orographical study of the Cambodian hinterland. It does not seem probable that if the invaders followed the land route from India they would have left no traces of their communications behind.

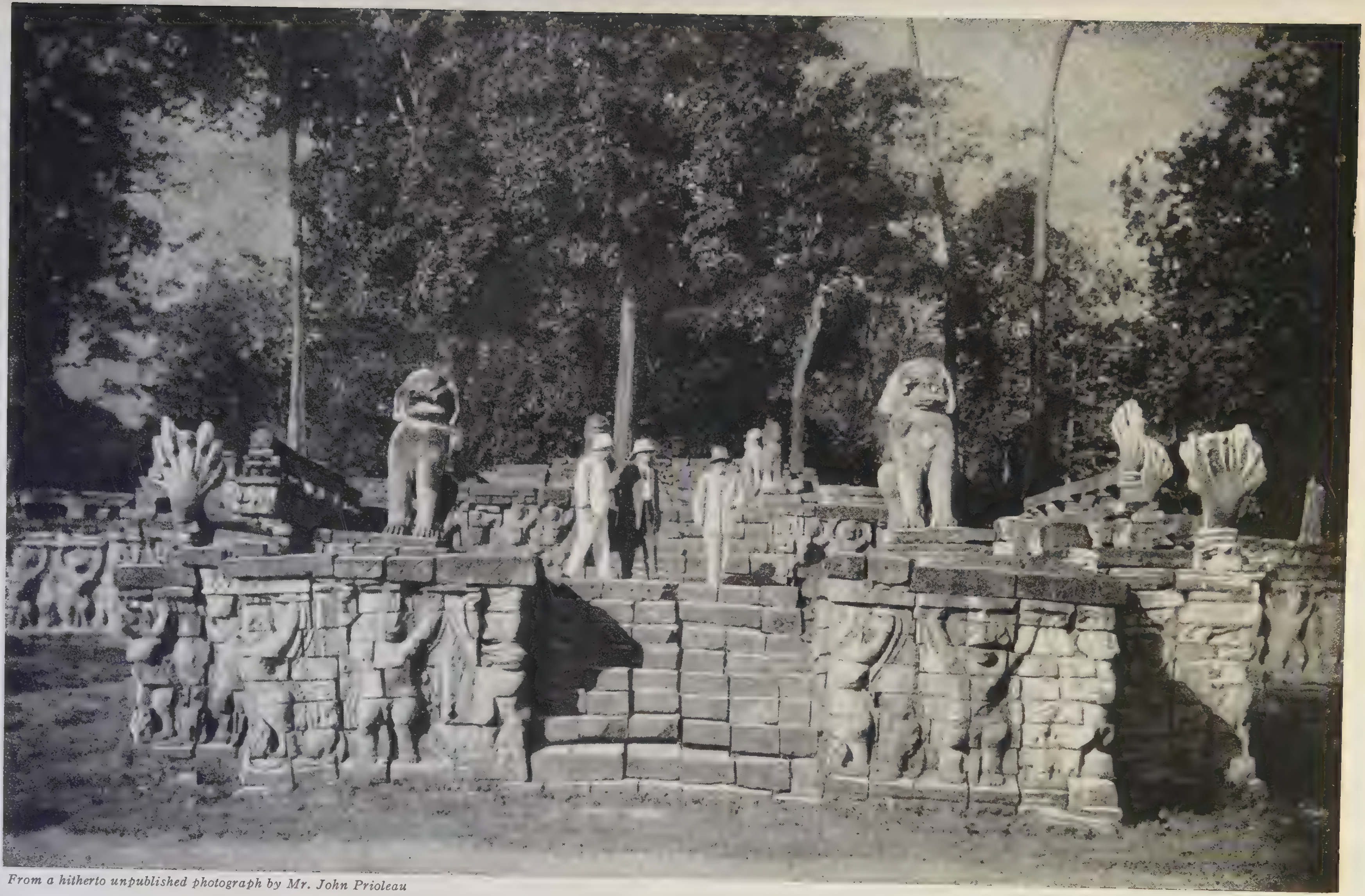
Early last century there existed no data for the study of

Khmer civilisation. Travellers indulged in the wildest surmise, even attributing the ruins to the Egyptians or the lost tribe of Israel. During recent years French archæologists have carried out investigations on scientific lines.

The mystery that veils the origin and disappearance is only one of the riddles of Angkor. Equally inexplicable is the derivation of their architecture. The characteristic features to which we have drawn attention, as well as a number of other distinctive details, are entirely original. The Aryans did not bring these traditions from India. There is, of course, no trace of Mussulman influence, and the inspiration is not of the Far East. There is no suggestion in the Khmer temple of the tent-like pagoda roof of the Chinese or of the Islamic dome. Fournereau has traced fanciful analogies between the Khmer and Egyptian temples and the Khmer and Assyrian sculptures and bas-reliefs. Not that he presupposes any commerce between these ancient civilisations, though he cannot accept the theory that Khmer civilisation is indigenous. The problem would appear insuperable. There is no architecture in Cambodia prior to the Aryan invasion—a fact that would dismiss the supposition that the architects can have derived their model from the primitive Khomen or Malay. Yet if the principles of Khmer architecture were introduced by the Hindus, how comes it that they have transmitted a style that is unknown in their own country? The Indian builders have never evolved or adopted the salient features of the Khmer temple.

M. Groslier, the distinguished archæologist who was charged with a recent mission to Cambodia, believes that he has unravelled the mystery. He deprecates the expression "Hindu architecture" in relation to the relics of the Khmers. The Hindus, he argues, found what we call the Khmer architecture already evolved when they invaded the country—but not in masonry. All they did was to translate the tradition from wood into stone. Thus the Aryan genius has made what was else perishable immortal. It has adopted the practical traditions of the Cambodians; the intellectual, religious, and æsthetic inspiration is its own.

An ingenious solution, but it does not evade the paradox that the master builders derived the symmetry, the proportion, the ordered grouping, which is lacking in their own temples—that is to say, the æsthetic and intellectual impulse—from the



From a hitherto unpublished photograph by Mr. John Prioleau

AMONG THE RUINS OF ANGKOR, IN FAR CAMBODIA, THE LAND OF MYSTERY AND MARVEL

One of the approaches to the great temple at Angkor, a glorious relic of the forgotten past. Save for the presence of a few yellow-robed priests, who there dream away their lives, the temple is now deserted except at the time of the annual festival, when the people of Cambodia carry thither offerings to the dead. The central figure on the long flight of ruined steps is that of the late Lord Northcliffe, who during his world tour in 1921–2 visited Angkor in the company of Marshal Joffre.

subject race. The dweller in the jungle, it might be argued, has only to look around him to adopt from nature the model of the vaulted arch. The best roof to a cloister is suggested by the natural corridor in an overarching bamboo grove. But the Cambodian seems to have neglected the hint. He is not to-day remarkable for his initiative or resource, and it is doubtful if, in the days when he was the subject of a great empire, he was ever more than a complacent drudge.

It is difficult, too, to believe that the Aryans were absorbed in the indigenous stock. They have left behind nothing—there is no trace of Hindu inspiration in modern Cambodia, whether in dress, ornaments, vessels, architecture, manners, customs, or thought—beyond the common supineness of the East. When the native builds a house he drives four piles into the earth, or perhaps six or eight, not more, and stretches across them a bamboo floor. This, with four walls and a slanting roof, also of bamboo, satisfies his architectural aspirations. Villages built in this way stand among the ruins of the ancient Khmers. No wonder the Cambodian believes that Angkor is an exhalation conjured up out of the earth by genii or giants. To the European traveller Angkor compels moralising more than any other shrine in the East.

THE ROYAL PALACES. I

THE PALACE OF MINOS AT CNOSSUS

BY ARTHUR H. SMITH, M.A., F.S.A.

THE PALACE OF MINOS AT CNOSSUS

By Arthur H. Smith, M.A., F.S.A.

Keeper of the Greek and Roman Antiquities at the British Museum

IT is only necessary to look at a map of the Mediterranean to see that the island of Crete must always have occupied a commanding position intermediate between Egypt and Greece. It has a similar position in Greek literature and legend.

To the Greeks it had something of the age and majesty of Egypt. It was the home of their deities. Zeus was born and nourished on the Cretan mountains. He brought one of his many loves, Europa, across the sea to Crete. He even died and was buried there. So, at least, it was averred by the Cretans, though this was what moved Callimachus (quoted 300 years after by St. Paul) to denounce the Cretans as liars.

The Crete of legend was the home of a great monarchy. It was rich in its ninety cities, its ships, and its thronging population. It was the source of early industry. The Dactyls, or Fingermen, of the Cretan Ida, and the Telchines invented the working in iron and bronze. Daedalus, the typical craftsman, there first practised aviation, with fatal results to his son, Icarus, through fusing of his wings in the sun's rays.

Talos, the animated man of brass, patrolled the island thrice a day. And here his master, Minos, in communion with Zeus, like Moses on Sinai, produced a code of laws.

It should be noted in passing that Plato's Socrates reduces Talos to a travelling inspector, who visited the villages from time to time to see that they conformed to the laws of Minos, which he carried with him on tablets of bronze.

When archæologists began to cast about for the missing links between the culture of Egypt and the new civilisation which the spade of Schliemann had brought to light at Mycenae, it was natural that they should look to Crete as the most promising site for investigation. Their investigations began when political conditions made excavation possible. Sir Arthur Evans was the moving spirit.

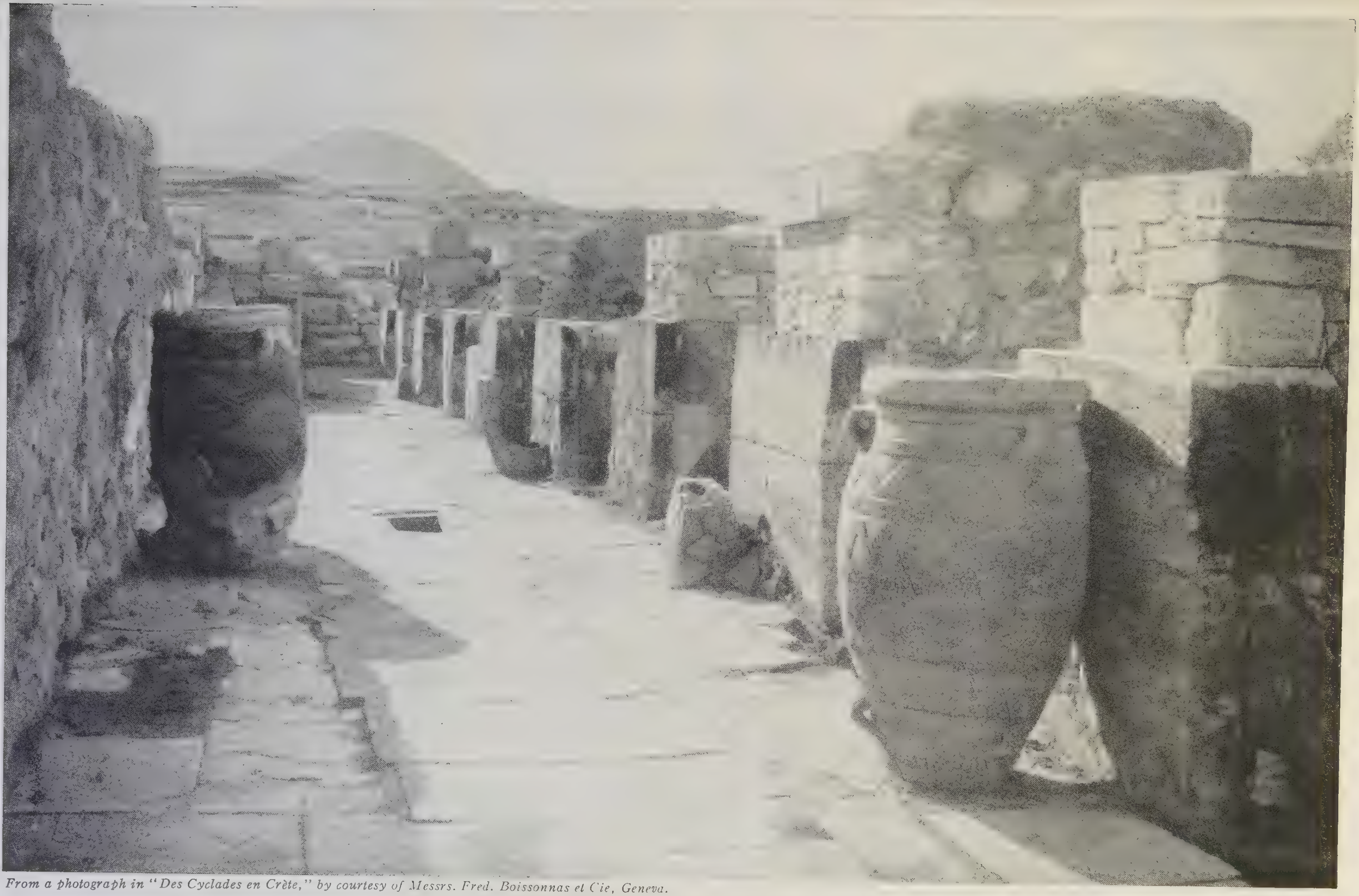
From 1893 onwards Sir Arthur Evans travelled through the island, collecting engraved stones from the peasants. Those found in Crete are often of a milky-looking substance, and are worn by the peasant women as conducive to lactation. From his study of this material he was able to announce to the Hellenic Society, in November, 1893, that he had discovered a hitherto unsuspected form of hieroglyphic—or, as he preferred to call it, pictographic—writing, expressing an unknown language. Also, at an early stage, with admirable foresight, he acquired the soil of Cnossus. He was able, therefore, at the appropriate moment, to begin the famous excavations which are the subject of this chapter.

The Palace of Cnossus was the legendary seat of Minos, and the home of the monstrous Minotaur—half man and half bull—to whom the Athenians of old sent at stated intervals a tribute of youths and maidens, until the beast was slain by the Attic hero, Theseus.

The site is a rounded spur of a hill, nearly four miles from Candia and the sea, about the middle of the north coast of Crete. On the north and north-west the knoll is hardly distinguishable from the Kephala hill, of which it forms a part. On the east side the ground falls sharply to the bed of a small stream which finds its way to the sea a little to the east of Candia.

The main excavations of Sir Arthur Evans were carried on here, during the years 1900-1908. In the course of them, and various supplementary campaigns, he brought to light an unsuspected civilisation to which he gave the name of "Minoan." This is a convenient term, which has been generally accepted, since it does not commit those who use it to anything except a recognition of the unquestionable fact that Minos is the principal personage who can be named in connexion with prehistoric Crete.

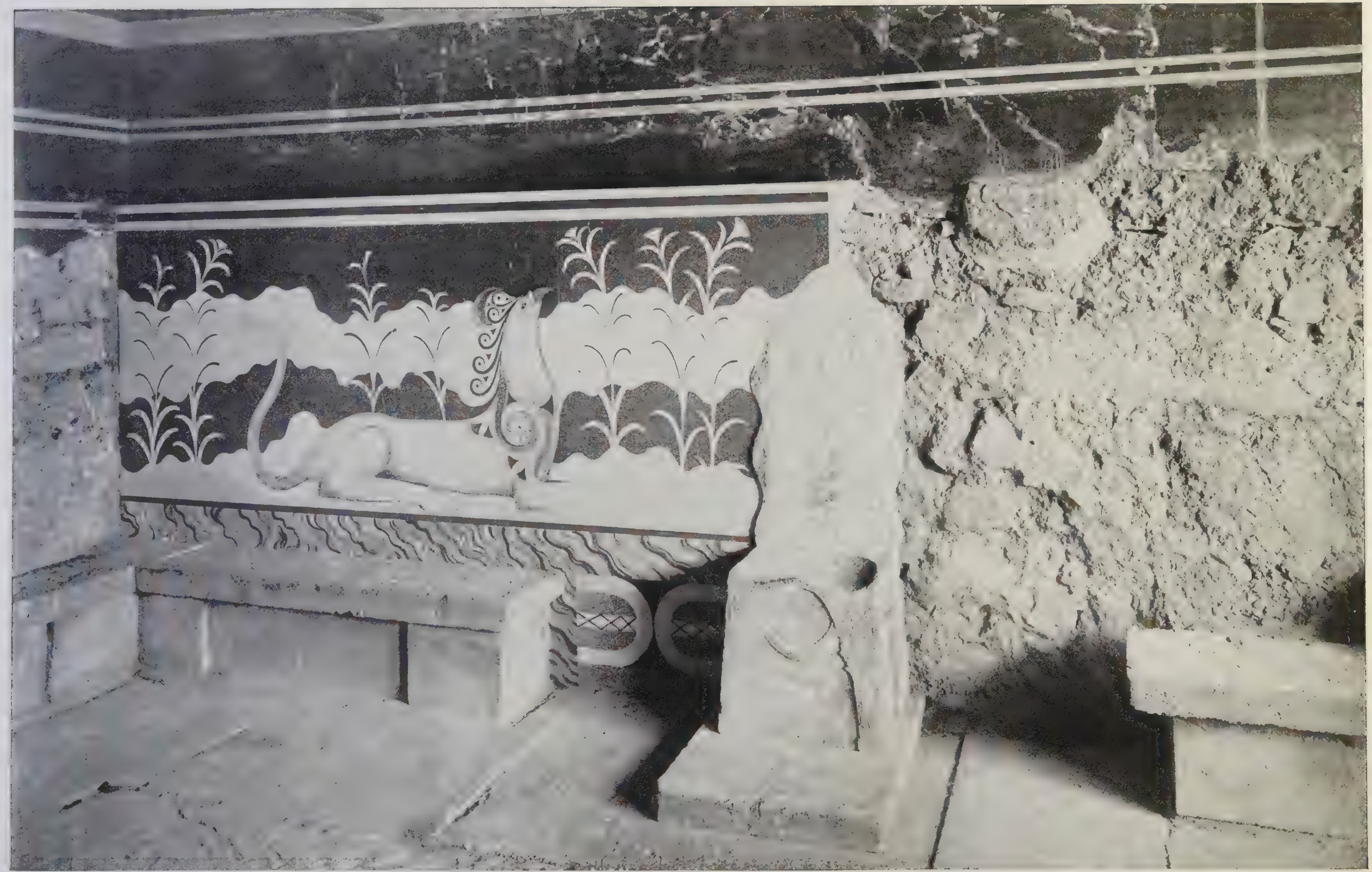
Other excavators—English, Italian, and American—have corroborated and completed the Cnossian discoveries with impor-



From a photograph in "Des Cyclades en Crète," by courtesy of Messrs. Fred. Boissonnas et Cie, Geneva.

WHERE THESEUS, THE GREAT HERO OF GREEK MYTHOLOGY, ACCORDING TO THE LEGEND, SLEW THE MINOTAUR

In the Palace, or "Labyrinth," of Minos, at Cnossus, in Crete. A long corridor passes down the middle of the western block of the building, and a series of narrow chambers opens into it. These chambers, designed as magazines, contain a large number of sunken stone receptacles and rows of immense earthenware jars. Two such jars are shown above; each would conceal one of the Forty Thieves with ease. Nothing has been found in any of them, though traces of gold-leaf suggest that they were once used for storing precious objects.



From a photograph in "Des Cyclades en Crète," by courtesy of Messrs. Fred. Boissonnas et Cie, Geneva.

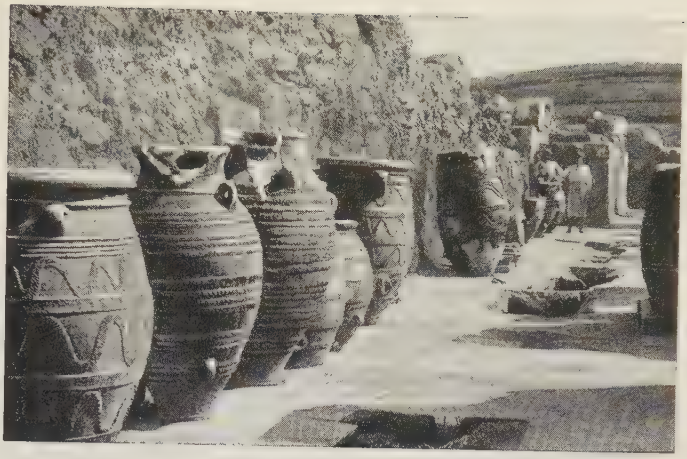
THE OLDEST THRONE IN THE WORLD AS IT STANDS IN THE GREATEST PALACE OF ANCIENT TIMES THAT MODERN EYES CAN SEE

The Throne of Minos, a chair of the type emblematic of supreme power since earliest days, is built into the wall. Its back is leaf-shaped and seat chiselled out by the hands of men who knew the meaning of comfort. A cast of the chair may be seen in the British Museum. Stone benches for the council run along the sides of the Throne Room, and the walls are decorated with frescoes of sacred gryphons confronting one another in a Nile landscape of water and papyrus.

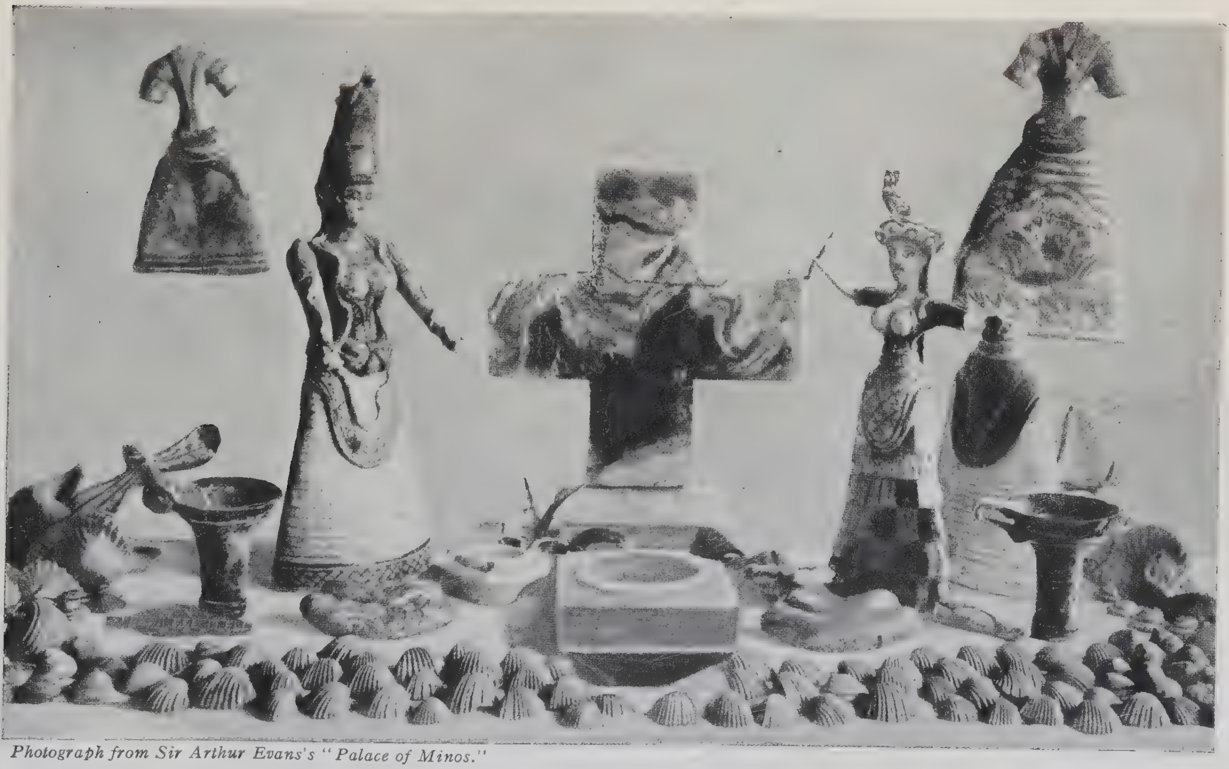
Modern sculpture by C. Ramey, at the Louvre, Paris.

THE SLAYING OF THE MINOTAUR

Cnossus was the earliest home of bull-fighting; even women engaged in the sport, which was probably the origin of the legend of the Minotaur, slain eventually by Theseus, the Greek hero.



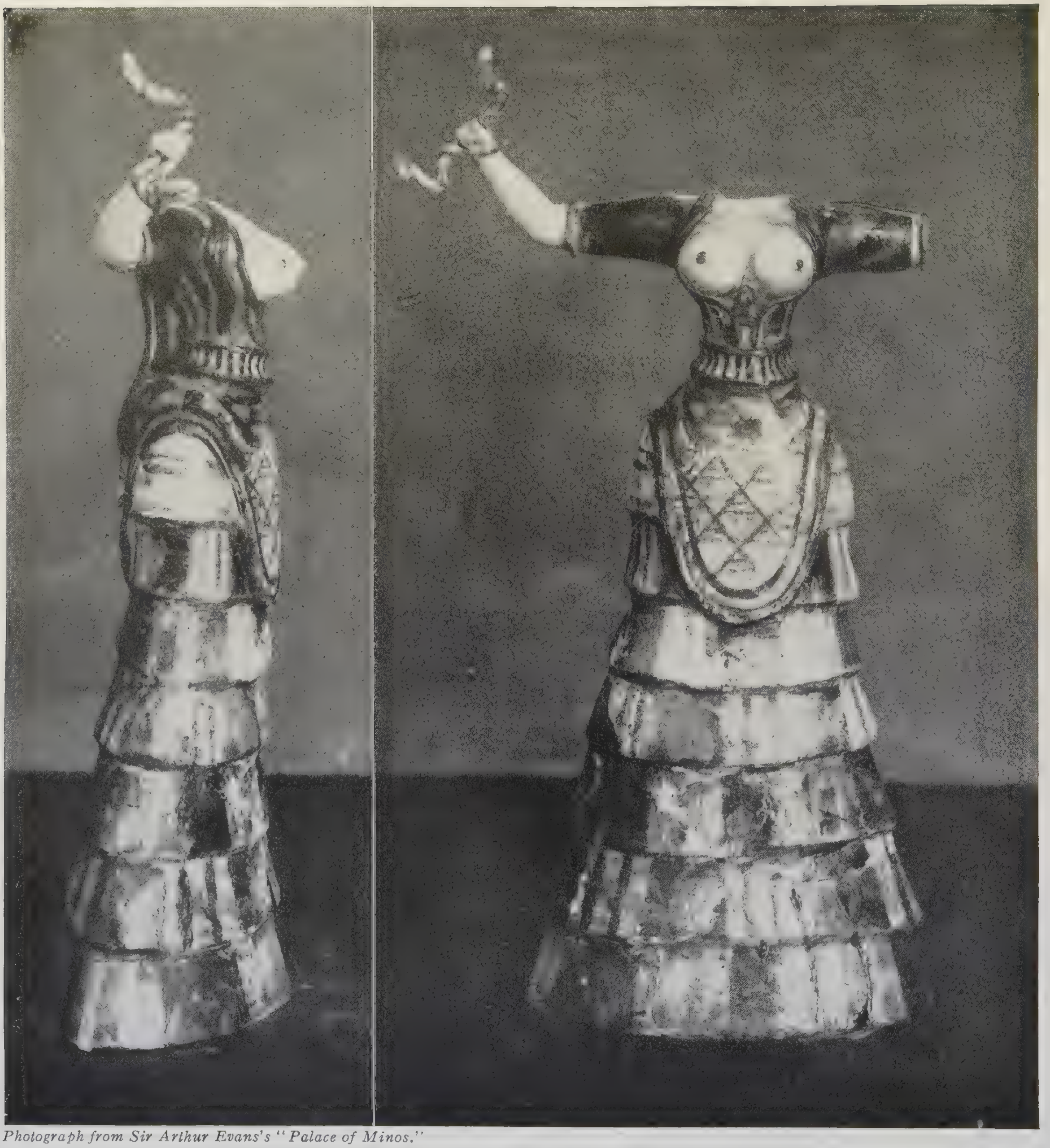
MAMMOTH EARTHENWARE JARS FOUND IN THE RUINS



Photograph from Sir Arthur Evans's "Palace of Minos."

SHRINE OF THE SNAKE GODDESS: RESTORATION OF THE GROUP ABOVE THE ALTAR LEDGE

The "fetish cross," which occupies the central position, is the most striking object in this group as restored by Sir Arthur Evans, who writes, "a cross of orthodox Greek shape was not only a religious symbol of Minoan cult, but seems to be traceable in later off-shoots of the Minoan religion from Gaza to Eryx." To the left of the cross stands the Snake Goddess, to the right her votary. Among the other objects in the shrine are libation jugs, stones hollowed for holding offerings, and numerous shells. The Cretans, a people long accustomed to look to the sea for their livelihood, commonly strewed their altars with sea-shells and pebbles.



Photograph from Sir Arthur Evans's "Palace of Minos."

A STRIKING RELIC OF SNAKE WORSHIP IN CRETE DURING THE MINOAN AGE

This dainty faience figure does not represent the Snake Goddess herself, but her votary or priestess. In her right hand the votary carries a small snake, tail upwards, and the left hand, which is missing, probably held another reptile in a similar position. Over her many-flounced skirt she wears a double apron, a ritualistic survival of a primitive garment once common to both sexes. Generally, the votary's costume may be regarded as characteristic of feminine fashion in Minoan Crete. Fashions, it would seem, have not changed very materially during the centuries.

tant finds on other sites. The palace of Cnossus, however, continues to be the most important architectural monument of the island.

By minute observations of the stratas, Sir Arthur Evans has constructed a scheme of Minoan art and history. He divides it into three great periods—Early, Middle, and Late Minoan. Each of these is subdivided into three. Thus, if the reader meets with a date given as MM3, he must interpret it as meaning the third division of the Middle Minoan period.

Roughly speaking, Early Minoan runs from 3400 to 2100 B.C.; Middle Minoan from 2100 to 1580 B.C.; and Late Minoan from 1580 to 1200 B.C.

The main fabric of the palace is of the Middle Minoan age. It is built on a site which had been for a very long time—fifteen hundred years, at least—in neolithic occupation. It includes work of the Early Minoan period. It also bears unmistakable traces of later alterations, and of catastrophic changes from time to time, such as fire, earthquake, and sack. For such complex questions the reader must consult the monumental and fascinating work of Sir Arthur Evans, "The Palace of Minos," vol. I. (1921).

The palace is roughly a square block, measuring about 150 yards each way. We will enter by the northern entrance. This is a narrow passage between powerful walls, and flanked by bastions. Immediately outside the gate, and within the circuit of the outer works, was the Hall of Eleven Pillars. It is represented by the bases of eleven square piers. They were evidently roofed over, and made a pleasant portico, where business could be transacted by those who "sat at the gate."

Entering the palace by the northern gateway, we pass into a spacious paved court, 197 feet from north to south, and 95 feet from east to west. About this central court all the main buildings of the palace were grouped. On the west side of it, the buildings appear to have been religious, official, or industrial; on the east side they were domestic and residential.

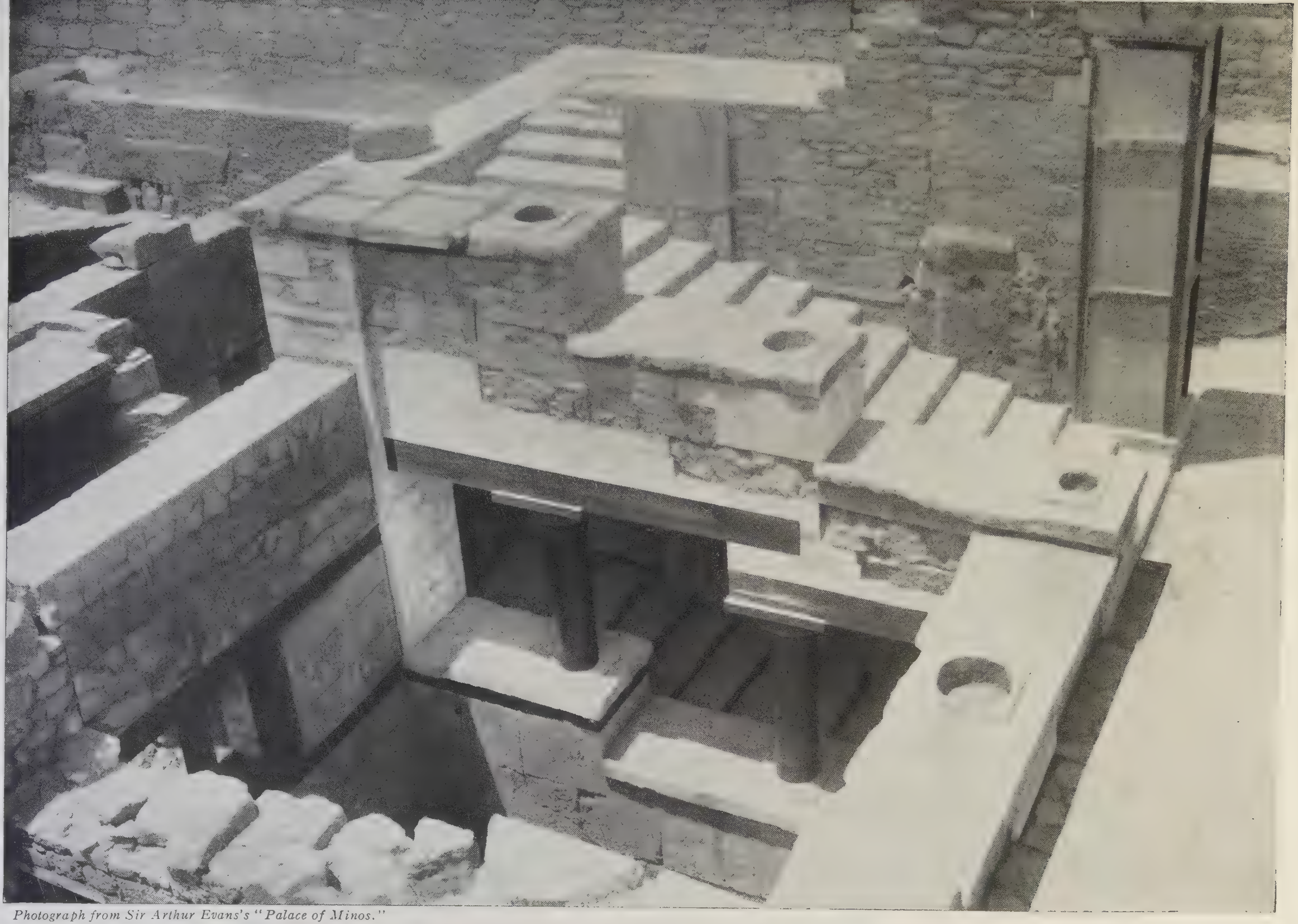
A long, straight corridor passes down the middle of the western block. A series of narrow magazines opens into it. Some fifteen of these appear to have been in simultaneous use. They are remarkable for a number of sunken stone receptacles in the floors, and for rows of immense earthenware jars, each able to hold one of the Forty Thieves with ease. The sunken receptacles, in their most developed form, were carefully-made chests of gypsum slabs, jointed together and carefully concealed under the floor of the corridor. Traces of gold leaf and other remains prove that they had once been used for precious objects, but nothing of value was found in them. The same corridor, however, furnished a large hoard of terra-cotta tablets inscribed with the signs of the Cretan language. Evidently they dealt largely with inventories and accounts.

The earthenware jars must have been used for the storage of oil, either cultivated and pressed by the monarch, or perhaps collected as a tax in kind. It happens that a characteristic example of the jars has been in the British Museum for many years. A Cretan citizen, who appropriately bore the name of Minos Calocherinos, sank a trial shaft on the site, and struck on one of the jars, which he gave to the Museum, but his exploration was insufficient to reveal its significance.

Near the north end of the west side of the central court, four steps lead down to an anteroom, and thence to the Throne Room. In the centre of one side is the "Throne of Minos," with scalloped back and arcaded front. A cast of this chair—described by Sir Arthur Evans as "the oldest throne in Europe"—may be seen in the British Museum. Stone benches for the council run along the walls, which are decorated with frescoes of sacred gryphons confronting one another in a Nile landscape of water and papyrus.

Not far from the Throne Room was a "temple repository." One of the stone chests, similar to those already described, contained a great hoard of porcelain objects associated with worship. The series included the extraordinary figures of a Snake Goddess and her votaries, well known everywhere in facsimile, together with votive robes and girdles, cups and vases with painted designs, flowers, fruit, foliage, and shells in the round, small reliefs of cows and calves, and wild goats with their kids, and a variety of plaques for inlaying.

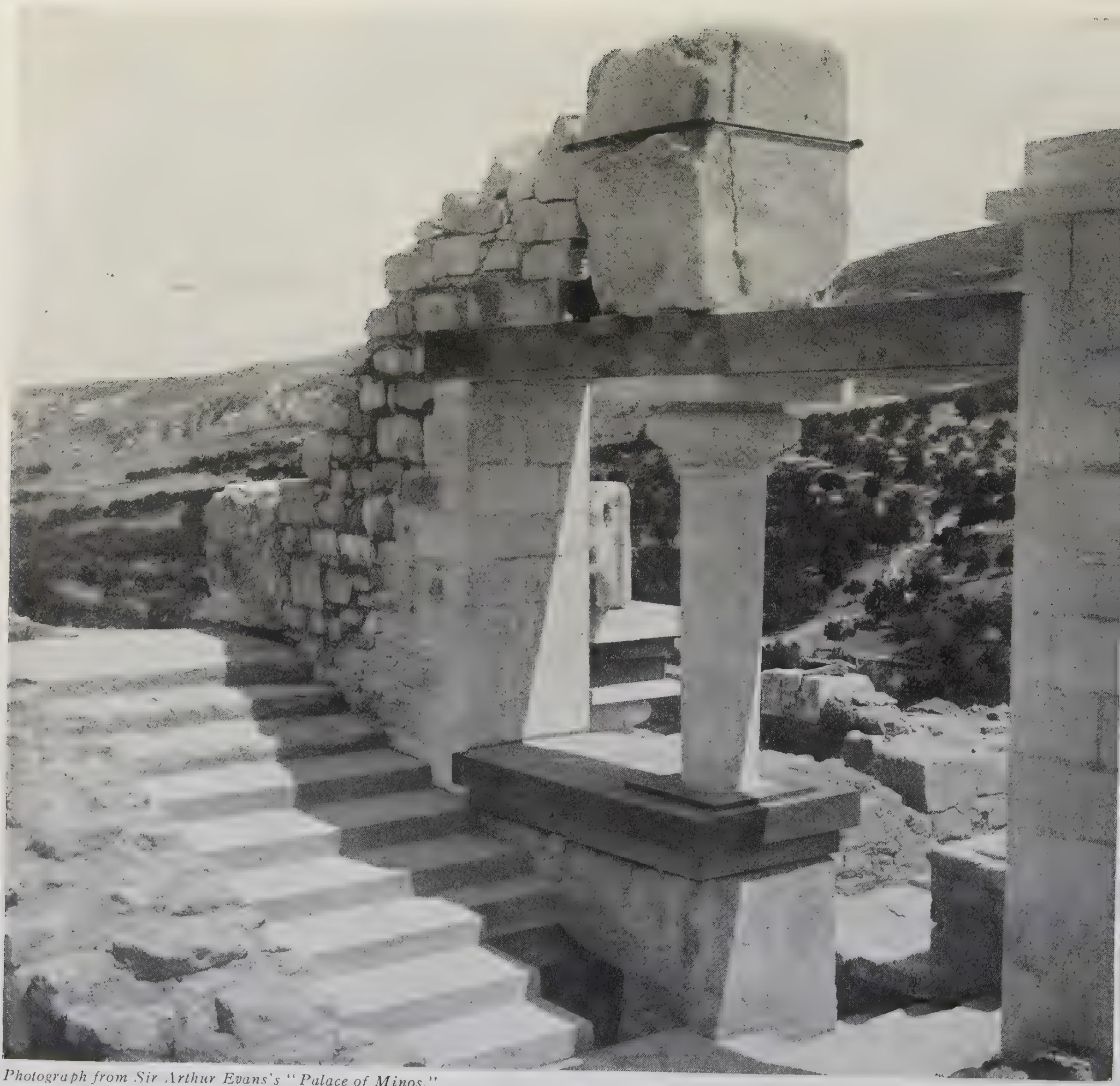
In the eastern half of the palace the falling levels, already mentioned, gave occasion to buildings of several floors. An extraordinary staircase about the middle of the east side connected



Photograph from Sir Arthur Evans's "Palace of Minos."

GRAND STAIRCASE AS SEEN FROM THE GALLERY ABOVE THE SPLENDID HALL OF THE COLONNADES

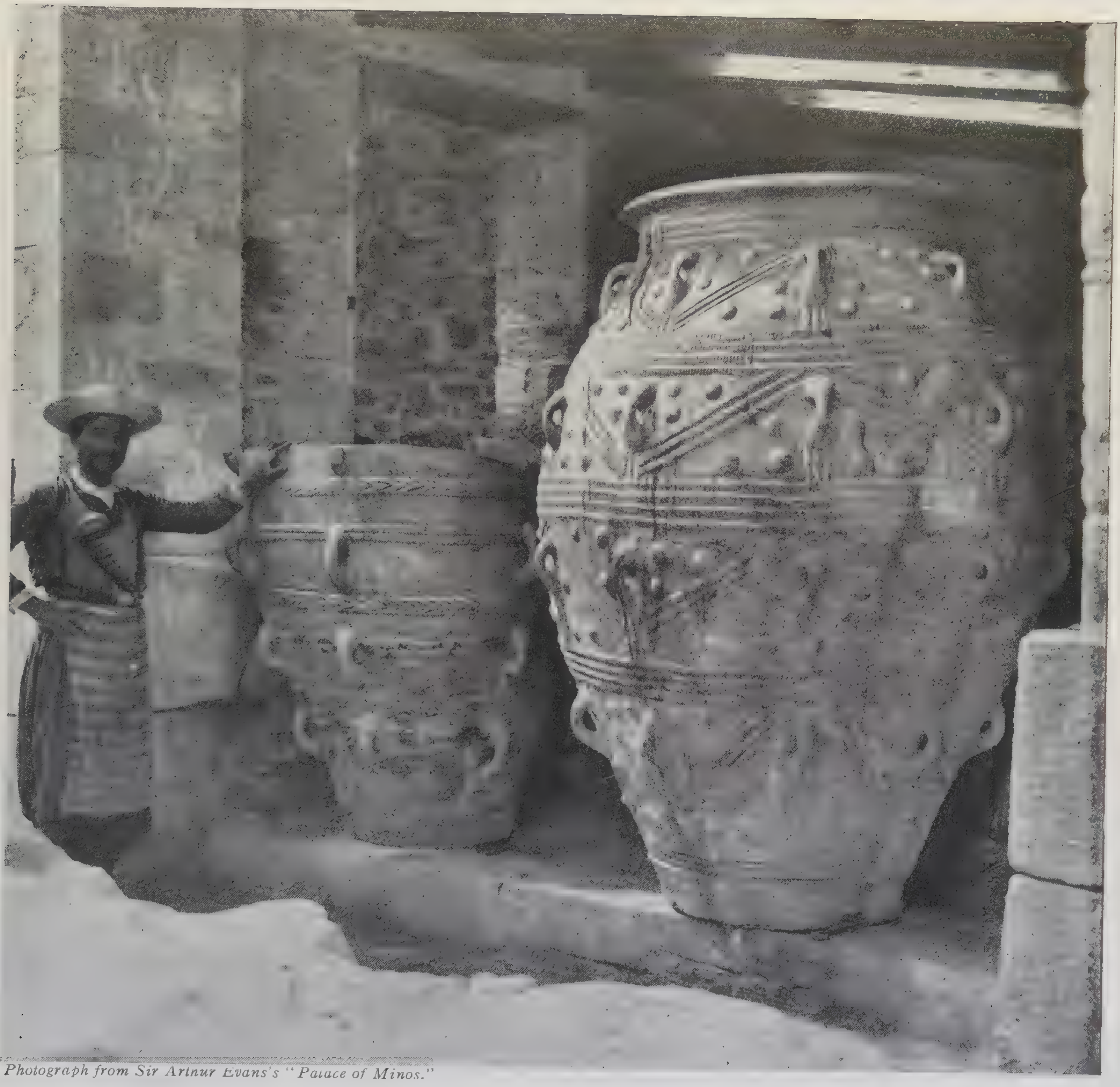
A view of the two lowermost flights of the grand staircase, with columns restored. In all, three flights of steps have been preserved, and part of a fourth, together with their landings. Each of these flights is flanked with a parapet wall which serves to support the columns that carry the timbers of the floor above. At the extreme left of the photograph may be seen a window which gave light to a private staircase of the service quarter.



Photograph from Sir Arthur Evans's "Palace of Minos."

AT THE TOP OF THE GRAND STAIRCASE IN THE PALACE OF MINOS

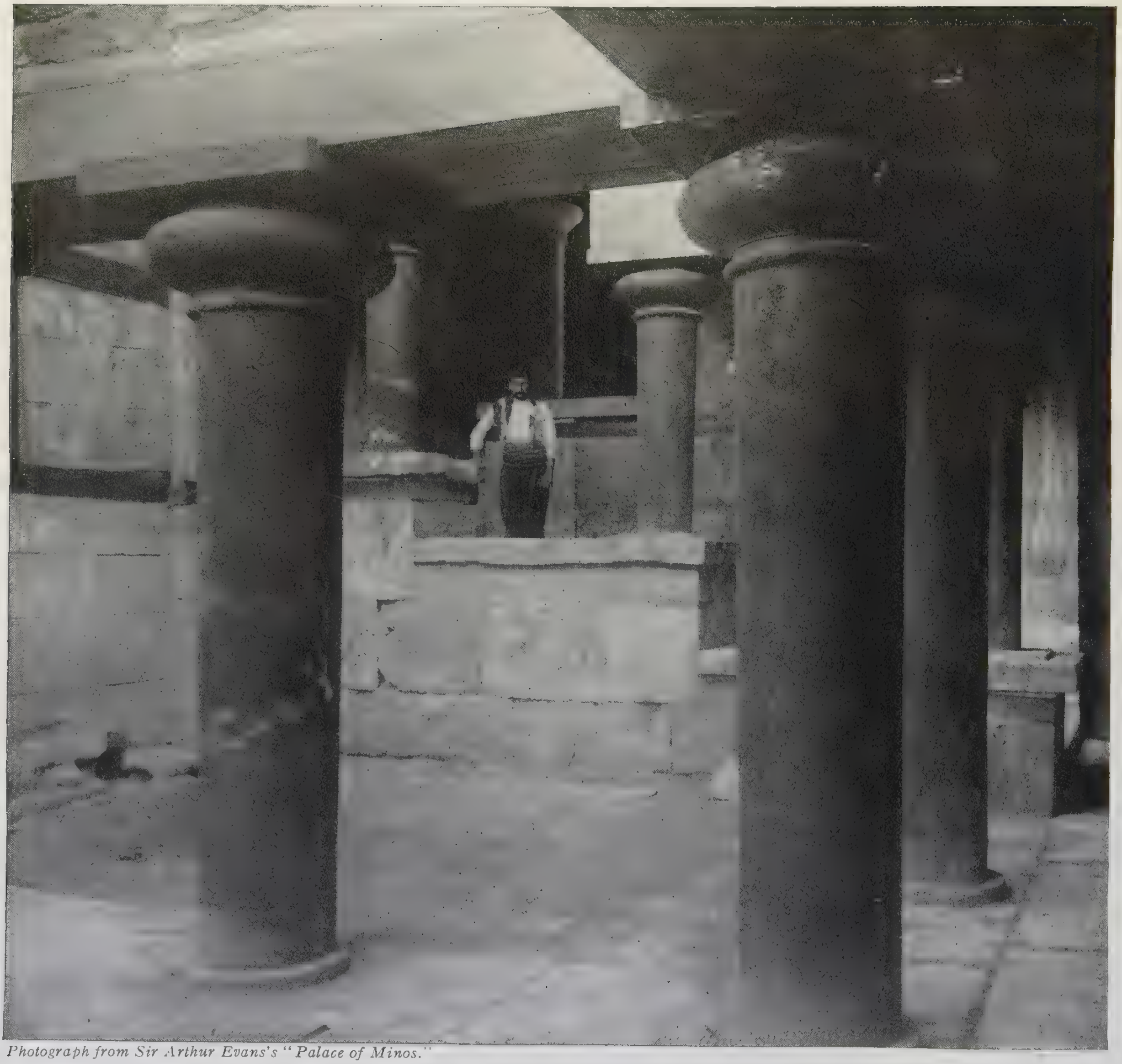
Photograph of the restored fourth flight of stairs and all that remains of the landing-block of the fifth. The site of the palace is a rounded spur of a hill, and on the east side the ground falls sharply, thus necessitating the construction of a building of several floors, and of this extraordinary staircase, designed to connect the ground level of the court with the other floors.



Photograph from Sir Arthur Evans's "Palace of Minos."

JAR USED FOR THE STORAGE OF OIL SOME 4,000 YEARS AGO

One of the numerous and immense stone jars which have been found in the magazines of the Palace of Minos at Cnossus; the bigness of the jar can be gauged if its size be compared with that of the man on the left. The sides of these earthen vessels bear a moulded rope decoration, imitative of the actual cradles employed in their transport. Oil, a main source of wealth to Minoan princes, seems to have been exported at a very early date from Crete to Egypt.



Photograph from Sir Arthur Evans's "Palace of Minos."

INTERIOR VIEW OF ONE OF THE MOST ANCIENT OF PALACES

In the Hall of Colonnades (columns restored) at the once royal home of Minos, King of Crete. With great labour and at heavy cost, excavators have succeeded in preserving many of the main features of the wonderful staircase, which can be seen in the background, and so have been able to reveal to the modern world the structural details of a building that, covering six acres of ground, dates back some 3,600 years.

the ground level of the court with the floors below. Three flights of steps, and traces of a fourth, together with their landings, are preserved. The flights are flanked with a parapet wall, supporting columns carrying the timbers of the flights above. With great labour and cost, the excavators succeeded in preserving the main features of the staircase. They were thus able to restore to the modern world the structural details of a piece of building which dates back some 3,600 years.

Not far from the staircase is the principal extant reception-room of the palace, known as the "Hall of the Double Axes." The symbol of the double axe played a large part in Minoan religion, and it occurs frequently repeated in the hall to which it gives its name. This is a dignified chamber, with a portico, a forehall of eight pillars, and a raised platform, approached, like the platform of any modern concert room, by a flight of steps at each side.

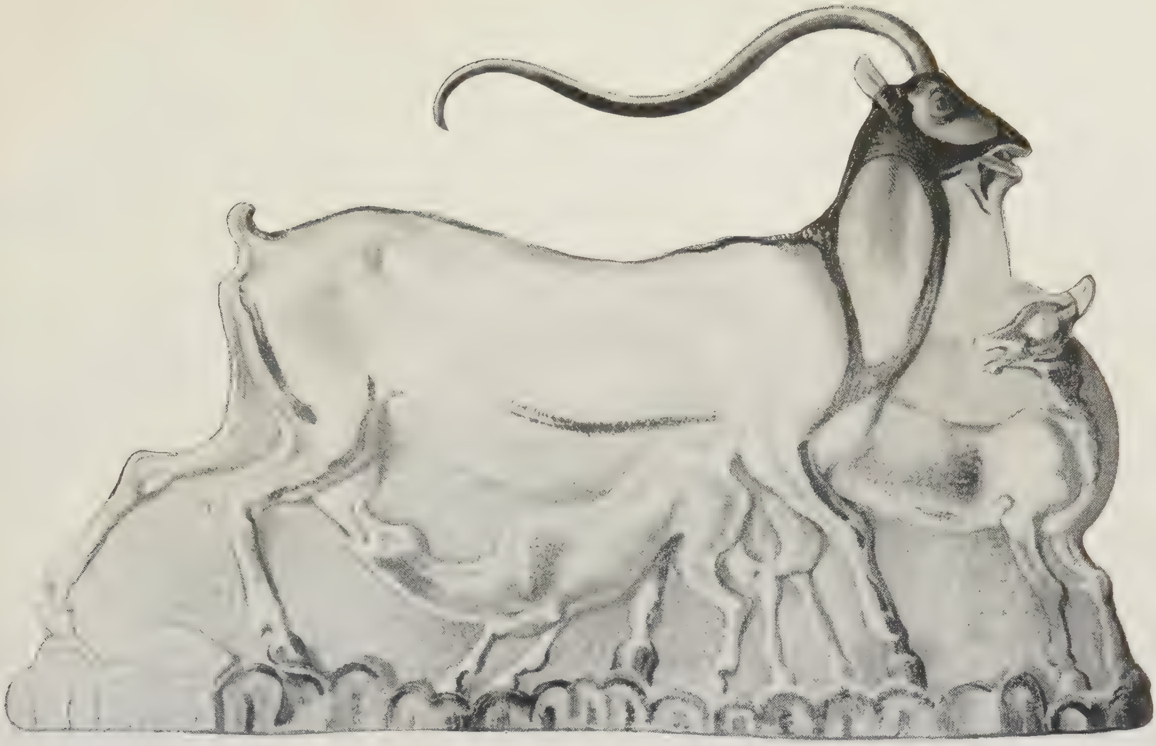
The most surprising feature of this part of the palace is its ingenious system of drainage and sanitation. The whole of the palace area had an elaborate system of drainage. For carrying away the torrential rain in the court, the rainwater from the roof, and the overflows from the cisterns, finely modelled terra-cotta pipes were used, of tapering form, and designed to fit one into another. In addition to the provision for rainwater drainage, there is an extraordinary system of sanitary drainage in connexion with the domestic quarter. Beneath the buildings of this region, and manifestly dating from an older arrangement of the plan, is a built drain, looped in plan, like a figure 9, the levels running down from the top of the loop to the effluent, and so down to the stream. In connexion with the loop of the 9 are remains of perfectly effective latrines, or closets, on the ground floor and the first floor.

Sir Arthur Evans closes his description with the comment: "As an anticipation of scientific methods of sanitation, the system of which we have here the record has been attained by few nations even at the present day."

If we return to the northern entrance, we find, on leaving the gate, a paved way leading westwards to a space which has been called the "theatral area." That is to say, it is a piece of paved floor suited for theatrical spectacles, but not having the theatre form. This, of course, was evolved by the architects of Greece and Rome between one and two thousand years later. The area is bounded on two sides by broad flights of steps, at right angles to each other, and with large platforms for their upper landings. It would hardly serve for the favourite Minoan sport of the bull-ring, but it is excellently adapted to public dancing.

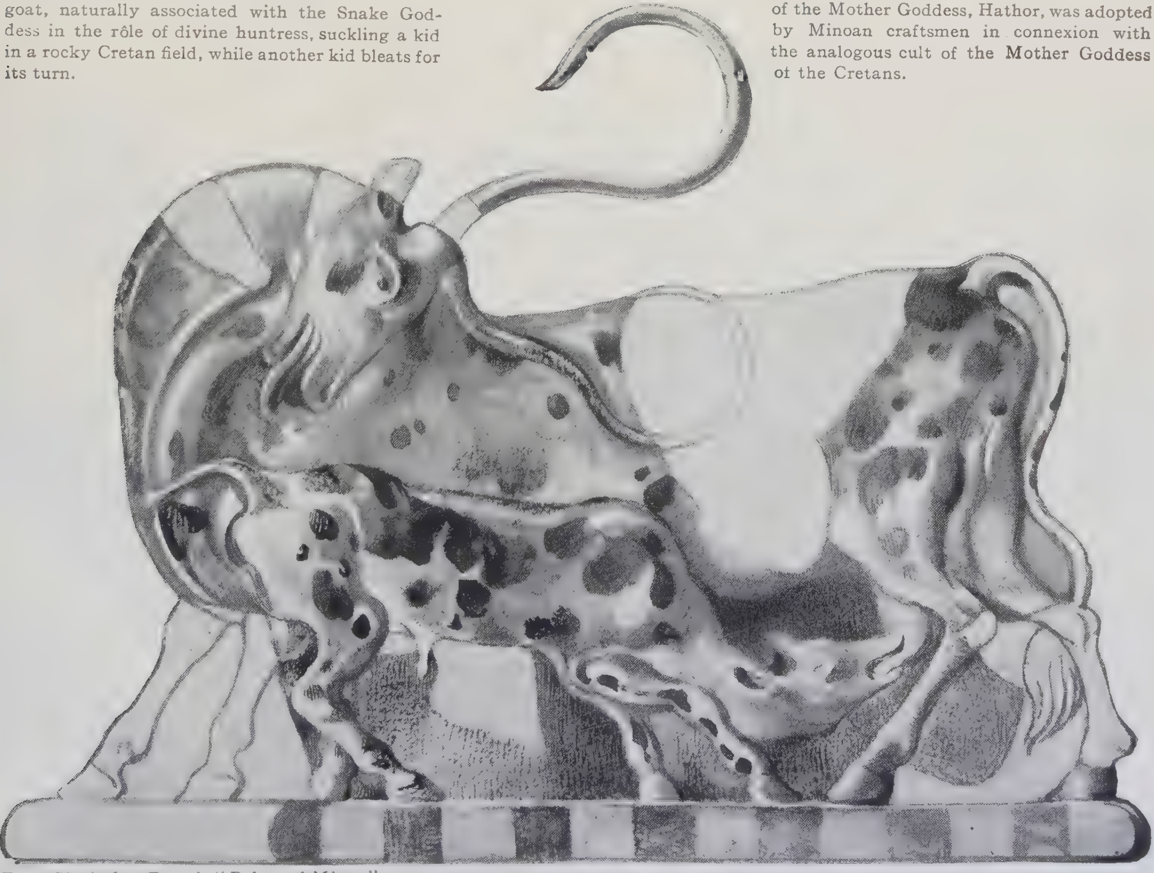
Homer sings that "Daedalus once made a dancing-floor in broad Cnossus for fair-haired Ariadne." Bearing this in mind, Sir Arthur Evans once delighted a steamerful of visiting archæologists by organising a dance in the traditional manner of the workmen and their womenfolk—"a dance, maybe, as ancient in its origin as the building in which it took place. . . . Of such a kind, we are told (by Plutarch), was the geranos dance, mimicking the many turns of the labyrinth, by Theseus, instituted at Delos, before the image of Aphrodite, that he had received from Ariadne."

The Palace of Cnossus is a stupendous monument of a period long anterior to Greek history and to Greek literature. But, if it stood merely as an architectural wonder, more than half its interest and value would be lost. It is by a minute study of its pottery, its porcelain, its gems, inlays, alabaster, frescoes, inscribed tablets and religious emblems that its owner and excavator has done more than any other man to restore to the world a whole buried civilisation hitherto hardly guessed at or imagined.



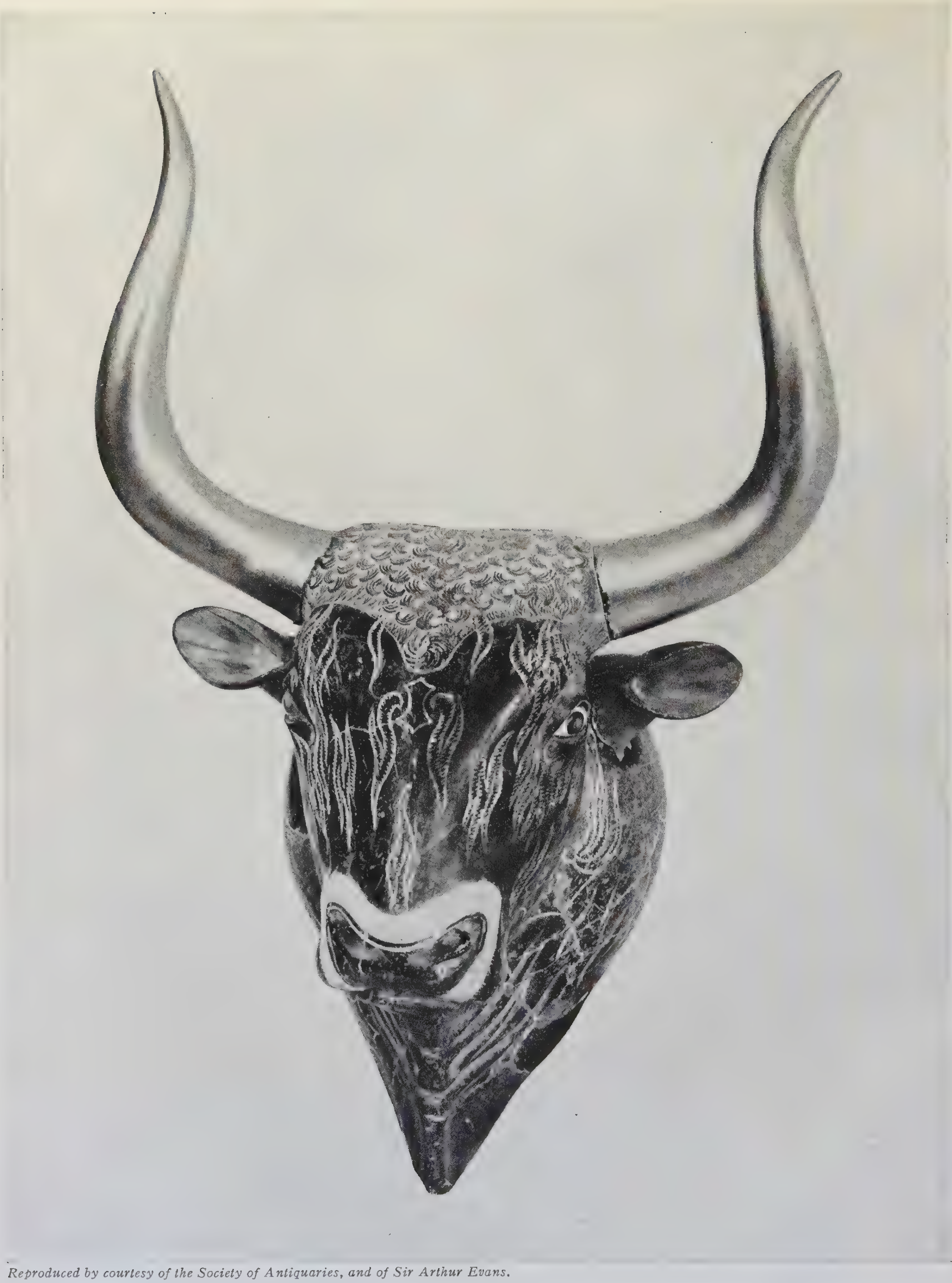
This, one of a series of panels, pale green in colour, with dark sepia markings, shows a wild goat, naturally associated with the Snake Goddess in the rôle of divine huntress, suckling a kid in a rocky Cretan field, while another kid bleats for its turn.

The group of the cow and calf, commonly associated in Egyptian art with the cult of the Mother Goddess, Hathor, was adopted by Minoan craftsmen in connexion with the analogous cult of the Mother Goddess of the Cretans.



From Sir Arthur Evans's "Palace of Minos."

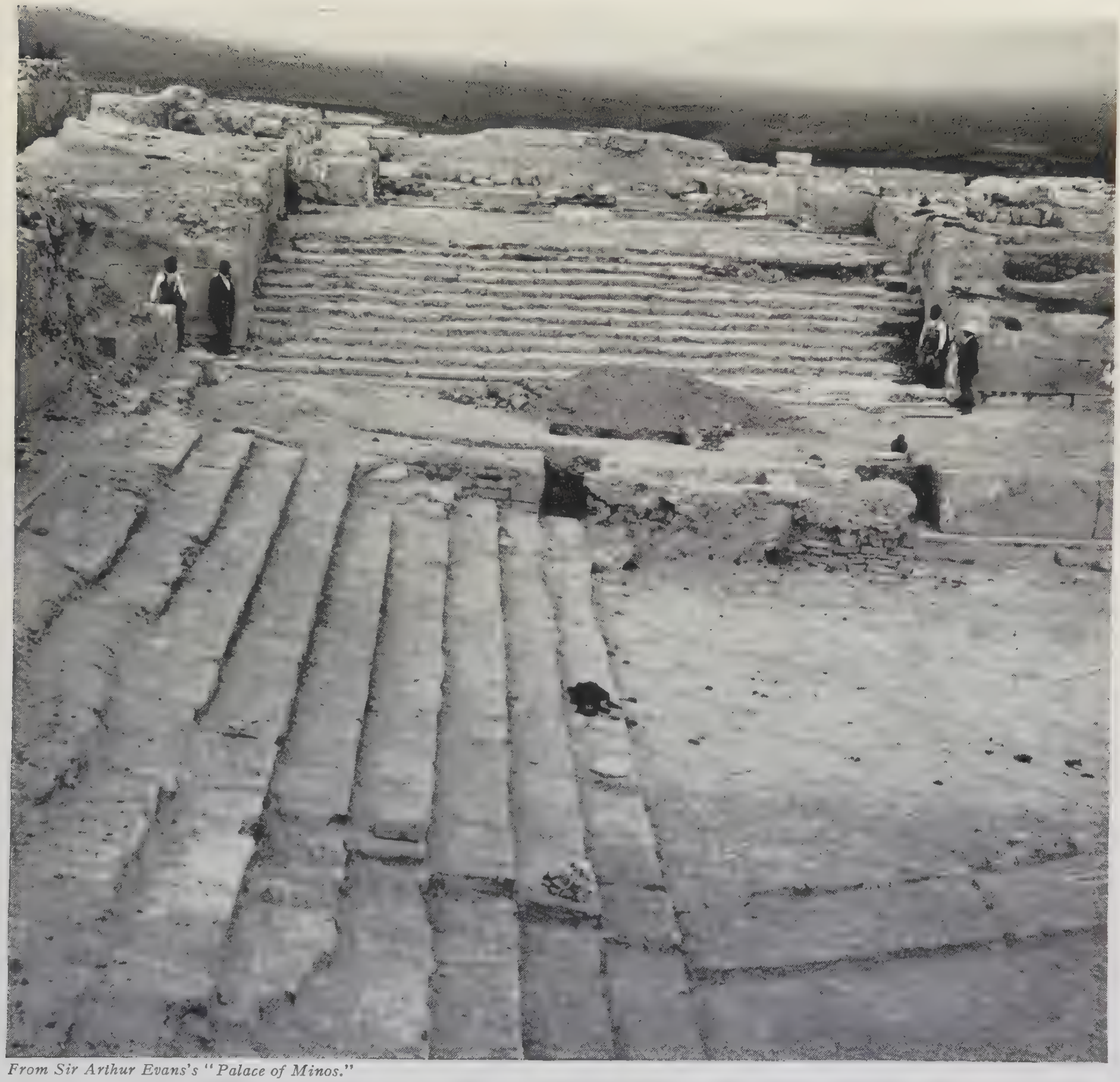
SPIRITED AND NATURALISTIC ART IN MURAL DECORATION OF THE MINOAN AGE



Reproduced by courtesy of the Society of Antiquaries, and of Sir Arthur Evans.

EARLY CRETAN LIBATION VESSEL: REMARKABLE RELIC FROM THE CITY OF THE MINOTAUR

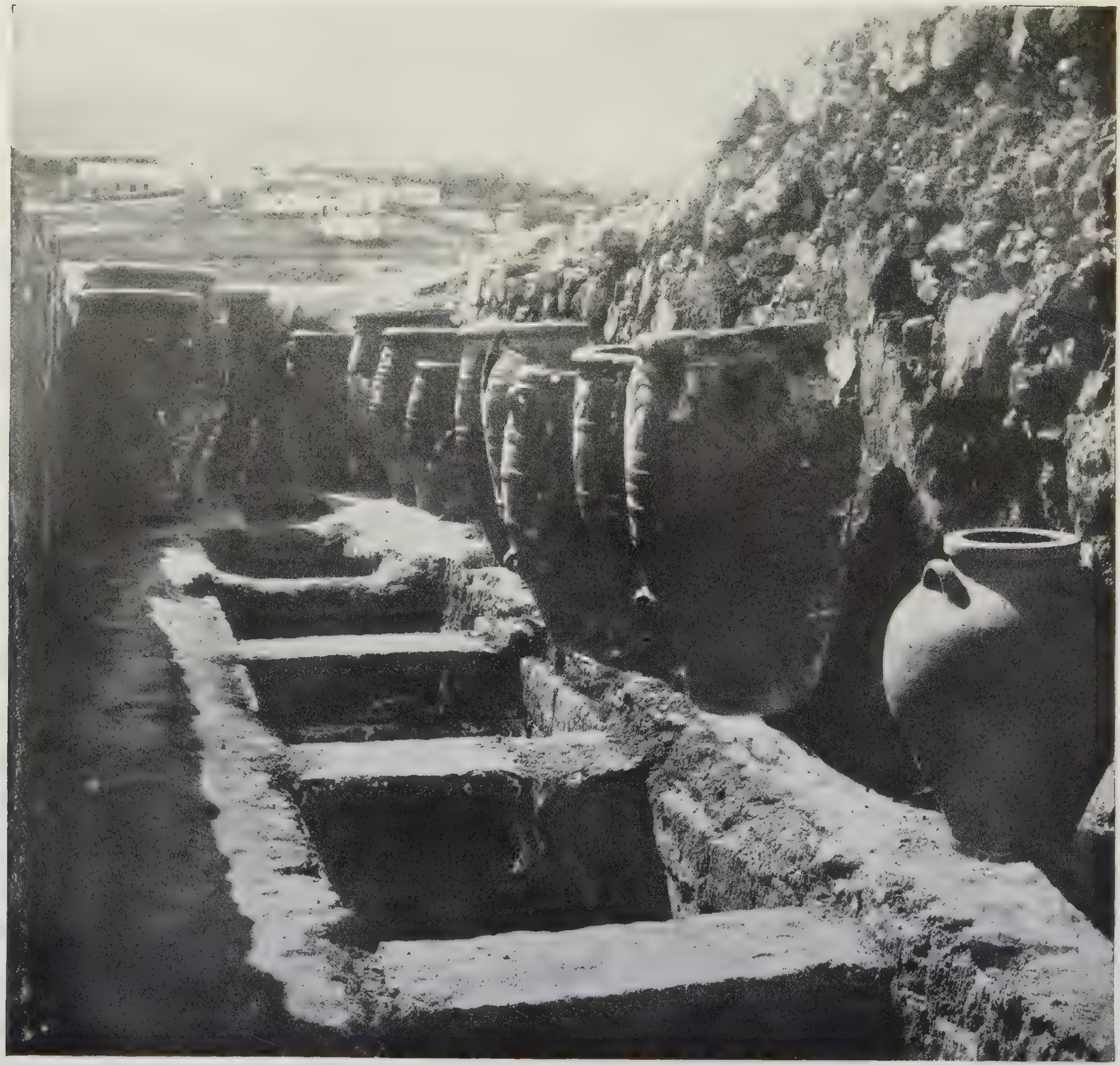
Wrought about 1350 B.C., roughly at the time when Tutankhamen was reigning in Egypt, this libation vessel, in the shape of a bull's head, is one of Sir Arthur Evans's many extraordinary discoveries at Cnossus. The head is made of black steatite, or soapstone, inlaid with rock crystal and shell. The eyes are made of rock crystal rimmed with jasper. The horns and ears, missing when the vessel was found, have been subsequently restored. At the top of the head there is a large hole into which liquids can be poured, and in the lower part a small hole through which they can slowly escape.



From Sir Arthur Evans's "Palace of Minos."

SUPERB STAIRWAY IN THE COURT OF A ONCE GLORIOUS CRETAN PALACE

The Crete of which Homer sang, "the land amid the wine-dark sea," boasted "unnumbered men and ninety towns." Of the old Cretan cities, Phæstus, some twenty-five miles south-west of Candia, ranks in interest next to Cnossus. The palace at Phæstus, where excavation was begun A.D. 1900, dates from about 1800 B.C.; it is one of the most remarkable of all the ruins which have been found in this isle of wonders. This photograph gives a vivid impression of the size of the palace, which must have been a building of splendid proportions.



This and all the photographs from Sir Arthur Evans's "The Palace of Minos at Knossos," are reproduced by arrangement with the publishers, Messrs. Macmillan & Co., Ltd.

ONE OF THE MAGAZINES IN WHICH MINOS STORED HIS FABLED WEALTH

The construction of the numerous sunken receptacles which formed a feature of these storage chambers is clearly seen. On parts of the stonework blackening still remains as certain evidence that fire was an agent of the final and terrible catastrophe that destroyed the palace, a stupendous monument belonging to a period long anterior to that of the Greece of history. In the magazines, which held the treasure of precious oil, the conflagration would have been particularly fierce.

RECORDS OF THE TOMBS. II

500 YEARS BEFORE TUTANKHAMEN

BY DONALD A. MACKENZIE

500 YEARS BEFORE TUTANKHAMEN

MODELS MADE IN THIS WORLD TO WORK IN THE NEXT

By Donald A. Mackenzie

Author of "Egyptian Myth and Legend," etc.

FEW Egyptian finds prior to that of the tomb of Tutankhamen exceeded in direct human appeal the discovery of a complete model representation of the daily life on the estate of a noble of ancient Egypt. The tomb was that of Mehenkwetre, chancellor and steward of the royal palace during the reign of Pharaoh Mentuhotep (about 2,000 years B.C.). *The models were found by American excavators in the spring of* 1920; *some of them are now on view in the museum of Cairo, others in the Metropolitan Museum at New York. The complete series of photographs, with several fully coloured, is here given by kind permission of the Metropolitan Museum, New York.*—Editor.

THE little figures of servants found in ancient Egyptian tombs were called Ushabtis, which means "Respondents" or "Answerers." They were supposed to respond when the soul of the dead master or mistress called upon them to perform whatever service was required. The ancient Egyptians did not believe, of course, that these little wooden figures could, of themselves, do anything. They knew quite well that they would always remain in the tomb in the various attitudes in which they had been carved. What they did believe was that each figure had a spirit, and that the spirit would go to the soul of the mummy in the Otherworld and act as a servant there.

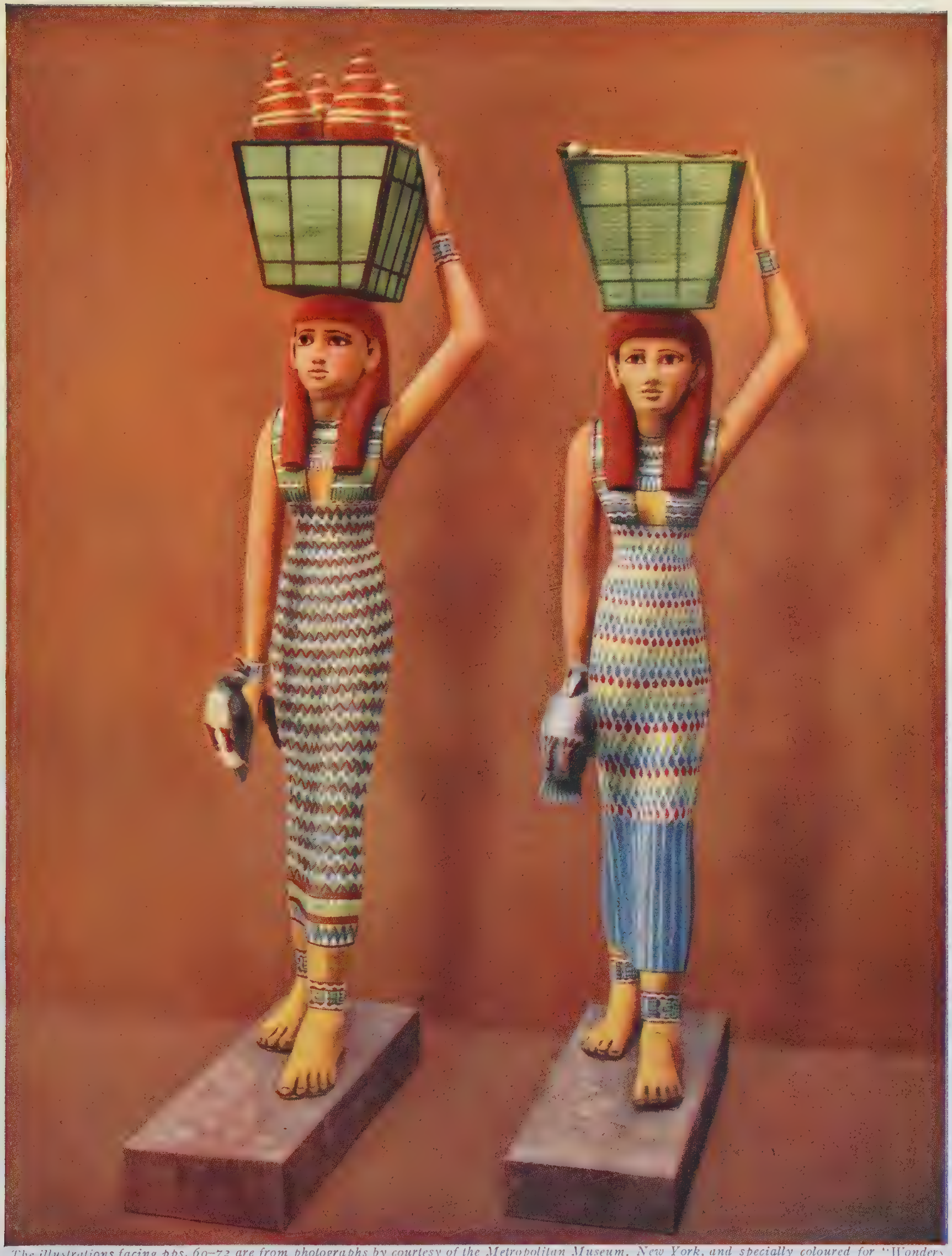
They embalmed the dead, believing that as long as the mummy remained in the tomb so long would the soul exist in Paradise.

Everything placed in the tomb was supposed to be doubled in that Otherworld beyond the sky. That was why the Egyptians took so much trouble to make strong and enduring tombs for their dead and to stuff them with food, clothing, furniture, boats, the figures of servants, and so on. It was supposed that their Paradise was just a glorified Egypt, with richer cornfields, fatter cattle, a more beautiful Nile, finer houses, and a better climate. There the dead would live as they had lived in Egypt. The fields would have to be cultivated and sown and the harvests reaped, and the grain would have to be stored and ground, and loaves would have to be baked. In short, all the work done on earth would have to be done in Paradise, the only difference being that work there would be easier and more pleasant, and that the disasters due to floods or shortage of water experienced on earth would not be repeated in the wonder-land of the new life.

For many centuries the ancient Egyptians were quite content with the idea that everyone who went to Paradise would have to work there. But when we come to study the beliefs that existed during the Middle Kingdom period (about 2500 B.C.), we begin to find evidence that those who were not accustomed to manual labour in this world did not like the idea that they would have to sow and reap grain and do other necessary tasks in Paradise—the celestial Egypt. They wanted to live there as they had lived on the earth.

In short, the great lords of ancient Egypt wished to be great lords in Paradise, with their servants about them, ready to respond to orders and to perform whatever task was allotted to them. If the soul of the dead lord wished to sail on the celestial Nile, he must have his boat and his sailors; if he wanted food, he must have his servants to cook and serve it; if he wanted his fields tilled and sown and reaped in season, or his cattle herded and counted, or his cows milked, he must have all these things done for him by his workers. That was why the custom arose in Middle Kingdom times, when Egyptian society was growing complex, of placing these quaint statuettes of workers and domestic animals and models of boats and houses in the tombs.

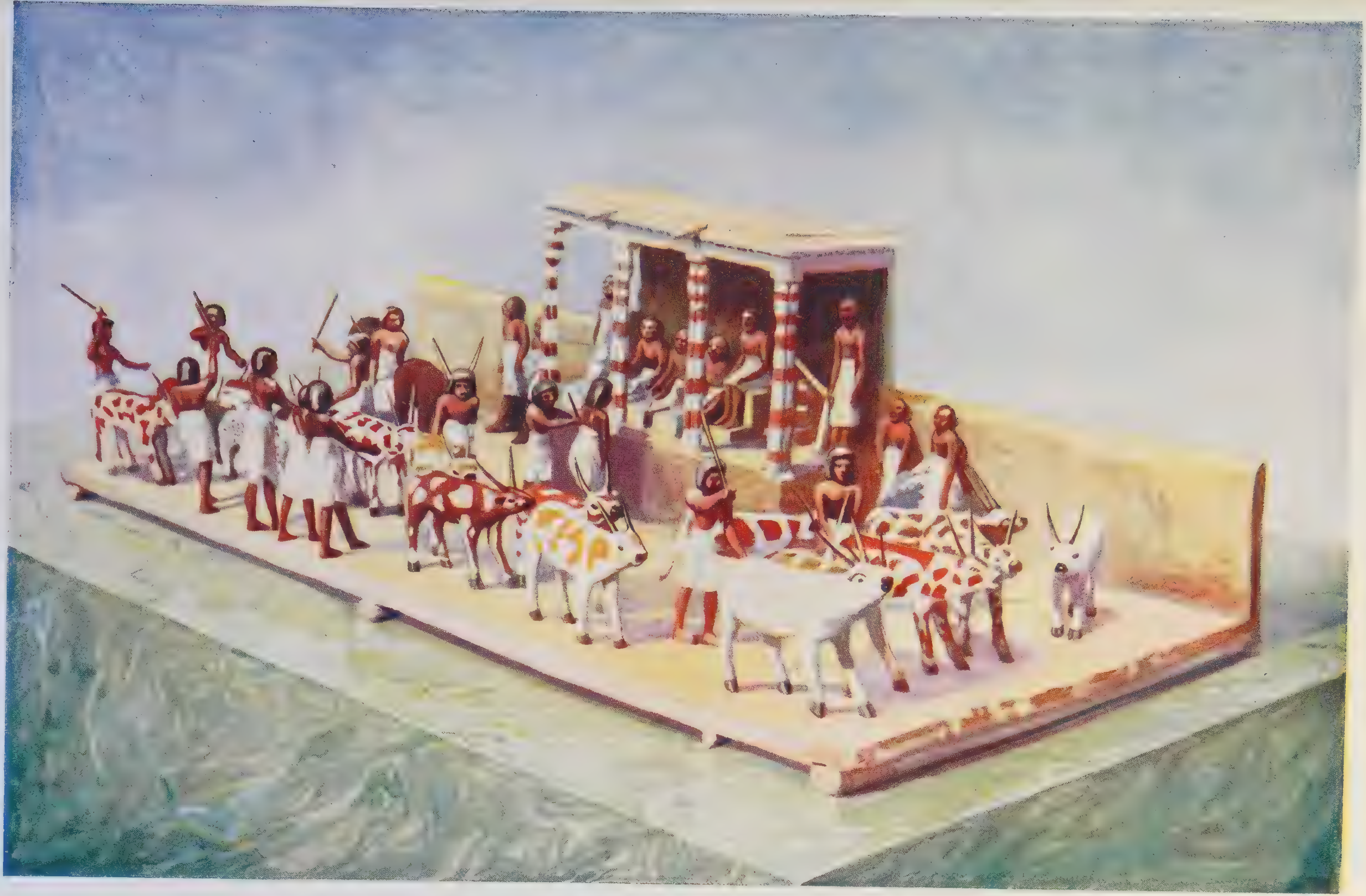
The earlier figures of servants were shaped like mummies, and on their breasts were inscribed powerful charms, supplied for a price by the priests, to make the soul of the servant obey



The illustrations facing pps. 69–72 are from photographs by courtesy of the Metropolitan Museum, New York, and specially coloured for "Wonders of the Past."

HAND-MAIDENS FOR MEHENKWETRE IN THE OTHERWORLD

When the tomb of Mehenkwetre was opened in 1920, these exquisite figures of women attendants, the only large models found among the collection, had stood solemn-eyed and erect for 4,000 years, ever ready to serve their illustrious master, each carrying on her head a basket containing food and drink. The models were half life-size.



THAT HE MIGHT STILL HAVE THE SATISFACTION OF COUNTING HIS CATTLE IN THE OTHERWORLD

In this model, herds of cattle are being driven past Mehenkwetre by muscular and active herdsmen carrying staves. The lord, attended by his son and heir, sits in a sort of grand-stand, surveying his live stock critically, while scribes take note of the number and condition of the beasts. The figures of the men are each about eight inches high.

the soul of the master in Paradise. A characteristic charm of this kind reads as follows:

"O statuette, counted for me, Ra-hotep (the lord), if I am called upon, if I am ordered to do any work which has to be done in the Otherworld, thou shalt act for me at all times, thou shalt cultivate the fields, thou shalt draw water, thou shalt remove the sand from water channels. When I am called upon thou shalt respond, 'Here am I.' "

Charms of like character were also written in the "Book of the Dead" under the title, "Chapter for Causing the Ushabti to do the Work of a Man in the Otherworld."

Once the fashion of placing these little figures of servants in tombs was introduced, it became very popular. As time went on the number of Ushabtis increased, and the idea that they were substitutes for their masters gradually died out. The lords no longer feared that they themselves would be called upon to do any work. Their chief concern was to make provision for their own comfort as they had done during life. Some lords had placed in their tombs one figure for each day of the year, so as to be assured of constant personal service. The later and richer lords, who lived in grander style than did their ancestors, made more and more elaborate provision for their personal comfort in the Otherworld. The tombs were then furnished with numerous statuettes, and, in addition, with wall-pictures, depicting scenes of life, so that these might be repeated in Paradise.

The inscriptions also increased in length and number. Some inscriptions gave orders to employees. Others were really "guide-books," which instructed the lords how to reach the Otherworld.

One cannot help wondering at these ancient Egyptian ideas about making provision for the dead and providing statuettes to solve the servant problem in Paradise. At the same time, one cannot but be impressed by the high degree of affection which the burial customs reveal. The living devoted much wealth to ensuring the happiness of those who had departed to another world. No sacrifice was too great; nothing was grudged to the dead. The mourners would rather suffer loss of all they had than deny anything to a dead relative. In that sense, therefore, the custom of constructing expensive tombs and embalming the dead and purchasing offerings for them was a very beautiful one.

To us the custom makes another appeal. It has a very decided historical value. The groups of statuettes found in the tombs reveal, in a most graphic way, the manners and customs of a great and wonderful people who lived over 4,000 years ago. We are afforded glimpses of daily scenes of life.

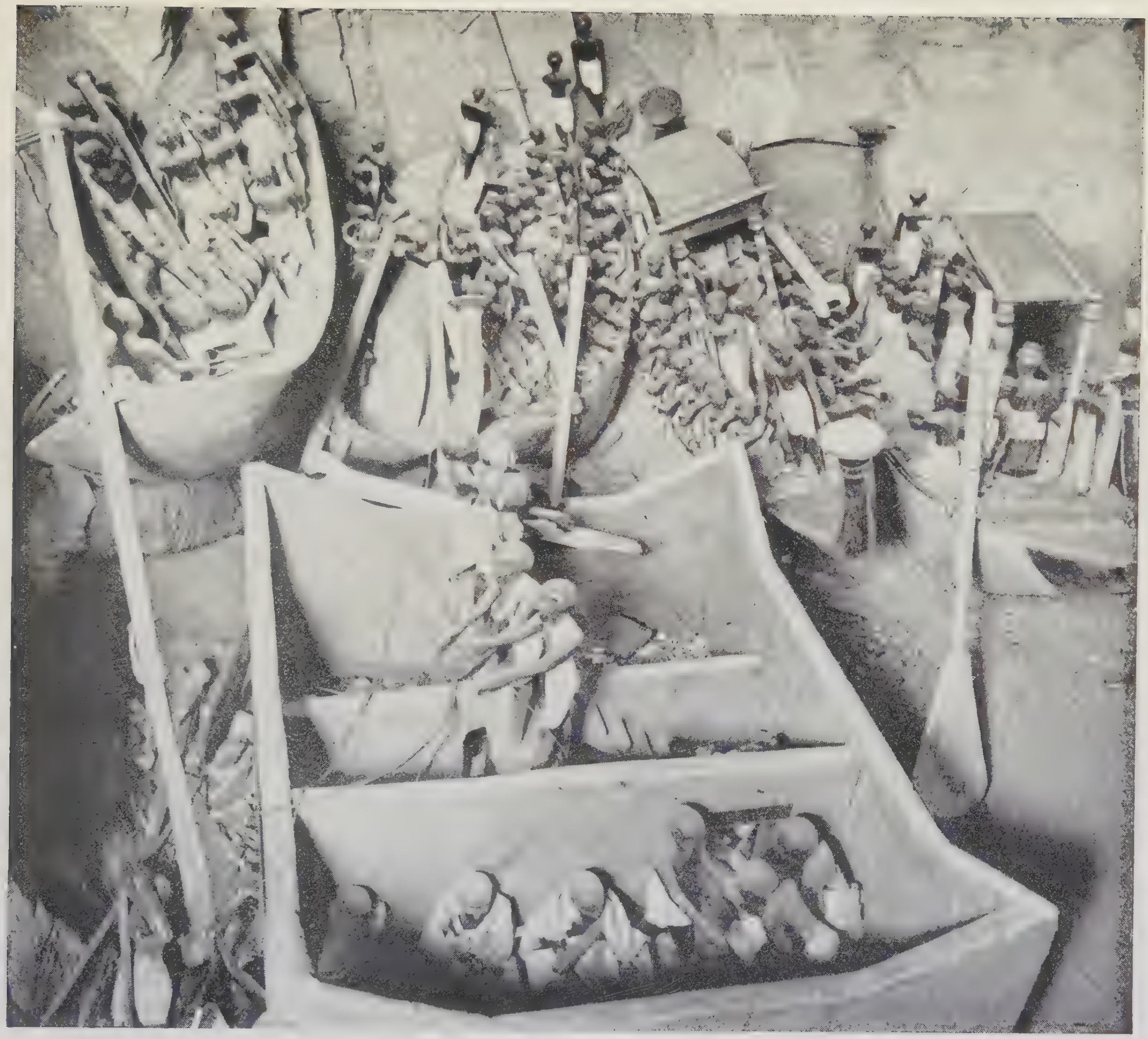
Among the Ushabtis are those of house servants and outdoor workers of every class. They are depicted in the actual costumes that were fashionable in the far-off days. They reveal by expression and pose their charming manners, their alertness in performing their duties, and their heartfelt sense of duty. Some are solitary personal servants, waiting to attend to a lady, to bind up her hair and furnish flowers and perfumes. They seem so nimble and light-footed that one is assured their movements were not only rapid but almost noiseless.

Other figures are arranged in groups. Here we see herds of cattle driven past a great lord by muscular and active herdsmen who carry staves. The lord sits in a sort of "grand stand," surveying his live stock critically, while his scribes take note of their numbers and condition.

Another little model shows us the cows in their byres and the farm servants feeding or milking them, while a third depicts a slaughter-house, and shows how the Egyptians killed and cut up the animals used for food. Note, too, how the granary scene is depicted. The various workers are lifting the grain and filling it in measures so as to estimate the exact quantity, while records are made by a scribe. Evidently the scribes' "books" are kept in a very exact way. The lord who owns the land can be informed at any moment what quantity of grain has been reaped and how much is contained in the granary. He can be told, too, how much must be reserved for daily use and how much can be sold.

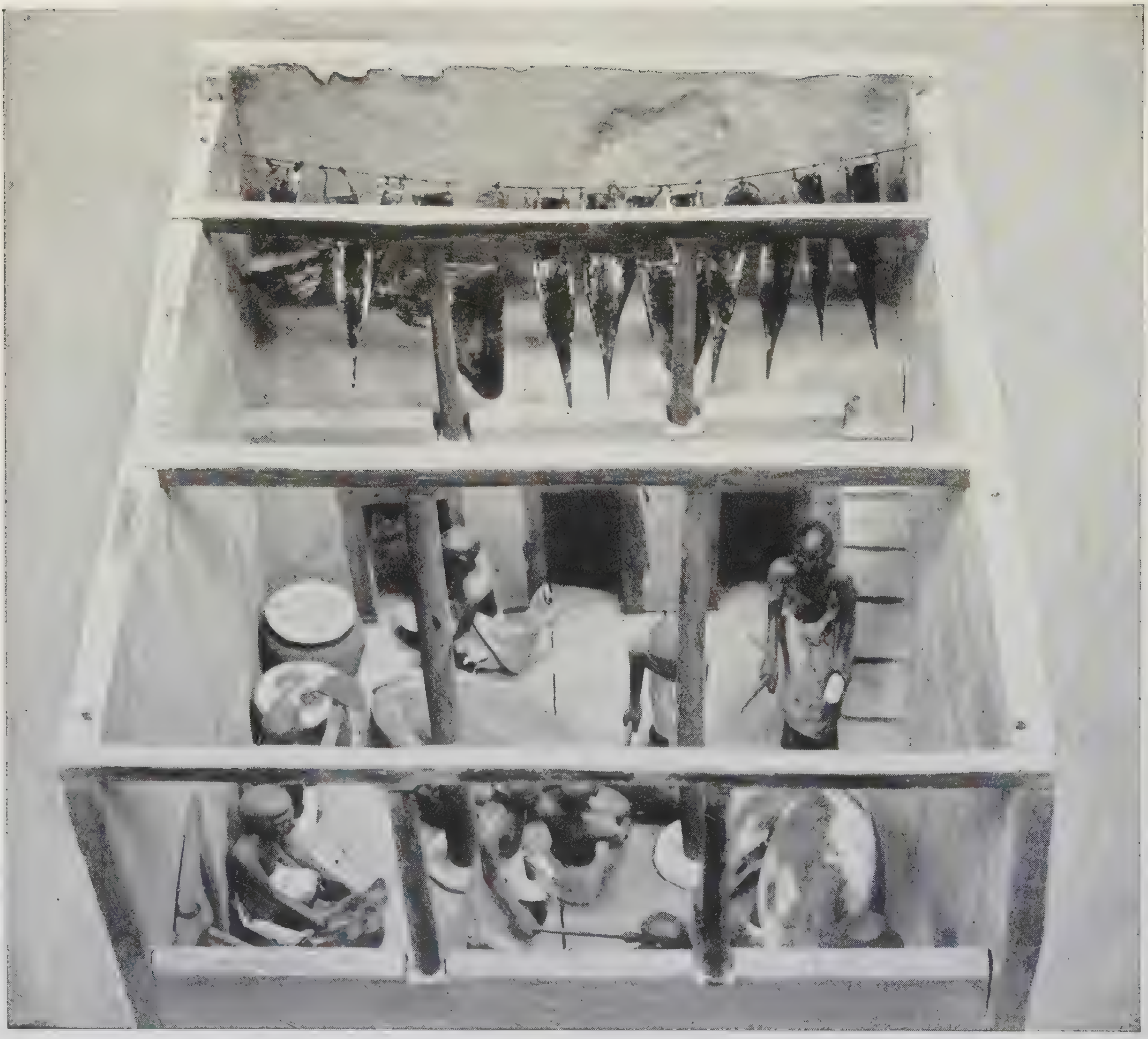
Other models show us the cooks preparing food, the bakers busy baking loaves and cakes, the carpenters at their benches, the boat-builders, the goldsmiths and others plying their trades.

Of very special interest are the models of ships and boats. The River Nile was the great highway of Egypt. It had constantly to be crossed because some estates lay on both banks.



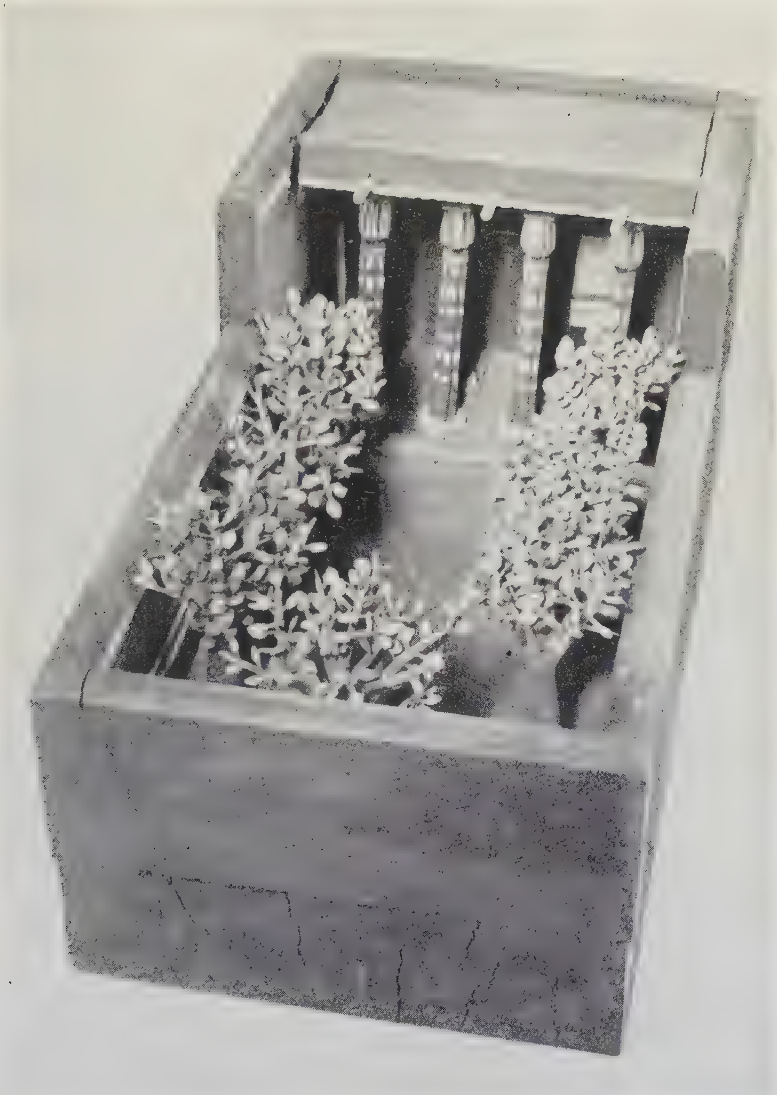
AS SEEN FOR THE FIRST TIME AFTER FOUR THOUSAND YEARS

A remarkable photograph taken actually inside the tomb of Mehenkwetre, and showing—just as they were found—some of the wonderful statuettes and model boats with their crews, with which the Egyptian nobleman had furnished his tomb. His purpose in doing this was that he might not lack for servants in the Otherworld, the making of a material model being supposed to create its spirit equivalent in the spirit world.



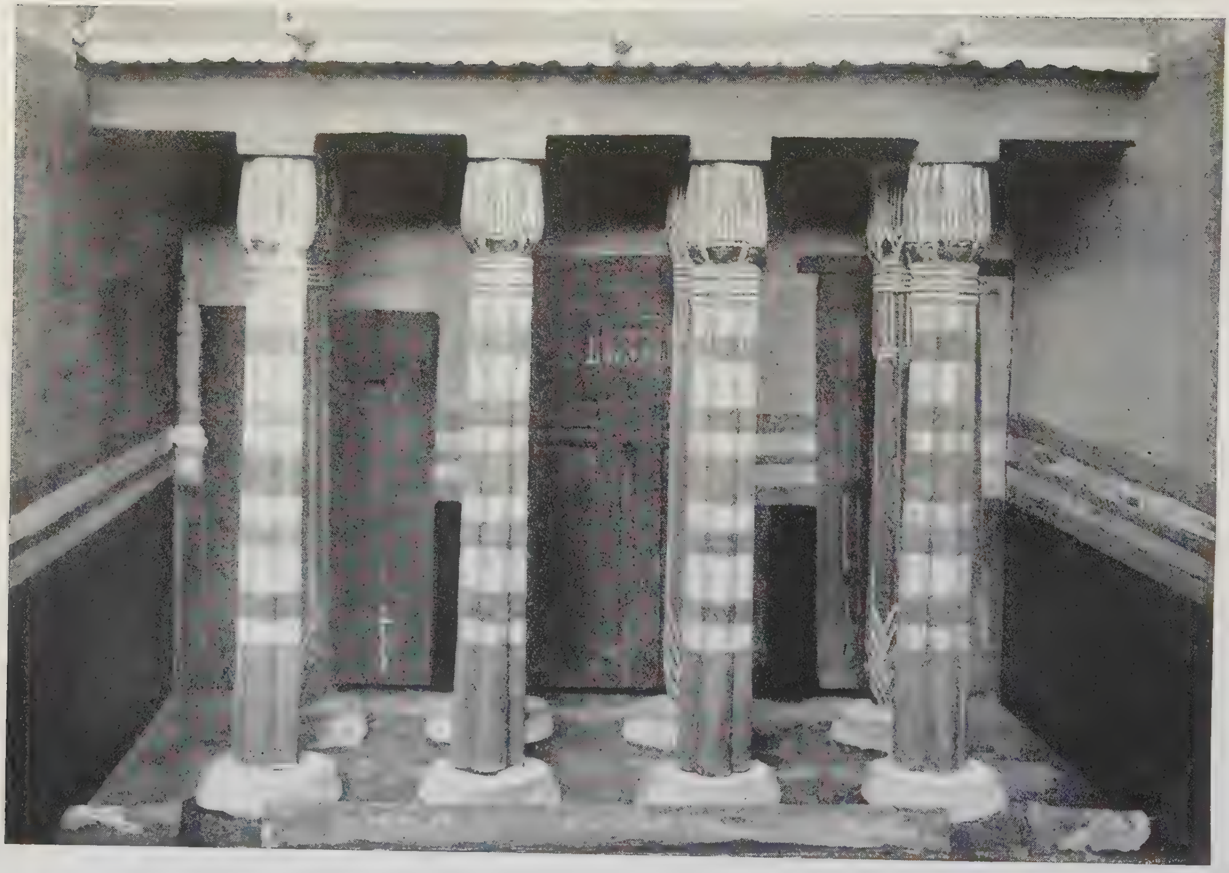
HOW CATTLE WERE SLAUGHTERED ON A NOBLEMAN'S ESTATE IN ANCIENT EGYPT

The Egyptians supposed their Paradise to be just a glorified Egypt, an Egypt with richer cornfields, fatter cattle, a more beautiful river, finer houses, and a better climate, and that there they would live as they had lived in the country of the Nile. That is why they filled their tombs with food, clothing, and so forth. Everything placed in a tomb was believed to be doubled in the happier Otherworld which lay beyond the sky.



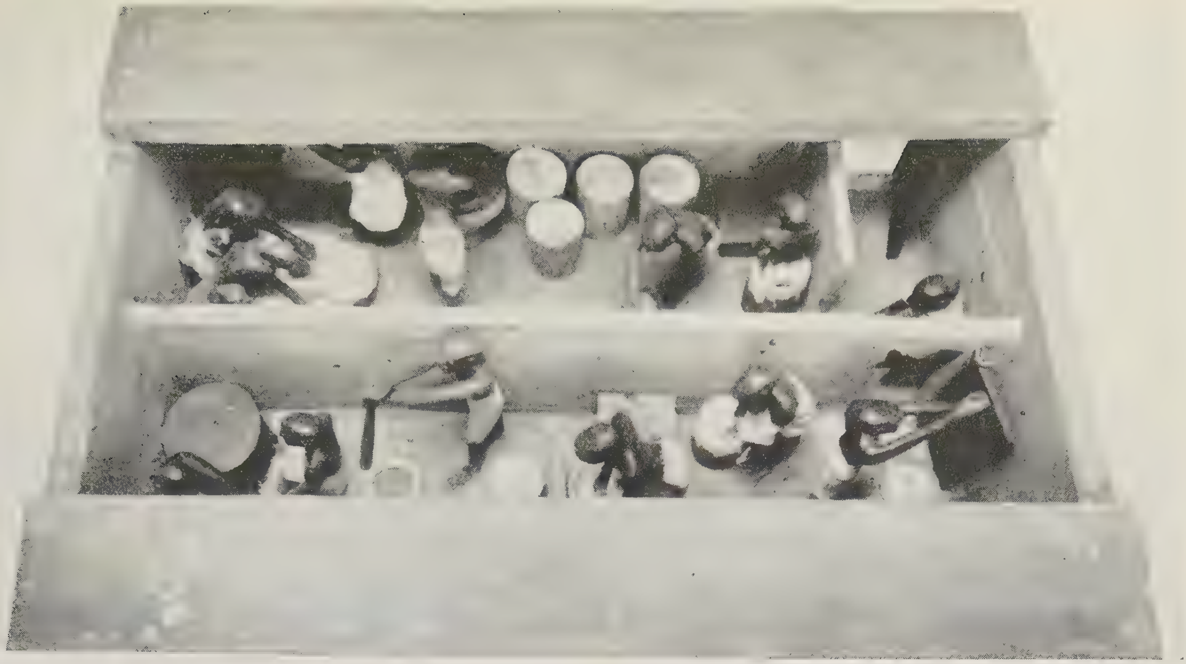
THAT HE MIGHT ENJOY THE SHADE OF TREES

In front of the portico of Mehenkwetre's model house was laid out a model garden such as an Egyptian nobleman, belonging to a race of men who dearly loved flowers and colour, would certainly require in his future state. Egyptians did not think of the Otherworld as a place where gardens grew of their own accord; fields had there to be sown, harvests reaped, and grain stored and ground just as on this earth of toil.



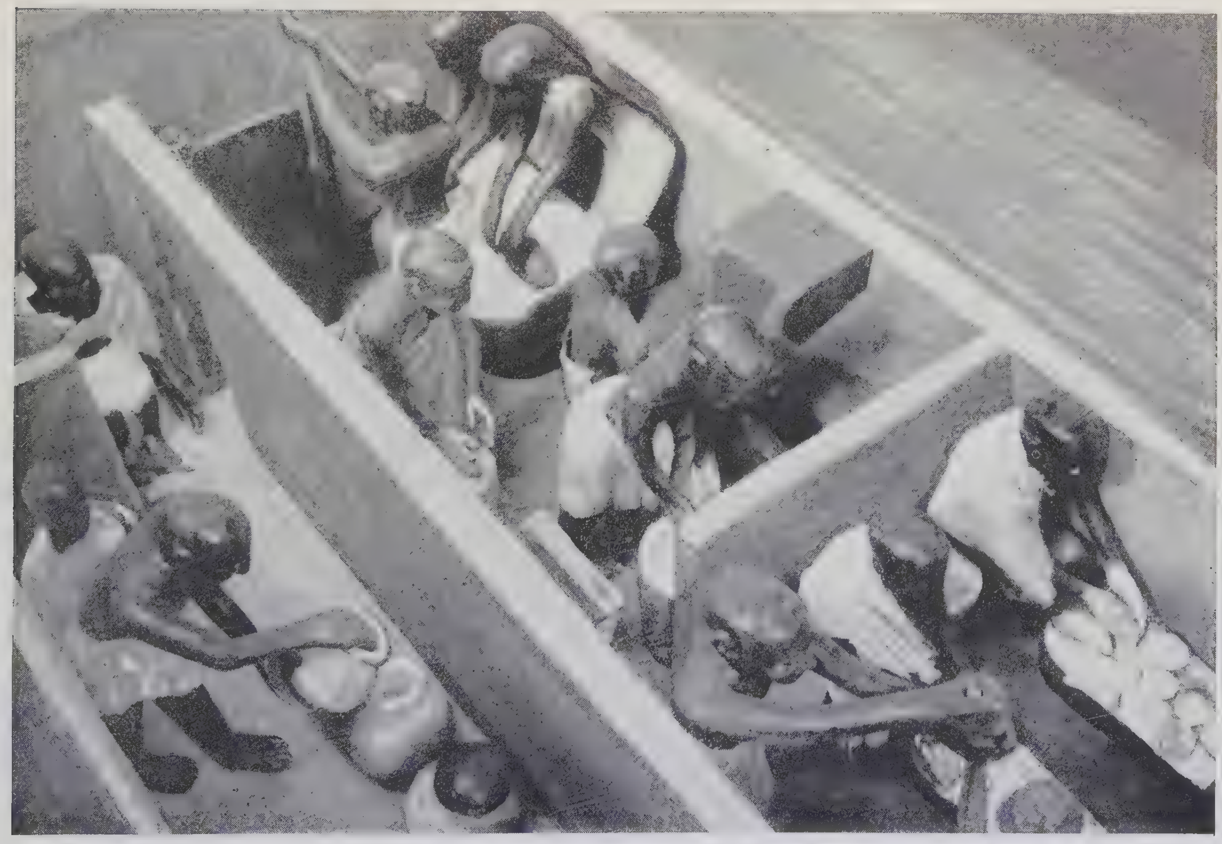
PORTICO OF MEHENKWETRE'S HOME FOR REPRODUCTION IN PARADISE

This model of the stately portico of his Egyptian home was one of the treasures found in the tomb. Mehenkwetre believed that he would need a house in the Otherworld no less than in this. In fact, he thought that life in the Hereafter would be very much like life in the present, save that it would be easier, perhaps, and more pleasant, and immune from such disasters as are caused, for example, by floods and droughts, purely worldly misfortunes.



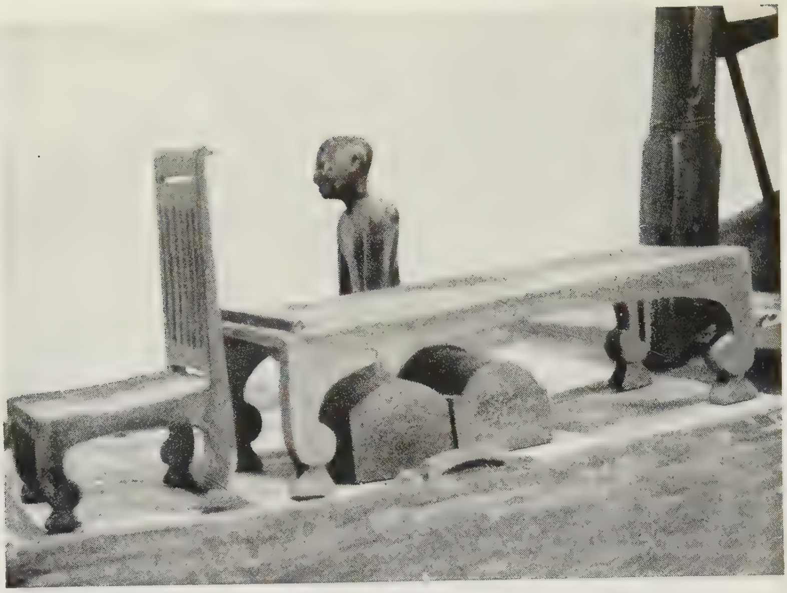
IN THE BAKERY AND BREWHOUSE OF A LORD OF ANCIENT EGYPT

There was "corn in Egypt," and the lords of the land lived in princely state, so that among their slave retinues every sort of artificer was to be found, and large numbers of domestics were employed in the feeding of the nobleman's great household, the staff of which he would not expect to be reduced in the spirit world. The lower of the two chambers is the bakehouse, shown in more detail below; the other is a brewery.



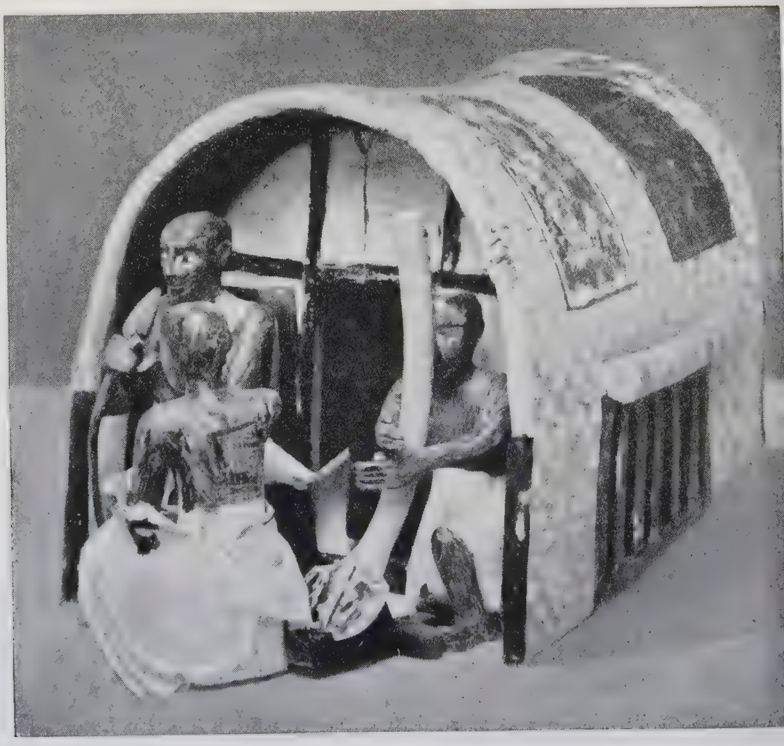
HOW PASTRY-COOKS WORKED IN A LAND WHERE FLOUR WAS PLENTIFUL

This is a nearer view of the model bakery shown above. While women grind the flour, men crack the grain with pestles, and others mix the dough, making with it cakes and loaves almost identical in shape with those which one finds in any house or baker's shop to-day. In the adjoining chamber brewery men can be seen pouring fermented yeast into stoppered jars.



THE SPIRIT MODEL OF THE RICH MAN'S STEWARD

This model of a trusty steward was placed in the tomb in order that Mehenkwetre should be able to travel in his boat upon the Nile as he might wish in the Otherworld, free from anxiety regarding the safety of his personal luggage, the spirit of the steward being ever present. Note the model trunks beneath the bed, just as they might be on a Nile voyage to-day.



MEHENKWETRE IN THE CABIN OF HIS SHIP

A large number of portrait models were included among the treasures of the tomb. Thi shows the Egyptian nobleman cruising leisurely on the waters of the celestial Nile, wit minstrels in attendance, one of them fingering the harp.

When a great lord wished to pass from one city to another, or to "go to town" from his country-house, he called for a boat just as a modern lord may call for his motor-car. The Egyptians were the oldest seamen in the world; they were also the finest boat-builders. They made great progress in solving the problems of navigation, and discovered how to steer and adjust the sails so as to tack and come up very close to the wind.

The various models show that they had excellent discipline in their vessels. Every man knew his place and his duty. At the bow stood the "look-out," who took soundings with a long pole; at the stern was the steersman who attended to the steering-paddle. The skipper stood amidships and issued orders, which were repeated by his officers, who were always standing stiffly at attention. In the rowing-boats the men kept stroke, but they sat looking forward and not backward as in modern boats; in the sailing-boat the crew collected round the mast ready to haul the halyards and hoist or lower the sail. The small canoes are of very special interest, because they show us the earliest types of vessels. They were made by binding together bundles of reeds and coating them with pitch so as to make them watertight. Sometimes the great lords and even the Pharaohs went out in these small boats to amuse themselves by catching fish, or bringing down birds with the aid of throw-sticks or bows and arrows.

In some tombs have been found boats which are without crews. These were used by the souls of the dead to cross the Lily Lake which separated them from the strange and beautiful wonder-land of Paradise. On that lake was a boat which was supposed to be alive, like the swan-boat of Lohengrin. When it was called for it came ashore. The oars were alive, and when the soul said, "Row," they moved of their own accord. A model of this boat might be provided for the dead.

Another idea about the Lily Lake boat was that it was under the direction of a sour and ill-tempered ferryman, who was called "Face Backwards," because he always looked the other way when a soul called to him. It was believed to be necessary to bribe this sinister ferryman.

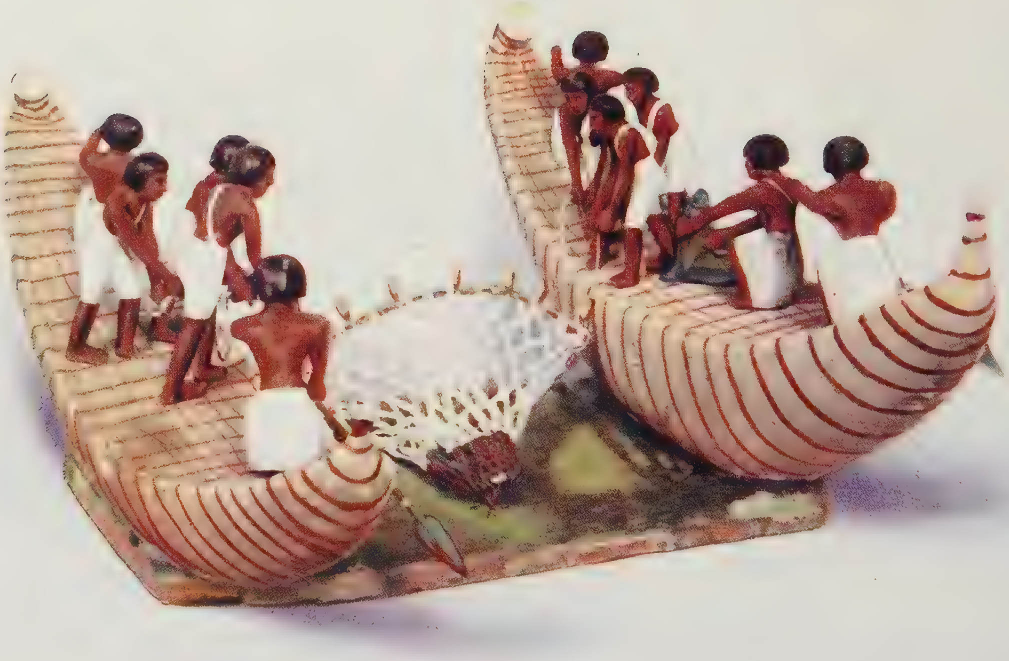
One bribe was a magic jar of wine which was placed in the tomb. If he could not be bribed the ferryman might be amused, and thus moved to serve the waiting soul as a special favour. A favourite way of providing amusement was to cause a misshapen dwarf to dance a grotesque dance on the shore. A figure of a dwarf was sometimes provided in the tomb for that purpose. Another way to obtain the service of the ferryman was to repeat charms.

One old text puts into the mouth of the waiting soul the words, "Oh, thou (the paddle) in the hand of the ferryman, hear me and bring the boat hither!" The paddle would then set itself in motion so that the boat might be brought to the beach. Some of the texts threaten the ferryman with dire punishment if he will not serve the waiting soul promptly and willingly.

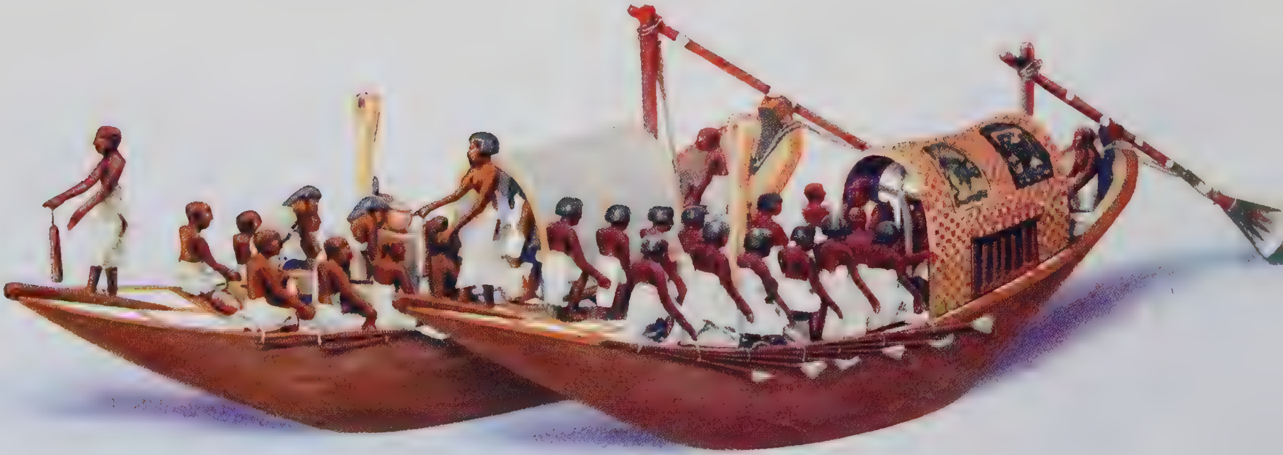
When the fashion came in of providing model boats with crews in the tombs less was said in the inscriptions about the ill-natured ferryman "Face Backwards." The great lord had a boat of his own and many willing servants, so that he might be enabled to cross the Lily Lake and sail on the celestial Nile. When he reached the Otherworld he found there a mansion and garden provided for him, because models of these had been placed in his tomb. In Paradise he could then enjoy every luxury he had been accustomed to on earth. Even his musicians accompanied him, for statuettes of harpers and pipers had been thoughtfully provided by his relatives. In addition, songs and stories were written on rolls of papyrus so that he might never feel time hanging heavily on his hands.

What a wonderful story of ancient beliefs regarding the Otherworld of the Egyptians these little tomb figures provide! But they do more than that. They reveal the very high degree of civilisation which existed in ancient Egypt forty centuries ago. In some of its aspects that civilisation was similar to our own at the present time. Society was well organised. The people of all classes had regularised habits of life. Houses were comfortable and well furnished. Meals were served at stated hours. There was a time for duty and a time for recreation. The ancient Egyptians knew what it was to work hard, and they knew how to enjoy life.

The various workers were carefully trained. As the tomb models show, the men and women were highly efficient, and we know, from the specimens of their craftsmanship which have

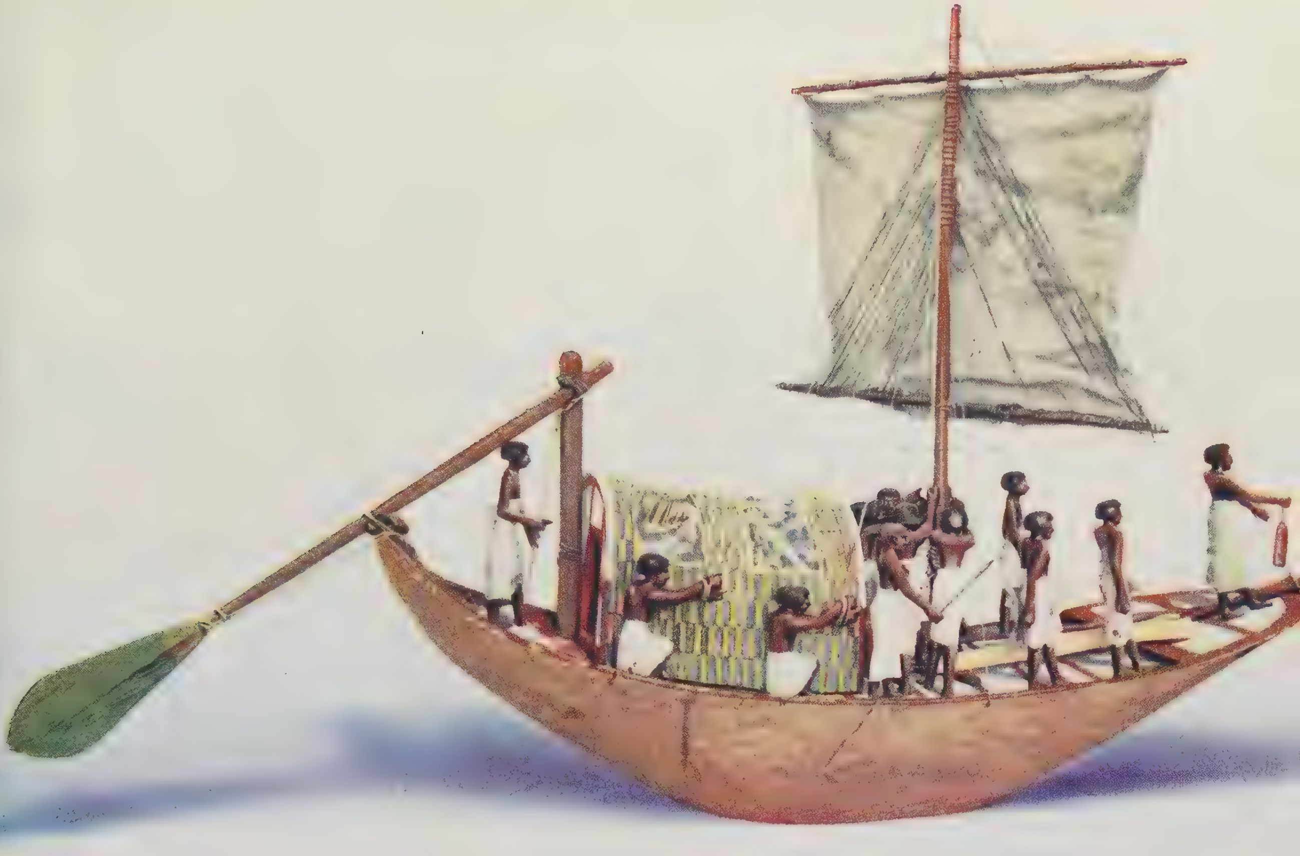


ypical of the fishing craft used by the old Egyptians. These canoes, survivals of the earliest type of vessel used upon the Nile, were made by binding gether bundles of reeds coated with pitch. The seine-net between the two canoes holds a goodly haul of little painted fishes.

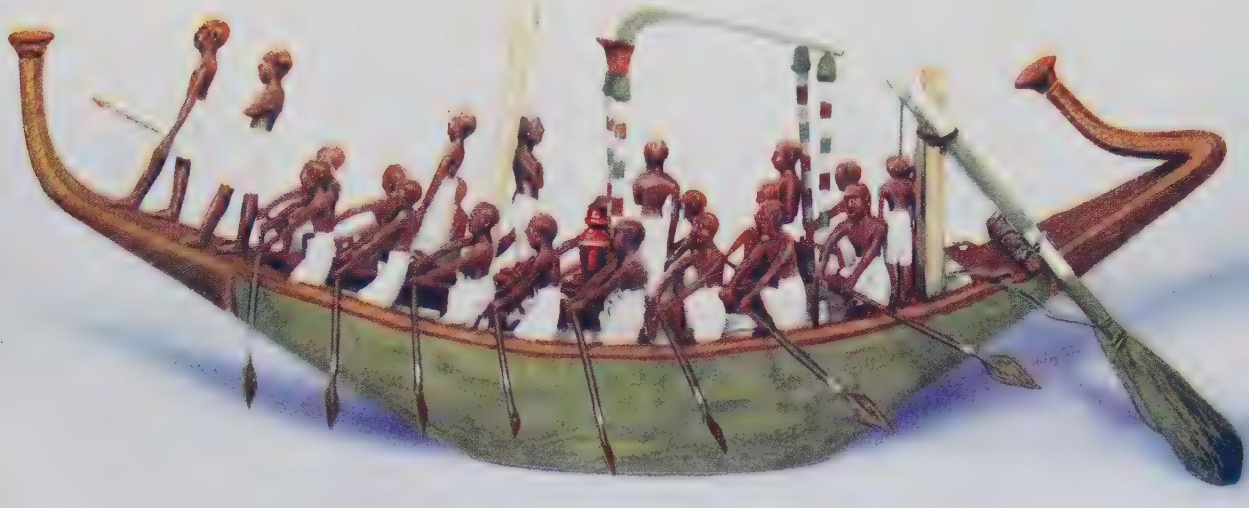


CHARMING STUDIES OF BUSY LIFE ON THE GREAT WATERWAY OF ANCIENT EGYPT

he kitchen tender is brought alongside, and Mehenkwetre dines comfortably in his cabin while travelling on the waters of the celestial Nile, just as he had wont to do on earth when journeying, for example, between his country house and Thebes.



At the bow of the old Egyptian sailing vessel stood the "look-out" to take soundings and, with fender in hand, to guard against collision. The c tain stood amidships, and the man who was in charge of the steering paddle at the stern.



MODELS THAT TELL THE STORY OF TRANSPORT IN THE EGYPT OF 4,000 YEARS AGO

hen speed was of greater importance than comfort to the people of old Egypt, vessels of this type, propelled by sixteen oarsmen, who kept stroke but sat lo ing forward and not backward as in modern boats, were used on the Nile.

been brought to light, that they performed their tasks with thoroughness and exactness. Ancient Egypt was a hive of industry. Its civilisation had a setting of Oriental splendour, but it was also veined by great ideals, for a cultivated moral sense permeated every rank of society.

The laws were of a humane character, and were administered without fear or favour. In a papyrus roll (an ancient manuscript) an old sage who gave advice and instruction to men in positions of responsibility wrote these significant words:

"Forget not to judge justly. It is an abomination to the god to show partiality. This is my teaching."

The great lords who had the Ushabti statuettes placed in their tombs believed that, as worshippers of Osiris, they would be punished for wrongdoing on earth when they reached the Judgment Hall in the Otherworld. In their tomb inscriptions they recorded that they had done their duty, that they had not oppressed the poor, nor ill-treated their workers, and that they had done their utmost to judge justly.

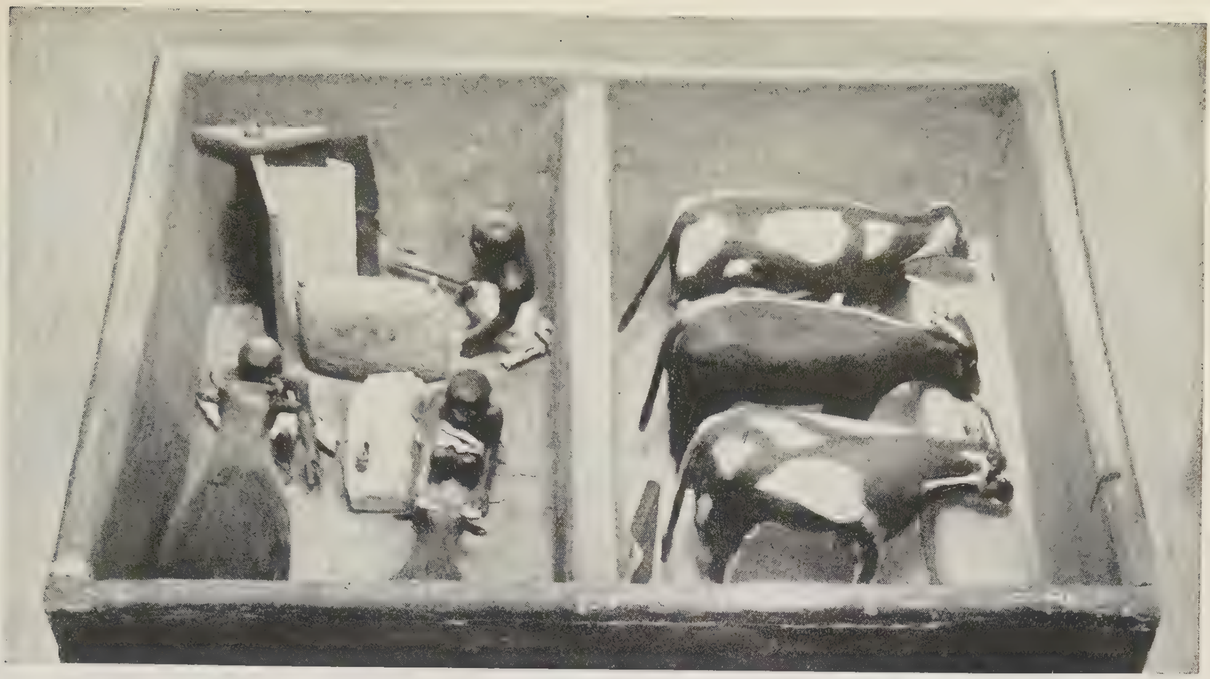
One great lord, named Ameni, who lived about 2000 B. C., had carved on the door of his tomb an inscription which reveals him as an exemplary employer and administrator. It is to the following effect:

"I never afflicted a widow. I never evicted a peasant, nor did I ever ill-use a herdsman. I never took away people (as slaves) for unpaid taxes. No one was miserable in my community; no one ever hungered in my time. When the years of famine came I ploughed all the fields of my estate and kept the people alive, providing food for all. I gave to the widow. I did not, when I gave out food, favour an influential man above a poor man. Then, in time, came the great inundations of the Nile and all had plenty, but I did not collect the arrears of the field."

This wonderful record gives us an idea of the high sense of duty which existed in the hearts of the best types of landowners and officials in ancient Egypt. The workers, whose statuettes are found in the tombs, were evidently not disciplined by fear alone. They knew something of "the milk of human kindness," and what it was to serve a good master. The theory that they were mere slaves is not supported by the evidence of the texts or by the ancient stories in rolls of papyri.

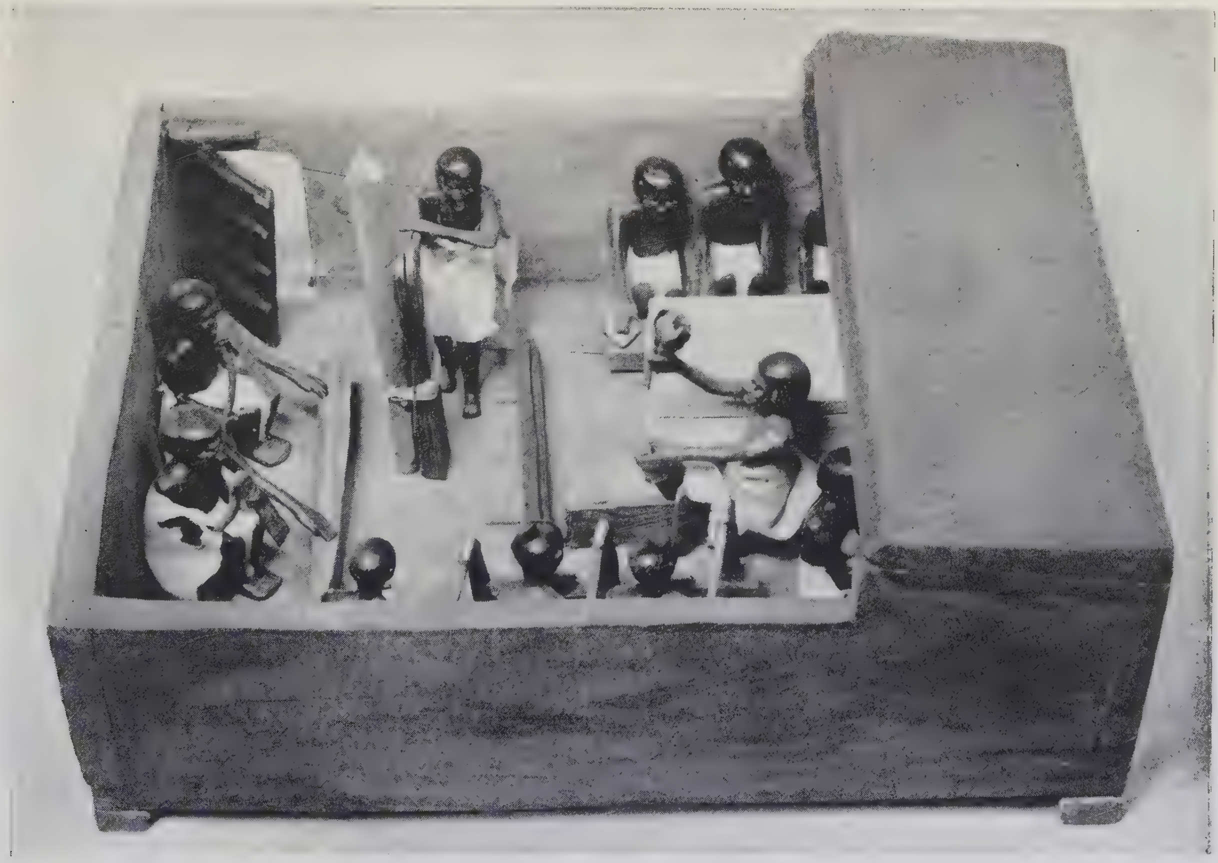
One story tells that a worker who was bullied and robbed by a man occupying a better position than himself had justice done by making personal appeal to a great lord who championed his cause with success in a court of justice. Another side-light which should not be overlooked is thrown on ancient Egyptian civilisation by these statuettes. They were supplied by the priests, who employed large numbers of artisans in the temple workshops. It was a profitable business for them to encourage the wealthy Egyptians to equip their tombs with many models of workers, and to have magical charms and religious texts inscribed on doors and walls, and on papyri rolls.

The priests were all-powerful in Egypt, and, as that country grew more and more wealthy, their demands on the Pharaoh and his lords increased accordingly. It was chiefly owing to their influence that the burial customs became so elaborate, and wealthy men were prompted to expend vast sums so as to ensure their happiness in the Otherworld.



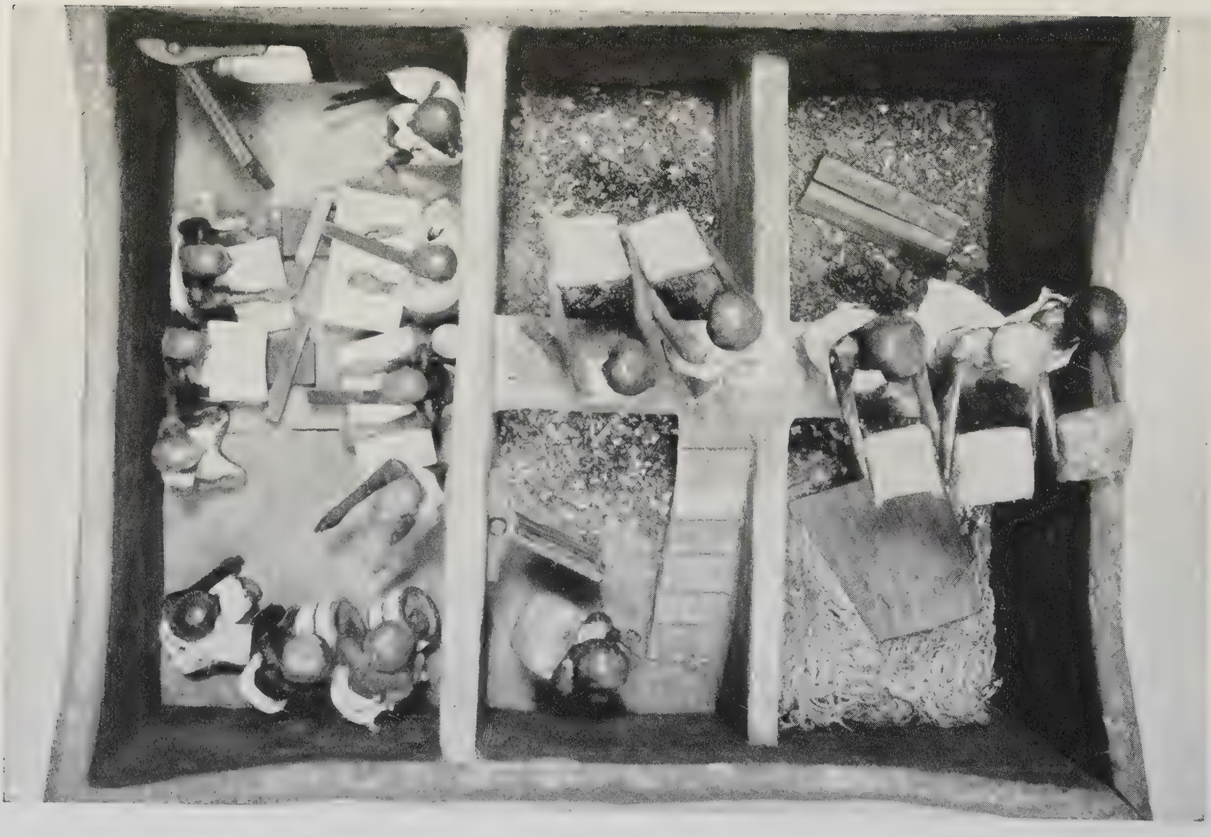
ENSURING HIS SUPPLY OF SPIRIT BEEF IN THE SPIRIT WORLD

Mehenkwetre gave even more thought to the questions of food and drink than to the matter of clothing. In life, no doubt, he had prided himself, as behoved a great lord of Egypt, on his success as a breeder of fat stock, and he was anxious to maintain this reputation in the Otherworld. Here cattle are seen in their stable, attended by the slaves whose function it was to fatten them.



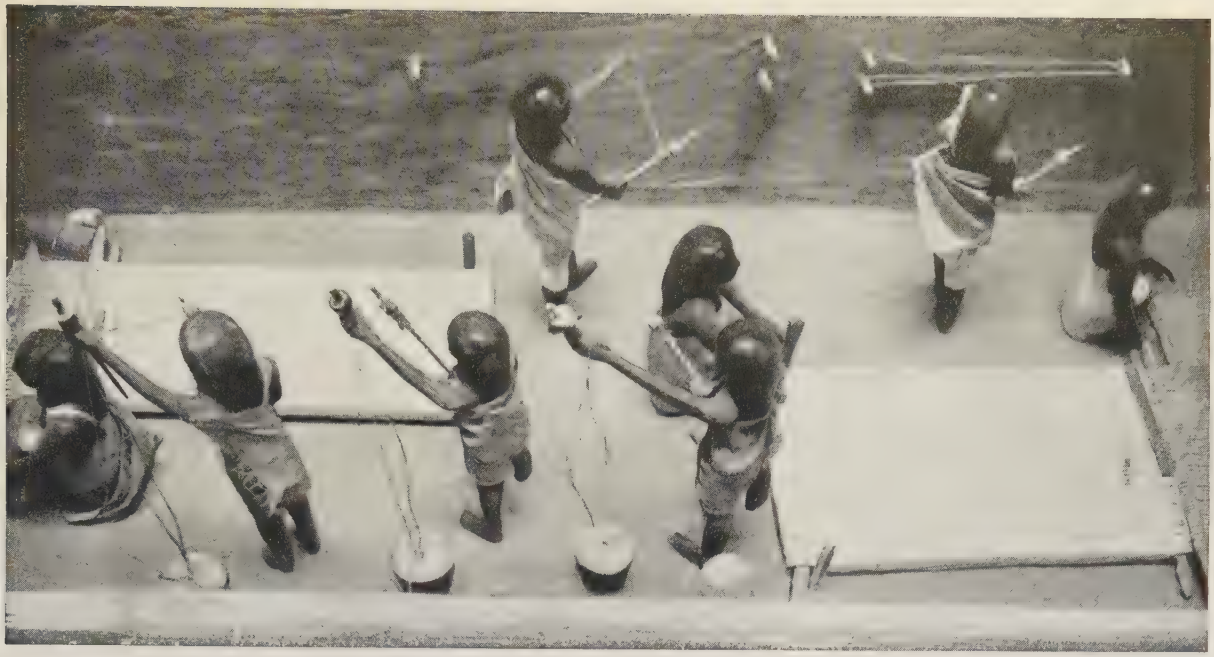
CARPENTERS AT WORK IN THEIR SHOP BY THE WATERS OF THE NILE

When making the arrangements for his future state, Mehenkwetre left nothing to chance. He even provided his tomb with the model of a carpenter's shop, well equipped and surprisingly efficient and up to date. While the central figure is sawing an upright beam into planks, an apprentice on the right is busily engaged mortising with mallet and chisel. This is a better record of a carpenter's shop 2000 B.C. than any photograph of one of our own time could be for future ages.



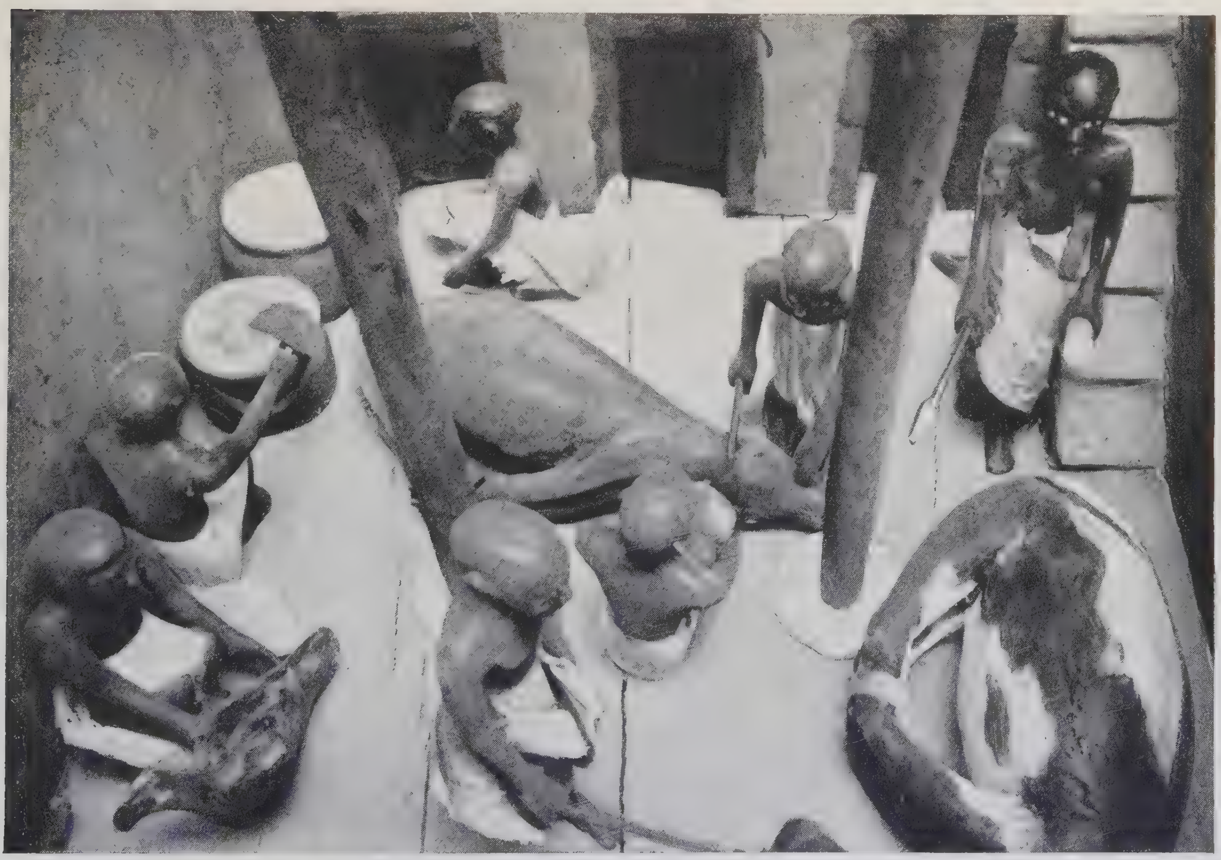
IN THE BUSY GRANARY ON MEHENKWETRE'S WELL-ORDERED ESTATE

In some respects this model (photographed from above), with its wealth of detail, is the gem of the collection, and it throws a flood of light upon the efficiency of the methods which controlled the well-ordered lives of the people of old Egypt. In the chamber on the left scribes or clerks, may be seen recording transactions and keeping accounts on tablets and papyrus rolls. In the centre and on the right is the granary proper. The men at the top of the flight of stairs are pouring into large bins grain brought up to them in sacks from the lower chamber.



WOMEN MAKING FINE RAIMENT FOR THEIR ILLUSTRIOUS MASTER

These little wooden models are, perhaps, the most charming in the whole collection. While some of the women are spinning flax with quaint, old-world distaffs and spindles, others are weaving the threads on the looms which can be seen lying on the floor. When the American excavators discovered this model in the tomb of Mehenkwetre, many of the threads on the spindles were found, after 4,000 years, still to be intact.



THE FATTED CALF BEING KILLED FOR THE TABLE OF MEHENKWETRE

This is a nearer view of the slaughter-house shown on a subsequent page. The scene is grimly realistic to its smallest detail, and the butcher already has his knife at the throat of the beast in the centre, trussed up in a thoroughly business-like manner for slaughter. The two men in the corner are engaged in making blood puddings. The modernity of this model is truly amazing.

THE WONDER CITIES. II

CARTHAGE: THE CRUEL QUEEN OF THE SEAS

By J. A. Hammerton

CARTHAGE: THE CRUEL QUEEN OF THE SEAS

By J. A. Hammerton

With photographs by Crété, Paris, and a restoration by M. Paul Aucler

THERE can hardly be a more striking lesson in the vanity of human wishes than is afforded by a visit to Carthage in the twenty-first century after Scipio the Younger had carried out the behest of the Roman Senate and utterly destroyed the Phœnician city which, even then, after suffering two long and disastrous wars with Rome, was still the richest of all the world's communities, and held nearly one million inhabitants.

Carthage! What visions of opulent pride, of thronging streets and bustling quays! What suggestions of despotic power, of pagan abominations, the mere name can raise in the mind of anyone who has at least a nodding acquaintance with history! The Roman Carthage that rose over the ashes of the destroyed Phœnician metropolis became in its day also a wonder city of commerce and of art, probably no less magnificent than its Punic predecessor, though it is to the life of the latter that the mind will most recur at mention of the name.

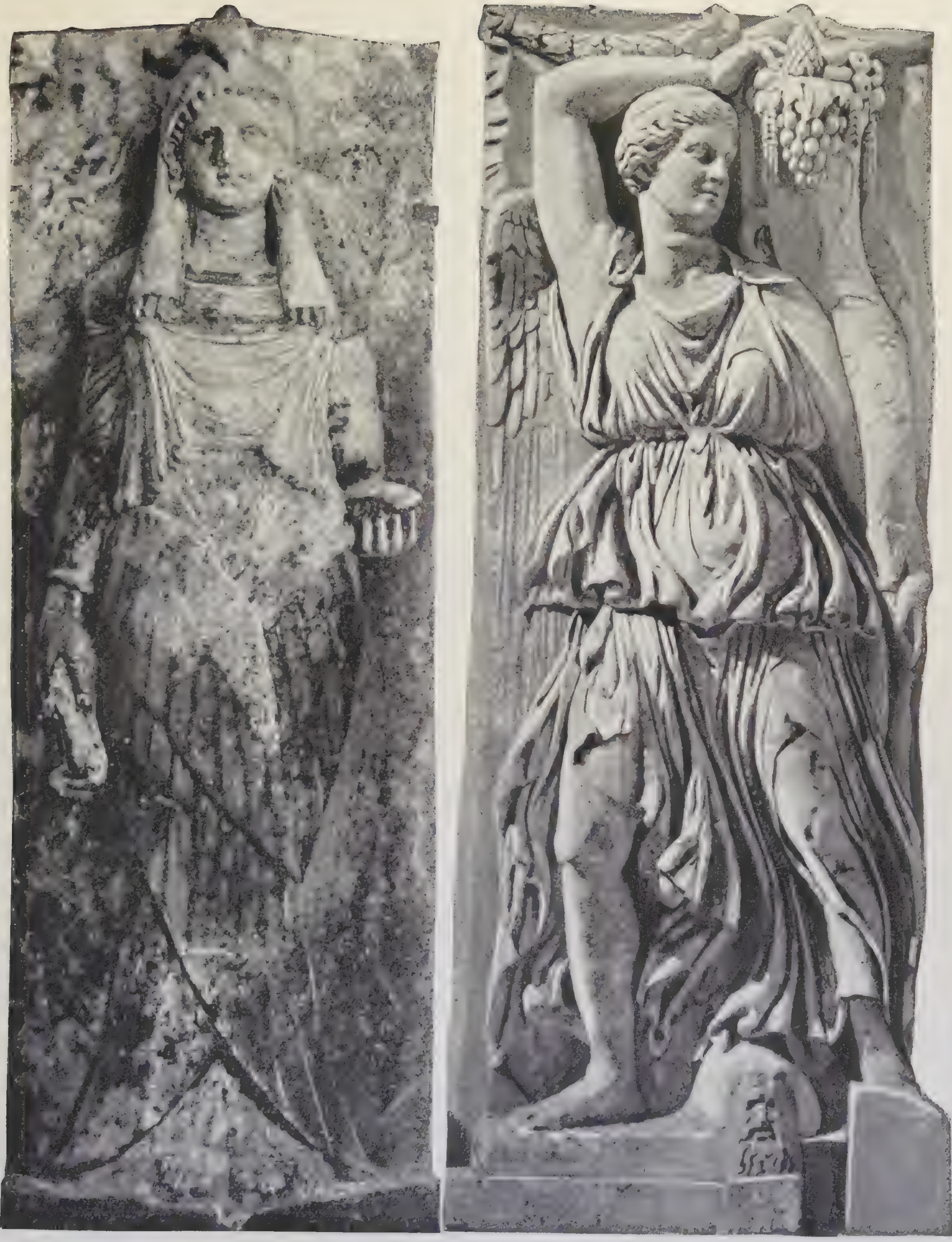
To-day you can take an electric train from the Avenue Jules Ferry in Tunis and, cutting straight across the shallower water of the lagoon upon an embankment built within recent years, arrive in about half an hour at the seaside suburb of Carthage, where many of the officials of the new Roman Empire which France has established in North Africa have their pleasant little villas. It is indeed an odd sight, when steaming through the Lake of Tunis towards the narrow channel at Goletta, to note the crowded cars of residents returning to their homes at Carthage after the day's round in busy Tunis, which is not one-fourth the size of ancient Carthage.

When you first come to this seat of vanished empire and stand upon the Byrsa hill, where once was the mighty citadel and the splendid temple to Esmun, you might be moved to mirth, as was Herbert Spencer on observing a man bathing in the sea. To know that this naked creature had conquered the world was a laughable thought to the philosopher, and to believe that this agreeable little jumble of white seaside villas, set in green gardens by the shining waters of the gulf, was once the gorgeous city of Carthage, that the circular pond and the square one beyond it were once its far-famed naval and mercantile harbours, is no less food for mirth—and melancholy.

Despite generations of excavation, so little has been recovered from the site of Carthage that it might all be contained within one museum of no immoderate dimension. The remains that are definitely of the pre-Roman Carthage would make a few truck-loads only. The destroyer did his work well, and in later years the city became the quarry from which modern Tunis was built, even many of its marble columns and plinths being taken across the sea to decorate the villas of Southern Italy.

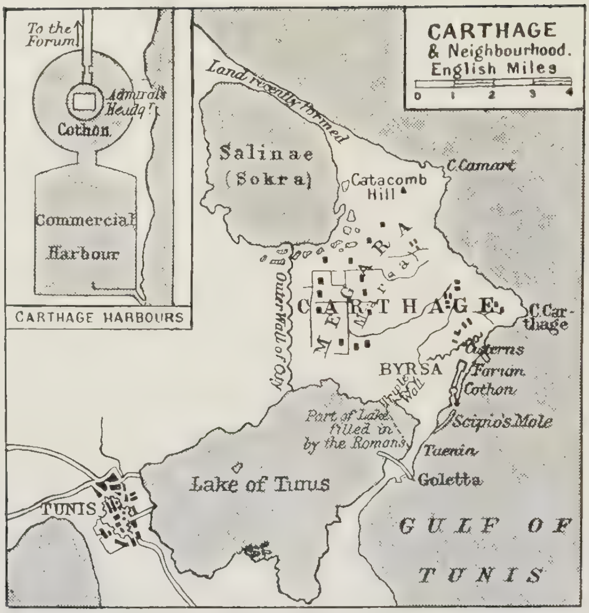
Since there is so little of material Carthage that the eye can rest upon, we must turn to the historians to rebuild in some sort the wonder city whose "great sinful streets" ran down there where those little gardens smile, and up here to the Byrsa, where are many little excavations, bits of cornfield, the handsome modern cathedral built by Cardinal Lavigerie, the museum named after him, and also the chapel to St. Louis of France, who died here during the Seventh Crusade in 1270.

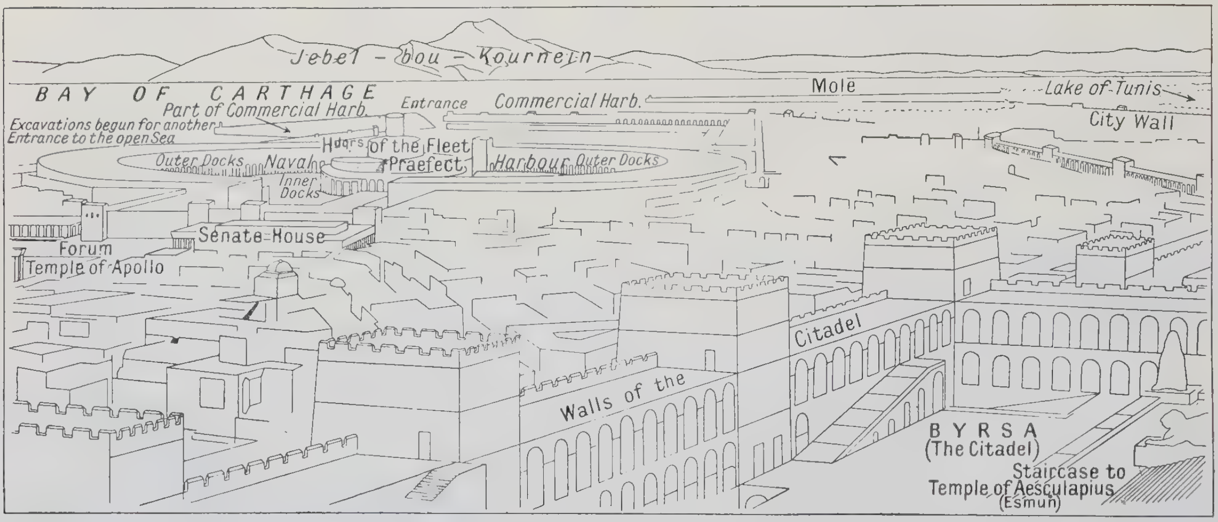
When a breeding moth is caught and pinned, she will often pour out her store of eggs in her death agony. Carthage was one of the eggs of empire laid by the small Semitic race of Phœnicians of Syria, when their little strip of busy coastland was pinned between the opposing fleets and armies of Greeks, Philistines, and Egyptians. Scores of colonising expeditions rowed away from Sidon and Tyre, and settled along the mainlands and islands of the quiet, western waters of the Mediterranean. The founders of Carthage were among the latest comers, arriving from Tyre about the time when the fall of Troy gave the Greeks, already masters of the Eastern Mediterranean, the control of the Black Sea traffic. Every period of



SOUVENIRS OF PUNIC AND ROMAN CARTHAGE: BEAUTIFUL SCULPTURES RECOVERED FROM THE RUINS

Both of these are to be seen in the museum at Carthage, that on the left being the singularly charming cover for the sarcophagus of a Phœnician priestess. She is represented in a long tunic, the body, from the waist down, veiled with two freely-carved vulture's wings, while in the right hand she holds a pigeon, and in the left a sacrificial vessel. Egyptian and Greek influence appear in this sculpture, which still bears traces of the original paints with which it was coloured. On the right is a statue of Abundance, one of the pieces of Roman sculpture which the excavations have yielded, and typical of thousands which adorned the later Roman city.





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KEY TO THE ARCHÆOLOGICAL RESTORATION OF CARTHAGE

Based upon the very clear description left by the Roman historian, Appian, the restoration of Carthage by M. Aucler may be regarded as archæologically sound and in harmony with the results of latest excavations. Lacking exact details of the exterior appearance of the temples of Baal (Apollo), Tanit (Astarte or Aphrodite) and Esmun (Æsculapius), the artist has ingeniously chosen his field of view so that none of these, nor the Forum, would call for definition.

Assyrian, Persian, and Greek pressure on the little Phœnician motherland, down to the time of Alexander the Great, destroyer of Tyre, strengthened the western colonies.

Carthage quickly rose to power by reason of the keen judgment of the military and naval value of her position that the business-like Semites displayed. They selected a promontory of red rock at the bottom of the bay of old Tunis, where Africa stretches forth two rocky arms towards Sicily. On the northern side were impassable sea-marshes. On the southern side was the great lagoon of Tunis, forming a magnificent natural harbour. Landward was an isthmus, only three miles broad, to be defended against hostile forces. On a low hill, by the almost land-locked lake harbour, the traders built and fortified their factory, and soon established commercial relations with the fair-haired Berber horsemen of Numidia.

There was already a string of somewhat older Semitic trading-stations in the region, and the men of Karthadisha, or "New City," from which the Europeanised names of Carchedon and Carthage are derived, had to fight and struggle hard against their own kinsmen. From the modern point of view the position resembled a contest between half a dozen corporations of the same nationality crowding into a rich, new territory. There was no thought of amalgamation. So intense was the spirit of competition that, ages after the Carthaginians rose supreme in war and trade above their neighbouring fellow-countrymen, any strong invading foreign army was certain of the support of the "Old City," Utica, originally colonised from Sidon and lying in a weak position northward of the "New City."

But after overcoming the older settlements, in trade, shipping and warfare, the men of Carthage were hardened and tempered into an imperial race. Profiting by the Greek pressure upon the Sidonian and Tyrian merchant seamen, they took over the Sicilian and other settlements of the mother cities, and by continuous intrigues and desultory skirmishes with the onward-moving Greeks, they revived the old, declining island trading-stations. In the plain, downright European fashion of forcing a decision, the Greeks offered pitched battles for Sicily, and often won their battles, but they did not win the island. Finally, under Agathocles of Syracuse, the leading Greek colonists threw an army into Africa, ravaged the Carthaginian land for three years, and returned with huge booty.

The Greeks, however, remained adventurers, while the Semites of Carthage continued to act as keen, watchful, patient, and industrious business men. They disliked war, and therefore wished for no empire. Especially did they fear their own victorious commanders. In fact, their aversion to imperial conquests was based on their dread of the rise of an emperor of their own stock. They did not care to expend money in fully fortifying their city until Agathocles showed them, in 312 B. C., that strong, systematic defences were the best form of property insurance. Then it was that the trading city assumed the majestic appearance that ancient historians and modern excavators have combined so successfully to depict.

The central part of Carthage was the low, walled hill, known as Bosra, or the fort, but called by the Greeks Byrsa. It grew into the sacred, magnificent citadel of the city. On the mainland side it was strengthened by three remarkable ramparts, stretching across the breadth of the peninsula, as far as the northern sea-marshes.

The outermost wall was about seven feet thick, forty-five feet high, and flanked at equal distances of two hundred feet by high towers. Behind it were two similar walls. The extraordinary feature was that these triple defences formed one gigantic mass of vaulted masonry. In the underground part was built stabling, with fodder storehouses, for three hundred elephants. On the storey above were stables and provision lofts for four thousand horses, while barracks for four thousand cavalrymen and twenty thousand infantrymen were attached. The connecting hill citadel, with its wide, castle walls, battlemented parapets, and ranges of arched recesses on the inner side above the large open courtyard, held a temple to the god of healing, Esmun (Æsculapius), under whose protection was gathered the vast store of military armaments.

Down from the citadel to the market-place ran three streets, skilfully designed as defensive approaches. The houses were six storeys high, each like a stronghold, and they so overhung the steep, ravine-like way that men with planks could cross from side to side, and from roof to roof. By the market-place, built on the level shoreland and containing the temple of Baal (Apollo), was the stately Senate House, and behind was the wonder and mystery of Carthage—the secret of her naval supremacy and her last resource in peril. Secrecy was the master characteristic of this Semite Queen of the Mediterranean. Her enormous wealth rested on secret technical processes in manufactures, secret trading-stations in the outlands, from the Sudan to the Baltic, secret mines of useful and precious metals, secret overland and sea routes, secret details of pilotage and navigation, and secret armies. But above all in importance was the hidden instrument of her command of the sea—the navy.

In the stretch of sand below the market-place and the Senate House slaves had been set to excavate a vast waterway, 1,066 ft. wide, running in cup-like shape round a circular island. It was called the drinking-cup, or Cothon. Upon the island was erected a palace-fortress for the High Admiral, with a platform tower from which he could watch all that happened on the circle of water beneath his gaze, and discern every movement of shipping on the outer sea approaches to the city. Round his circular naval harbour were separate docks for two hundred and twenty warships, extending in size to three-tier and five-tier rowing galleys, with great metal beaks for ramming enemy vessels. Fronting each dock were two Ionic columns, supporting the magnificent circular colonnade that connected with the strong, high, outer wall and hid from view both the navy and the huge stores of constructional material ready for building new fleets. By means of trumpets, the officers of the High Admiral controlled the work of the dockyard hands, and directed, in time of war, preparations for action. Always, when Carthage was seen from the sea, she appeared to be without a guarding naval force.

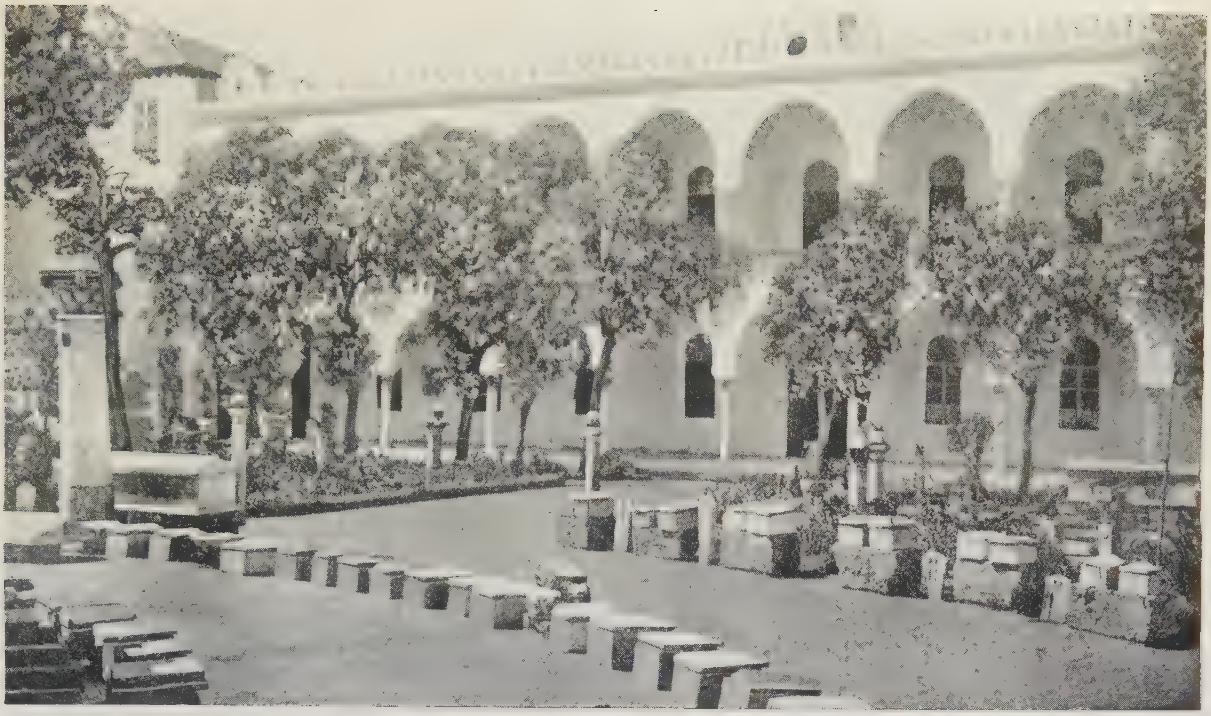
Even for merchant ships of importance the great lagoon of Tunis was not used. From the Cothon a narrow channel ran southward into a mercantile harbour, 1,396 ft. long and 1,066 ft. wide. Here trading vessels unloaded into large warehouses and shipped cargoes for export, all goods remaining secure from raiders. The sea entrance was but 70 ft. broad, and could be quickly closed by chains. It was the only water-gate by which warships as well as trade ships could depart and return.

A long, mighty sea-wall, extending along the city front by the edge of the tideless sea, prevented any direct storming attack by landing parties from a hostile fleet. On the promontory, where the sea-wall ended, was a lighthouse, and beyond, by the northern end of the peninsula, was a large sacred burial place, that was, long afterwards, to give the modern world glimpses of the workaday life of the secretive masters of the seas.

The way in which the water supply of the city was arranged was characteristic of Semite caution. In a hillside, about a quarter of a mile from the citadel, were eighteen vaulted, underground reservoirs of cement, each about 100 ft. long by 20 ft. wide, with 17 ft. of collected rainwater. A narrow gallery, running through the hillside, allowed the inspectors to walk beneath the surface along the great cisterns. In the later Roman days, mountain torrents were brought into the streets by means of a great aqueduct, 60 miles long, parts of which are standing to-day outside Tunis.

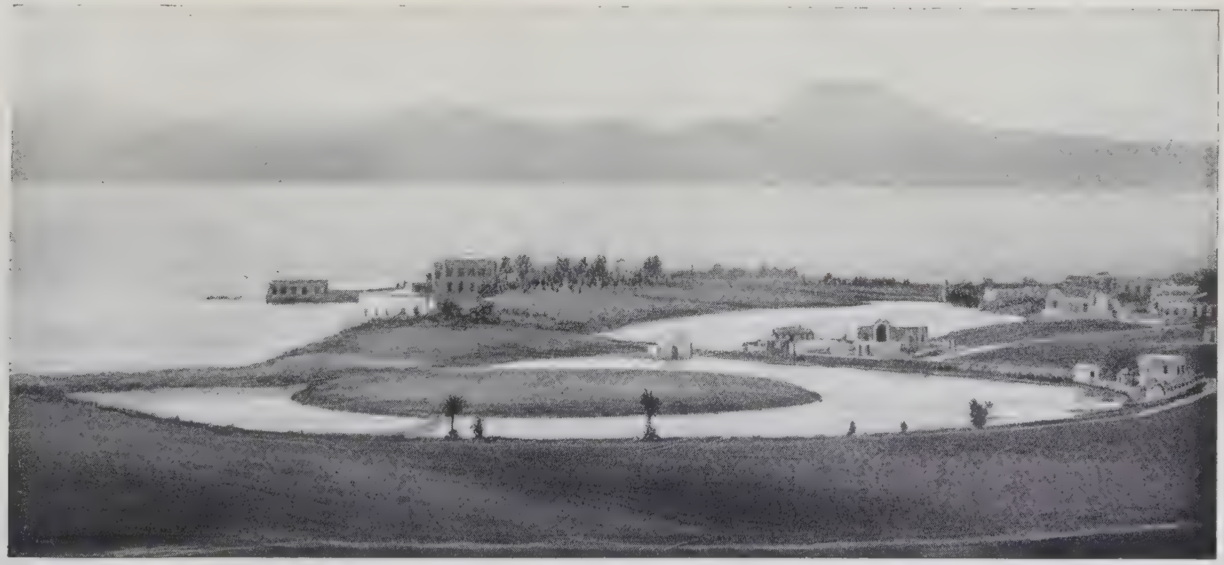
Of temples and shrines, there was one of the richest collections in the world. The Carthaginians were business-like in religious matters as well as in mundane affairs. For them the keen, practical way to universal success was to gather the idols of all the powerful nations they encountered, and so envelop the city with alien as well as native spirit influences. Having been frequently worsted in battle by the Sicilian Greeks, they took in their own victories many of the finest pieces of sacred sculpture of the Hellenes, until their city became a living museum of Hellenic masterpieces. A few of their best men acquired a Greek temper of mind, but this was a dangerous quality. The mass of commoners and merchant princes remained, in spite of their subtle, practical intelligence, horribly attached to the old Canaanite worship of the sun-god, Baal, and the moon-goddess, Astarte.

According to tradition, Baal, the spirit of fire, was throned in the antique state temple, and brought out into the court of sacrifice in days when the city was in danger. Represented as a gigantic bull-headed man, with outstretched, apparently friendly arms, he asked, so his powerful priesthood always held, for the most precious offerings from his people. Young boys



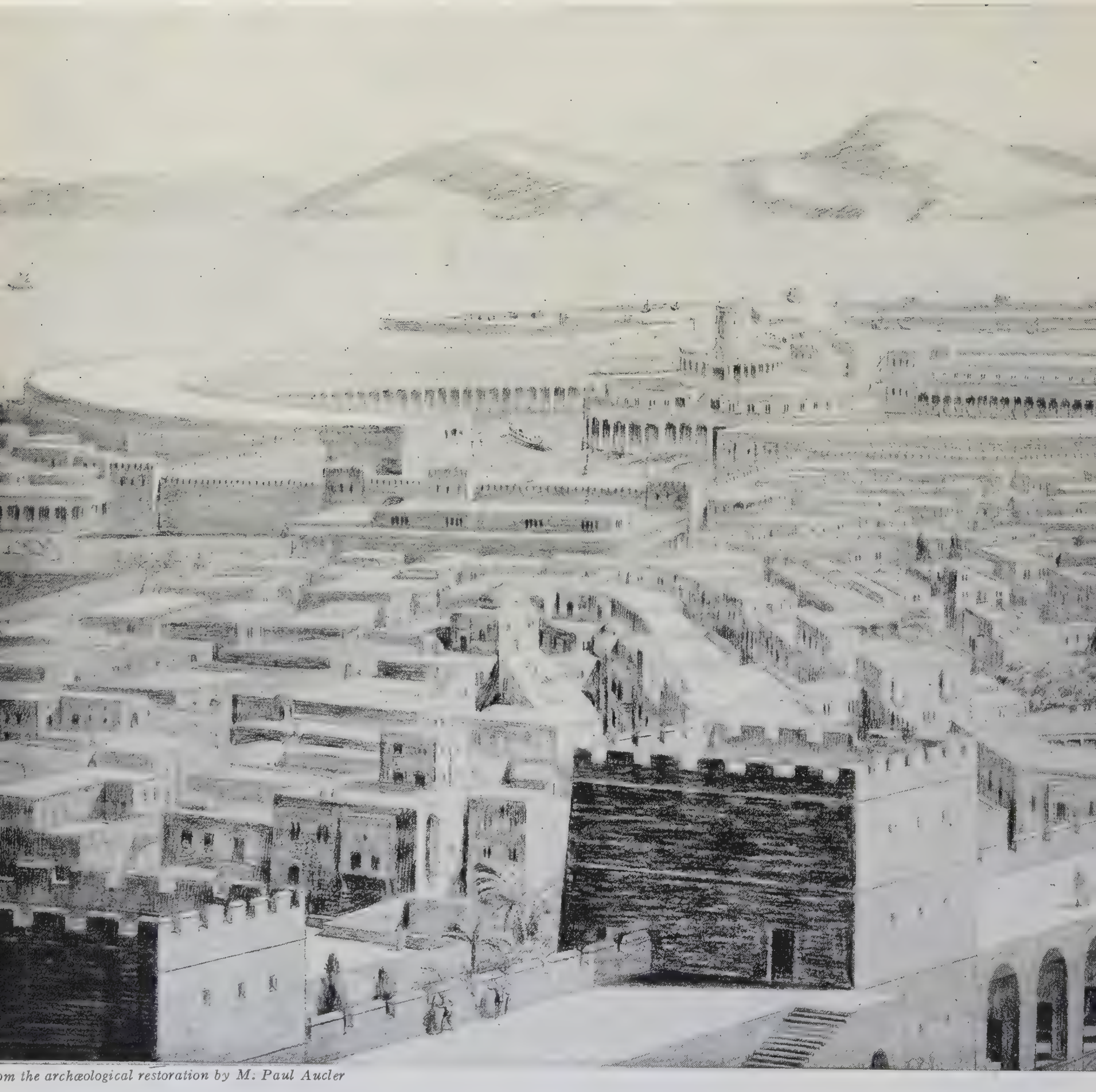
CINERARY URNS ARE THE COMMONEST FEATURE OF THE MUSEUM AT CARTHAGE TO-DAY

The visitor will probably be told a terrible story of the horrid practices of the Phœnicians in sacrificing their children to Baal, and these small stone caskets will be pointed out to him as the receptacles for the bones of the little victims. They are really evidence of the Roman custom of cremation, and have been recovered in immense numbers from the necropolis at Carthage, where, after the Phœnician remains had been removed, the Roman colonists deposited their own cinerary urns.



THE ANCIENT QUEEN OF THE MEDITERRANEAN AS THE TOURIST OF TO-DAY MAY SEE HER

It is interesting to compare this photograph of the site of Carthage with the fine restoration of the Phœnician city by M. Aucler. The original site of the naval and commercial harbours, although greatly restricted by the silting of the land, is still, as this proves, easily distinguishable. From this circular pond the once mighty and all conquering naval power of the Carthaginians was wielded.



om the archæological restoration by M. Paul Aucler

A GLIMPSE OF THE GREAT CITY OF CARTHAGE AT THE—

There is little doubt that the above striking picture offers a faithful impression of the most important part, though a small section only, of the wonder
y of the Phœnicians as it appeared up to the time of the third and final Punic War, when, in 146 B.C., the Romans destroyed it utterly. It should be
ted that the architecture displays no remarkable national characteristics, such as that of Babylon or of Thebes, being a mingling of various styles. The
nic columns of the great circular naval harbour, which dominates the scene, would probably be, like the whole structure of the naval dockyard, the work

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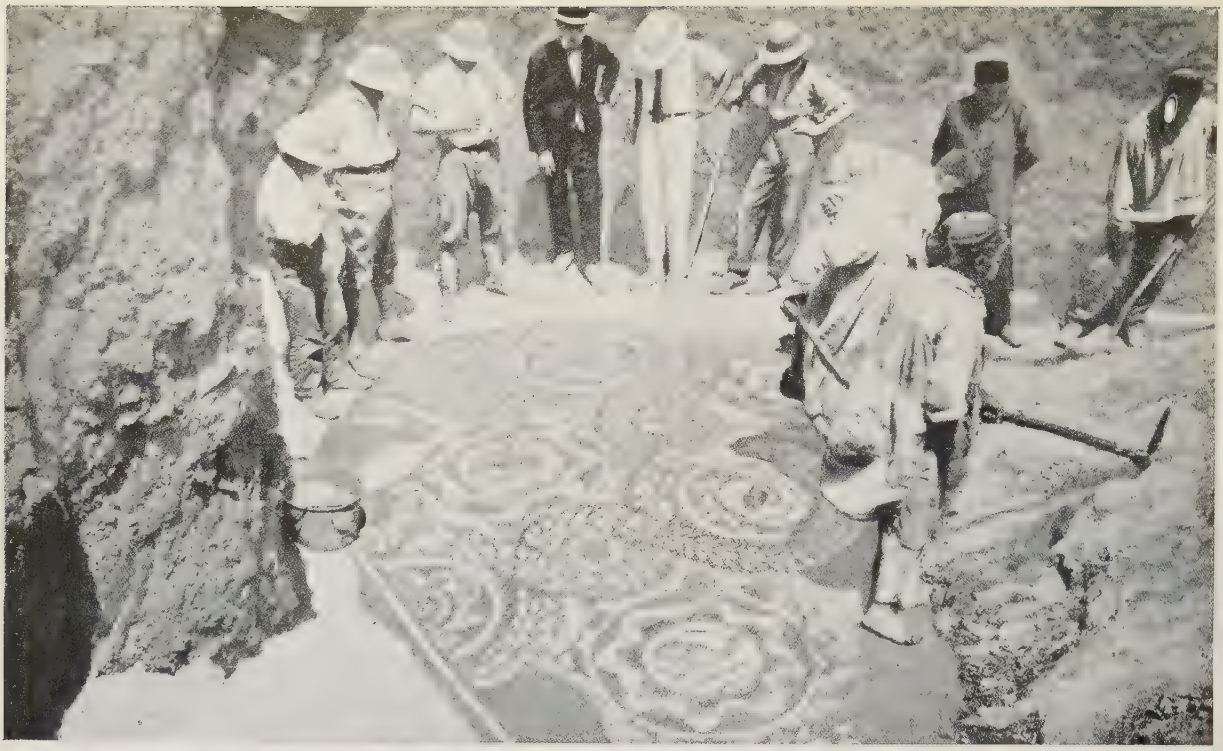
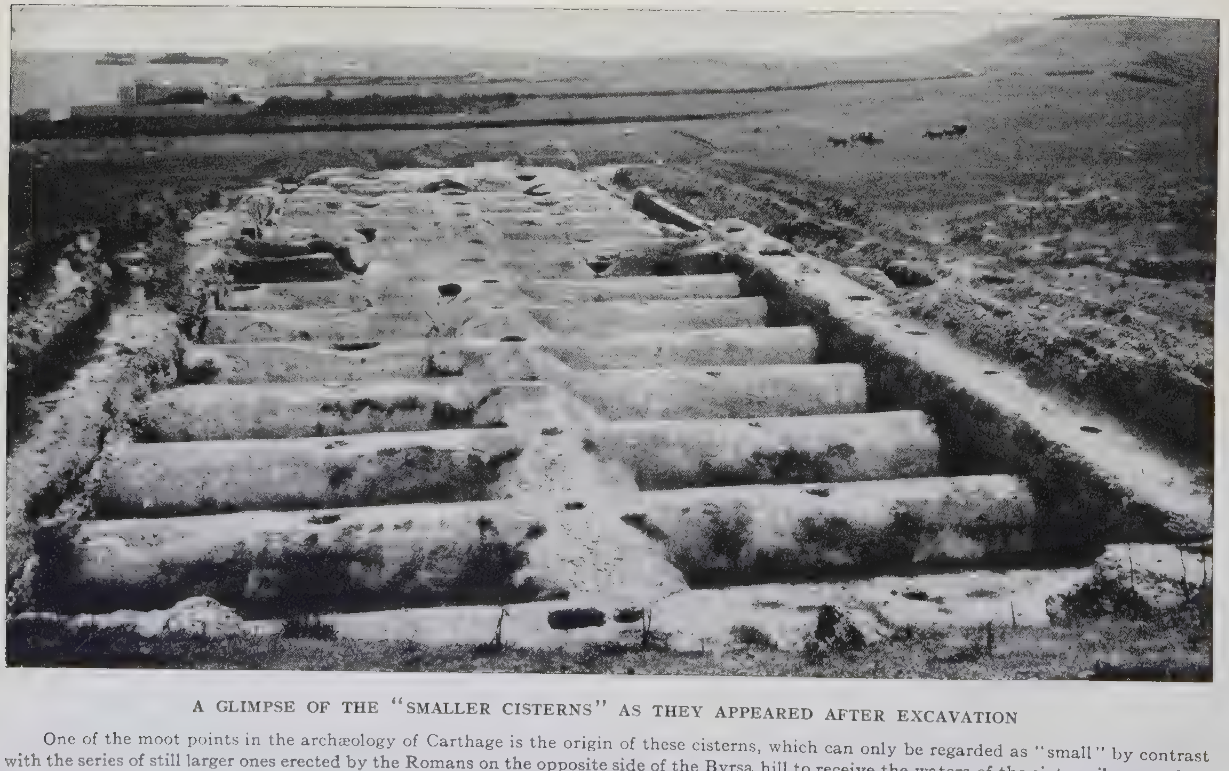
—HEIGHT OF ITS NAVAL POWER AND COMMERCIAL SPLENDOUR

of Greek architects and builders. The Carthaginians created nothing of artistic value, but employed artists, architects, sculptors, and builders fror Sicily, Greece, and Egypt to make their city magnificent. In this view of it the spectator is supposed to be standing on the Byrsa hill, looking sout from the steps of the great temple of Esmun (Æsculapius), the greater part of the city lying behind him northward.



EXCAVATORS' "FIND" AMONG THE RUINS OF ROMAN CARTHAGE

The Roman cities of North Africa, more notably than those of Italy or any other part of the Empire, abounded in beautiful mosaic floors and pavements, and the commonest features of the museums to-day are fragments of that charming decorative art. Here are being uncovered the remains of a fine pavement, dating back to the early days of the re-building of Carthage in the time of Augustus, the graceful designs in red, blue, gold, and green still retaining their pristine vividness.



A GLIMPSE OF THE "SMALLER CISTERNS" AS THEY APPEARED AFTER EXCAVATION

One of the moot points in the archæology of Carthage is the origin of these cisterns, which can only be regarded as "small" by contrast with the series of still larger ones erected by the Romans on the opposite side of the Byrsa hill to receive the waters of the sixty miles aqueduct which they carried from Zaghouan beyond the Lake of Tunis. The cisterns here shown were most probably made by the Phœnicians for the storage of rainwater. Many of the dwelling houses were furnished with their own private cisterns.

of unblemished body, heirs of the noblest families, were brought to him and placed in his arms. The arms were fiery hot, from a fire kindled within the hollow bronze image, and from their sloping length each victim fell into a furnace, his screams being drowned by a tumult of instruments, and roaring chants from the priests, gashing themselves to bleed for Baal, and from the maddened crowd!

The temple of Astarte in Carthage, beautiful in structure, gorgeous in ornament, and gay with lovely girl devotees, was as debasing an element in the national life as was the awful shrine of Baal. The noblewoman of pure, gracious aspect who served as high priestess, and the dignified, handsome man of gentle birth who acted as high priest, were the directors of rites foul beyond description.

The goddess, who was better known in the city under the name of Tanit than under the primitive name, was gloriously chaste in her best figures—resembling a woman archangel, with long wings of gold, blue, and crimson, folding round her body and crossing above her bare, exquisite feet. As the female principle of fertility, she had noble aspects, such as the goddess of wedded love and good farming, but these were smothered in abominations, the general practice of which served but to poison the source of life.

The old nobility lived outside the city on large estates worked by serf labour, and seldom engaged in trade. From them came most of the judges, whose office originally resembled that of the judges of early Israel. Elected in pairs, the judges still nominally ruled, but their real power had been taken by a House of twenty senators. In turn the senators had become stately shadows, representing the old landed nobility, and an assembly of one hundred and four leading merchants, actively working in the interests of the large business plutocracy, and known as "The Hundred," formed the real governing body.

Backing these new men to a considerable extent were the commoners. These had lost all direct political rights in exchange for a comfortable livelihood. "The Hundred" kept them contented, with abundant food and amusements, as the emperors of Rome kept their plebeians. For the more stirring spirits there were good commercial careers, and profitable positions in the navy and army, in which aliens had to be overseen, and marine and naval jobs.

The subtle, Semitic method of letting the living waste of war fall upon alien soldiery was advanced by the aid of skilful diplomacy.

The men of Carthage were clever! Hard, yet flexible; stubborn, yet persuasive; superstitious, yet cold and logical; cautious by habit, splendidly adventurous by impulse, they were a strange mixture of good and evil qualities. They explored the Atlantic coast from the Equator to the icefields of the Arctic; they invented the scientific system of farming, and in seamanship were unequalled until the coming of the Vikings. The record of many of their achievements is lost with their literature, of which not an original fragment survived the destruction of their city.

The Carthaginians were unworthy of so great a man as Hannibal, who would have destroyed Rome at the outset of her imperial expansion had he been loyally supported by his fellow-countrymen. But he was discouraged and hampered by them, for the great men of the state dreaded his victorious return as emperor of a Greater Carthage, with Rome as his vassal, and they so schemed that Hannibal, after all his amazing achievements in Italy, was in the end to be a fugitive from Carthage, and his beloved motherland little better than the vassal of Rome. The rich men of Carthage were well enough pleased to be left with their gorgeous homes and splendid estates and their still opulent city, but terrible and well deserved was the ultimate fate in store for them and for Carthage.

Breaking the treaty of submissive peace on a light pretext, the Romans landed again in Africa, and demanded that all weapons and machines of defence should be delivered. Humbly the Carthaginians obeyed. They were then told that their city was to be destroyed, but that they might build another town at a distance of ten miles from the coast. Even to these terms the plutocracy despairingly submitted. But not so the disarmed people. They killed the men who had counselled submission, murdered every Italian in the city, and broke the images of the gods that had forsaken them. Closing the gates, men and women worked day and night forging new weapons and building a fleet, while the Roman army waited until the apparently hopeless frenzy ceased.

When the troops approached, great was their surprise to find that the walls were manned and armed with new engines of war. A regular siege was undertaken, and so severe were the Roman losses from sallies, ambushes, and pestilence that for two years it seemed likely that Carthage, by her mad courage, would escape. But a young Roman general, bearing the name of the Scipio family by whom he had been adopted, after another spell of failures, at last carried the mercantile and naval harbours. By six days of fighting, massacres, and burning in the narrow, climbing streets, he reached the citadel which, after some 50,000 natives surrendered, was held to the death by nine hundred Roman deserters. The treasures of art were removed, and every building was levelled, and a plough driven over the ground. With a few exceptions, the inhabitants surviving the butchery and burning were sold as slaves.

Such was the end of the historic city in the year 146 B. C. A new city was afterwards planned by Cæsar, and arose under Augustus as the capital of Northern Africa, and after serving as a centre of African Christianity, with St. Augustine, Tertullian and Cyprian eminent among its orthodox leaders, the old curse of party strife fell upon the new city, and so weakened it that the heretics assisted the Vandal invaders. When the Byzantine general Belisarius recovered it, the sectarians finally opened the way for the Saracen attack in A. D. 698, and the second Carthage went up in flames over the vanished ruins of the ancient rival of Rome.

As I stood in one of the excavations on the slope of the Byrsa and looked up from an ancient Phœnician tomb to the foundations of a Roman house that had been built above it, I reflected that the builders of the Roman house and those who came to live within it had probably no notion of what lay below them; Phœnician Carthage would be more dim and distant to them than it is to us to-day, two thousand years afterward. What an instrument of history is the spade!

RECORDS OF THE TOMBS. III

TUTANKHAMEN AND HIS TREASURES

By J. A. Brendon, B.A., F.R.Hist.S.

TUTANKHAMEN AND HIS TREASURES

2. HOW THE TOMB WAS FOUND AND OPENED

By J. A. Brendon, B.A., F.R.Hist.S.

Author of "The Story of the Ancient World," etc.

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THROUGH some four thousand miles of country the Nile pursues its course from the highlands of Abyssinia to the sea. It is a grand, majestic river. But where is it grander or more majestic than at Luxor?

At this point along the river's fertile banks civilisation first was gently nurtured; and here, in the days of yore, stood Thebes, the proud capital of Egypt's empire. A sure intuition guided men to build on this site a seat of authority and power. Though hills frame the horizon to the west and east, there is in the landscape an immensity which impresses all who visit the ruins of the once imperial city.

On the east bank of the river stood the city of the living, where Pharaohs had their palaces, nobles their mansions, and humbler folk their homes. On the west bank, among the strangely shaped limestone hills which rise above the level of the water, stood the city of the dead, a vast and sombre cemetery in harmony with the conceptions of a people who lived their lives with thoughts of death always in their minds.

We may wonder at the naïvely elaborate preparations which the Egyptians made for their material welfare in the after-life. Yet few even of us who live to-day can in thought, as

Lucretius has said, so pluck ourselves by the roots from life as not to behold our images as in some way surviving. In the blazonry of the family vault, in the pomp of burial under the chancel floor, something akin to the same sentiment still lingers. And this, it may be, helps to explain the breathless popular interest that was roused by Lord Carnarvon's discovery, in 1922, of a Pharaoh's place of burial in the Valley of the Tombs of the Kings at Thebes.

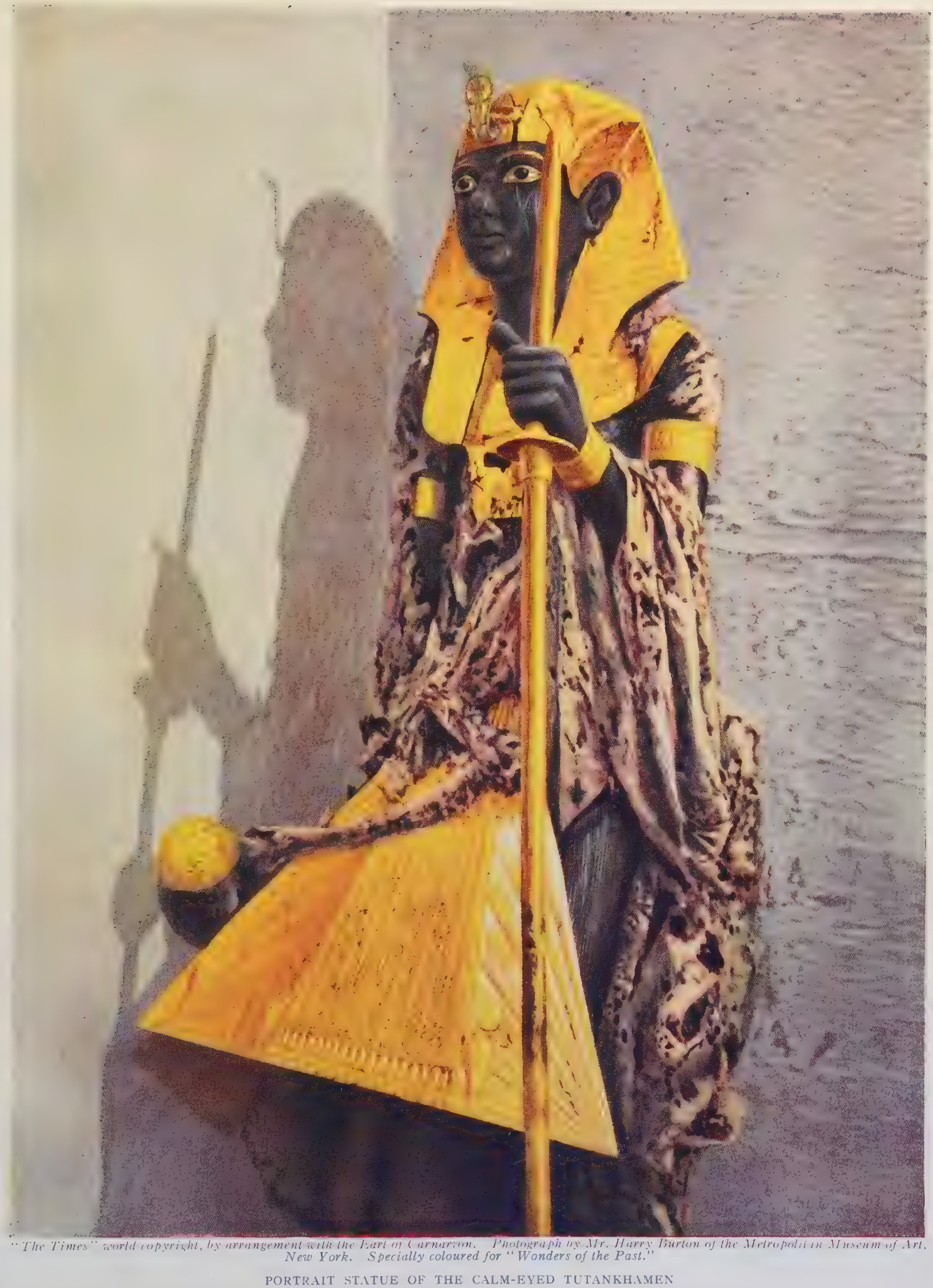
Said Lord Carnarvon at the time: "The revelation will be stupendous." Lord Carnarvon addressed himself primarily to scholars and archæologists. But to men whose mental outlook, training, and vocations normally give little encouragement to a lively interest in the doings of obscure, forgotten kings, the revelation proved no less stupendous.

We—the ordinary you and I—could hardly fail to be attracted by the beauty of the priceless objects of art found in the tomb, and by the glamour which these "finds" cast upon the conditions of civilised life in the world of 3,300 years ago. But it was the romance of the thing which really awakened our interest, and which still keeps it alert—the romance of the discovery of this unmatched example of a mortal man's provision for the journey from this world to

> The undiscovered country, from whose bourn
> No traveller returns.

Between 1700 and 1100 B. C., during the period of the eighteenth, nineteenth, and twentieth dynasties, many Pharaohs were laid to rest in the great necropolis at Thebes, many queens, princes, and high officials. In no other cemetery in all the world has so much treasure been concealed as in that which includes the famous Valley of the Tombs of the Kings. Here, in chambers cut deeply in the limestone hills, the mighty ones of Egypt were buried amid scenes of unrivalled magnificence and pomp, with all the most splendid objects that could be found to place with them.

This was not designed simply as respectful ceremonial; its purpose was to enable the departed fittingly to maintain their lives in the Otherworld, and at the same time to keep their souls



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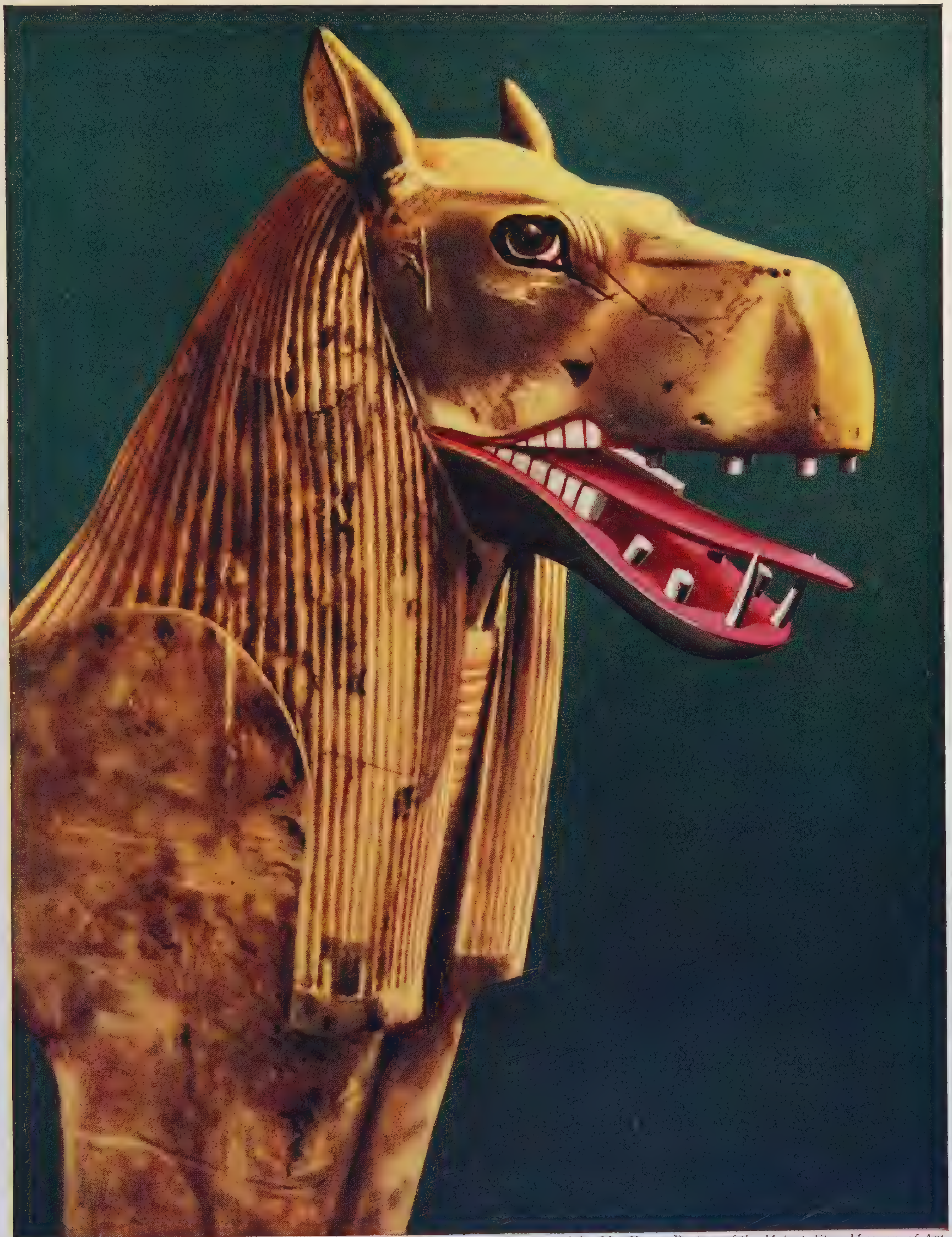
PORTRAIT STATUE OF THE CALM-EYED TUTANKHAMEN

Instinct with life and energy, and certainly a "speaking likeness," this statue of Tutankhamen was one of the two that stood outside the sealed-up entrance to his sepulchral chamber. Carved with superb craftsmanship from wood, afterwards blackened with bitumen, and gorgeously decorated with beaten gold, these seven-foot-high statues alone would give an index to the fabulous riches of the Egyptian Pharaohs. The eyebrows are of gold, and the royal uraeus, or serpent, on the forehead, is of gold and bronze.



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WEIRD MONSTER FROM THE UNDERWORLD OF EGYPTIAN MYTHOLOGY

Legends of fierce dragons inhabiting tunnels deep in the earth are common to the mythology of all nations, ancient and modern. Here is shown the head of such a beast, one of the twin supports of a ceremonial couch found in Tutankhamen's tomb. Half-hippopotamus, half-crocodile, with the legs and feet of a cat, the monster is carved from wood, superbly gilded, its gleaming white teeth as well as its pink, curling tongue being made of ivory.

in communion with their friends on earth. The armed strength of the ruling Pharaoh, it was thought, would insure against robbery the precious funerary articles laid in these vaults.

For many years this belief proved well founded. Until, at any rate, the death of Rameses II., in 1215 B. C., Pharaoh was powerful enough to maintain peace and good order in Egypt. But a long line of weak and inefficient rulers succeeded the great Rameses, and, under the ten puppet kings, each bearing his proud name, who comprised the twentieth dynasty, Egypt ceased to be either a stable or a conquering power.

In years gone by the people had looked to loot from subject territories to fill the coffers of the State, and to give them leisured ease. This source of supply was now cut off, and when riches from abroad no longer flowed into the land, restless soldiery, unable elsewhere to find remunerative employment, bethought themselves of the wealth in the royal necropolis.

Tombs in the Valley of the Kings had been robbed furtively as far back, probably, as the days of Tutankhamen. In the days of the twentieth dynasty they were robbed openly and shamelessly. At the instigation of the priests of Amen the government tried to stop these sacrilegious depredations.

Papyri which have come down to us contain full reports of the trials of tomb-robbers and similar proceedings; and the Abbott Papyrus, preserved in the British Museum, records how in the sixteenth year of Rameses IX. (1125 B. C.) government officials made a careful inspection of the tombs.

These measures proved wholly ineffectual. So the priests took the matter into their own hands, and, to save the royal dead from further indignities, moved many of the mummies and much of the funerary furniture to private tombs and other obscure hiding-places. Their well-meant actions only added, so far as we are concerned, to the confusion wrought by robbers.

In the circumstances, it is a matter for wonder not that so few, but that so many, of the treasures of the tombs have been preserved for modern eyes to see. That there might be in that valley of mystery a tomb still unspoiled was a hope which few Egyptologists dared seriously to entertain—until November 30, 1922, when the finding of the tomb of Tutankhamen was publicly announced.

This tomb, though not intact, was found virtually intact, only the ante-chambers having been profaned by robber feet. Thieves had broken in probably only a few years after the king had been laid to rest, but they had done a comparatively small amount of damage, and seem to have taken little save jewelry and other negotiable objects. When Mr. Howard Carter, Lord Carnarvon's co-worker, came upon the tomb, its entrance still bore the seals which had been affixed by the inspectors of Rameses IX. in the twelfth century B. C. The "find" has no parallel in the records of Egyptology.

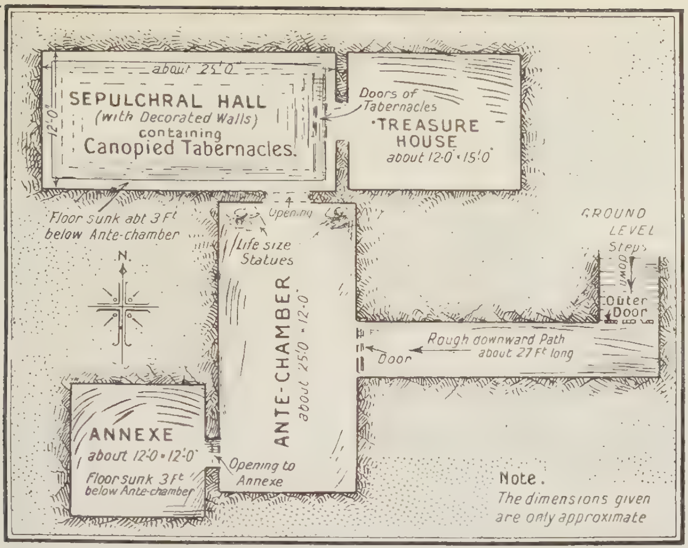
Interest always clings to stories of achievement. The exploits of those who achieve in the face of odds, of those who accomplish the seemingly impossible, are invested also with romance. Since Belzoni began to excavate in the Valley of the Kings at Thebes in the early years of the nineteenth century, several generations of explorers have unearthed an astonishing collection of the battered treasures of the long-dead rulers of Egypt. But when Maspero and Grébaut opened the tombs of Amenhotep II. and Thothmes III., it was generally believed that the valley had been exhausted of its hidden store of wonder.

Yet some dauntless workers continued to probe and burrow. Among them, Theodore Davis in particular calls for mention. In 1905 Davis was rewarded for his perseverance. In that year he opened the tomb of Iuaa and Tuaa, the parents of the Queen of Amenhotep III. Then even he laid down the spade; the royal tombs in the valley, he said, had yielded up the last of their secrets.

The other experts for the most part concurred. A few, including Lord Carnarvon, quietly dissented.

The Earl of Carnarvon, the head of an old and noble English family, long associated with antiquarian pursuits and artistic connoisseurship, began seriously about 1906 to prosecute archæological researches in Egypt. During the ensuing sixteen years he devoted much of his time, energy, and wealth to the work, and, thanks in no small measure to the co-operation of Mr. Howard Carter, brought to light many things which have added very considerably to our knowledge of the funerary archæology, literature, and decorative art of ancient Egypt.

But none of his discoveries—prior, of course, to that of



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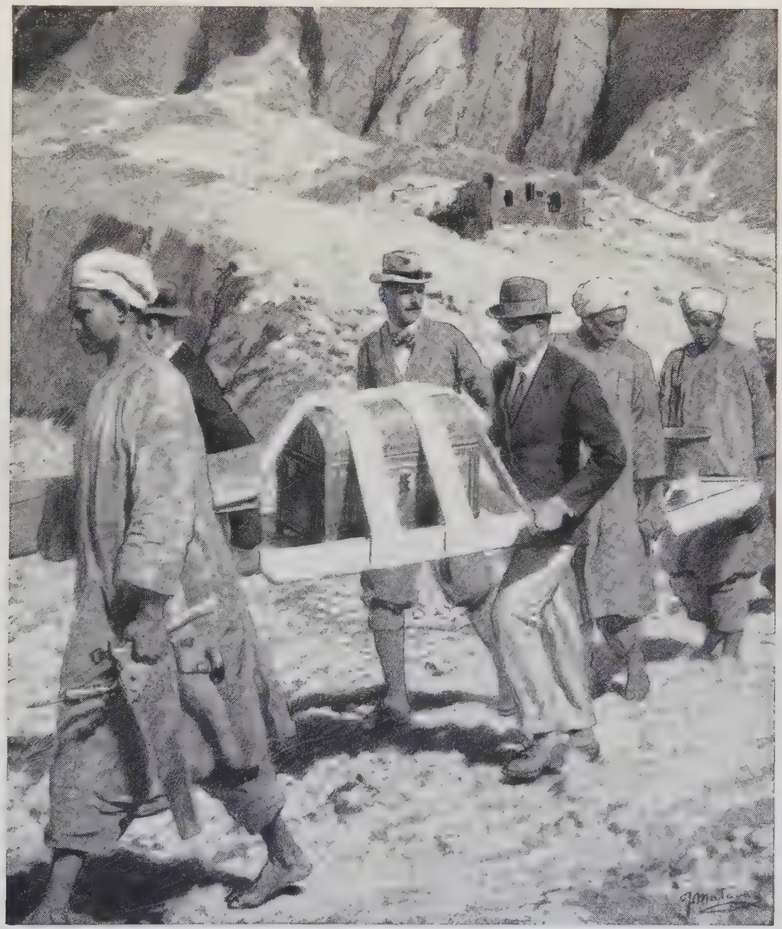
PLAN OF TUTANKHAMEN'S ROYAL BURIAL PLACE

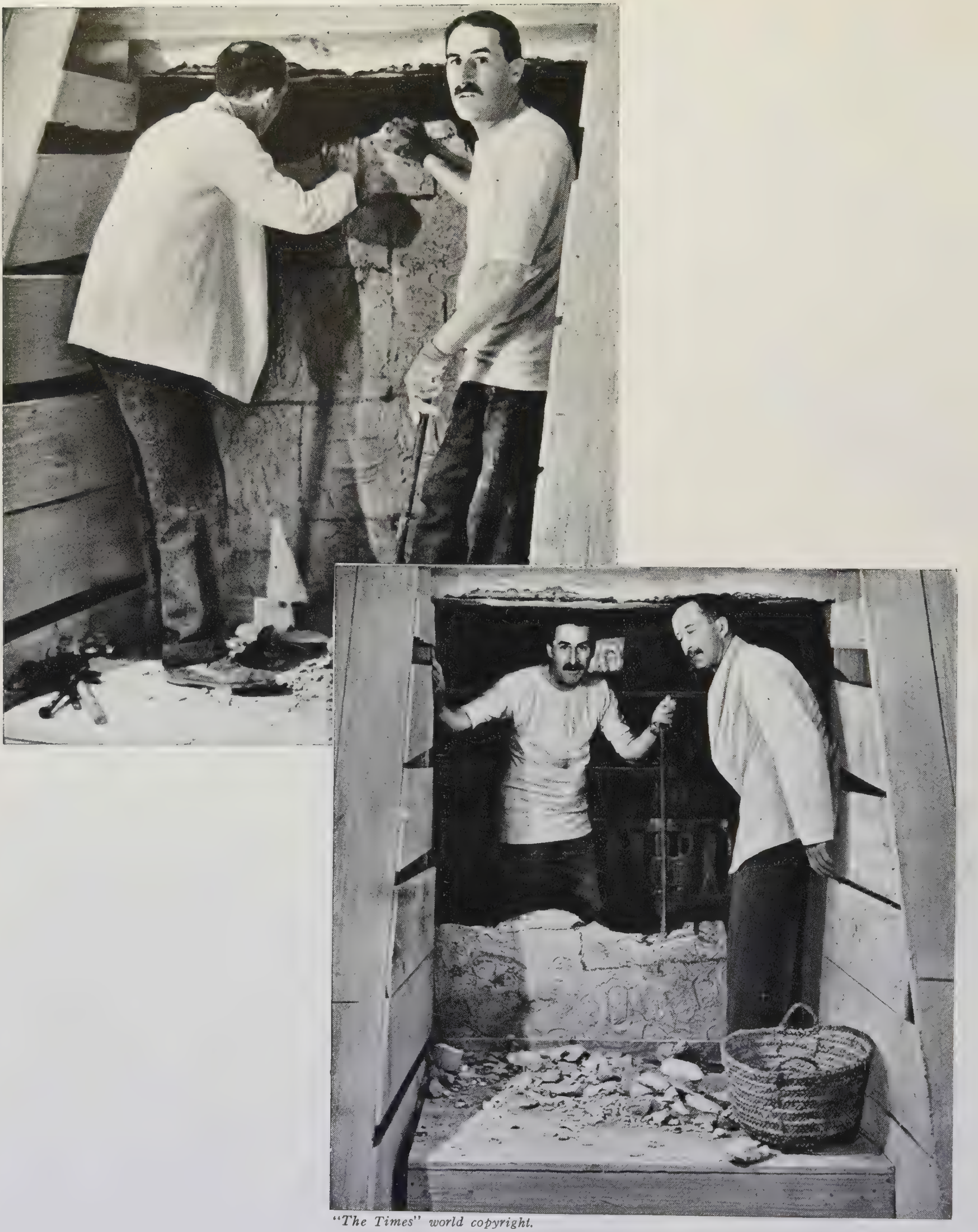
Though a humble tomb compared with that in which some of the Pharaohs were laid to rest, it was found to contain a store of priceless treasures of artistic and historical interest such as Egyptologists never before had brought to light.



From a drawing by F. Matania.

CONVEYED TO THE LABORATORY FOR PRESERVATIVE TREATMENT

Mr. Howard Carter personally superintended the removal of Tutankhamen's treasures to the temporary laboratory which had been fitted up in the tomb of Seti II. It was necessary for the articles to be handled with the utmost care until they had been treated by expert chemists. After resting underground for more than 3,000 years, some of them were almost as fragile as burnt paper.



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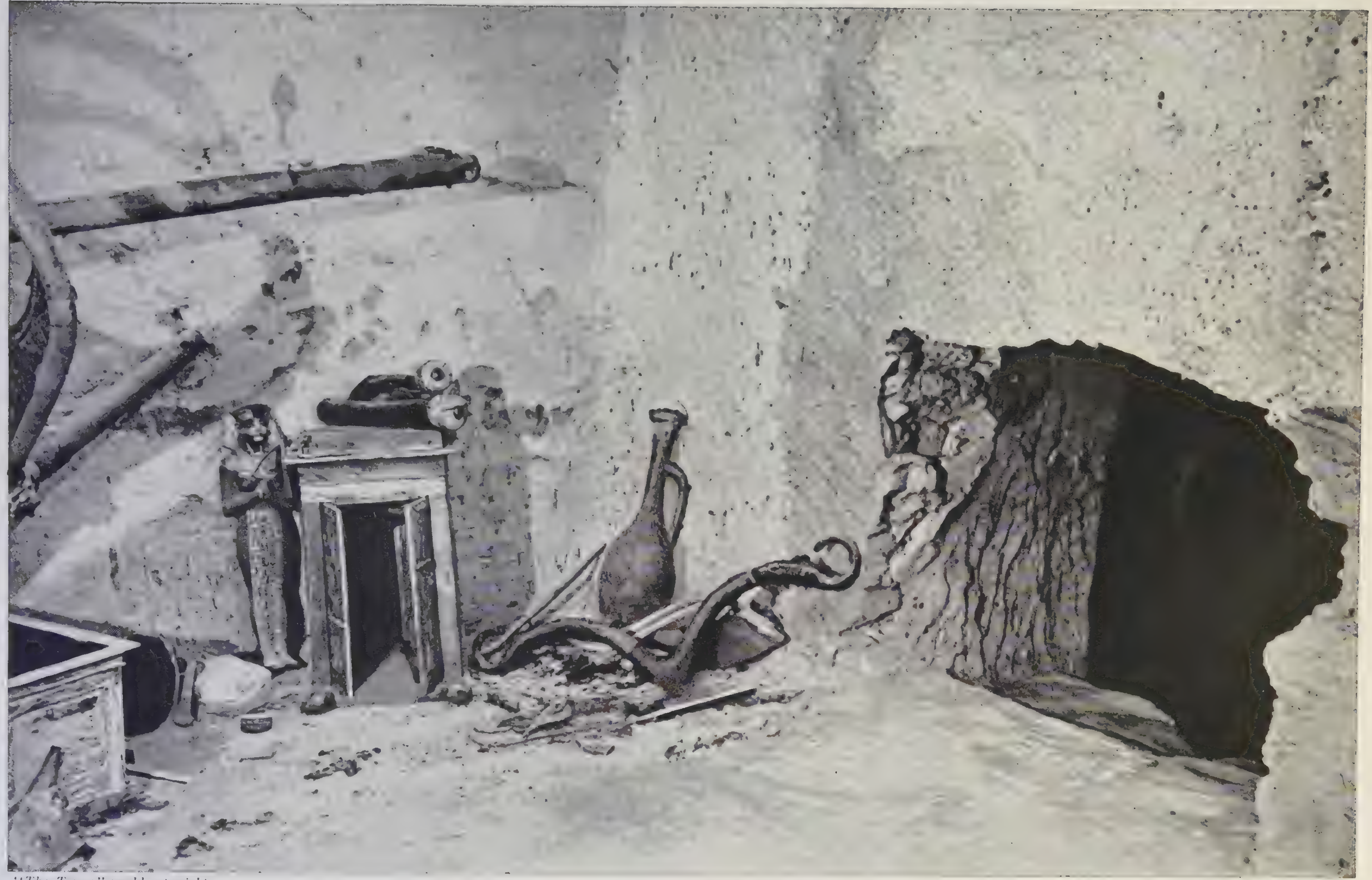
AFTER SIXTEEN YEARS OF PERSEVERANCE AND ENDEAVOUR

Lord Carnarvon and Mr. Howard Carter on the threshold of their memorable discovery, which has no parallel in the history of archæology. The top photograph shows Lord Carnarvon, after working with a chisel in overpowering heat for several hours, peering through the small opening he had made in the sealed door between the ante-chamber and the sepulchral hall. The lower photograph shows Mr. Howard Carter actually standing within the long-sought burial chamber of the king.



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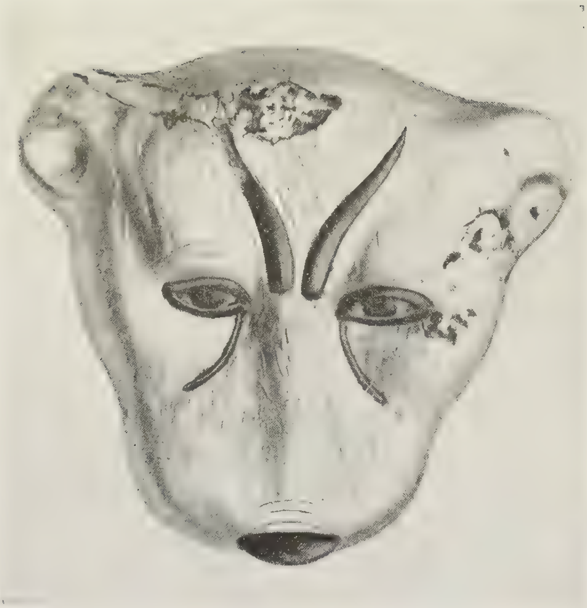
THE HOLE MADE BY ROBBERS TO GAIN ADMISSION TO TUTANKHAMEN'S TOMB

Robbers entered the tomb probably within a few years of the king's burial. Happily they did not penetrate to the actual sepulchral hall, and wrought only a comparatively small amount of damage. The miniature shrine, seen to the left of the photograph, is one of the striking features of the ante-chamber. It is made of wood, covered with sheet gold, and on its folding doors are embossed scenes illustrating the king's life. Standing by the shrine is a Ushabti figure, which was intended to act as a servant to the dead man in the Otherworld.



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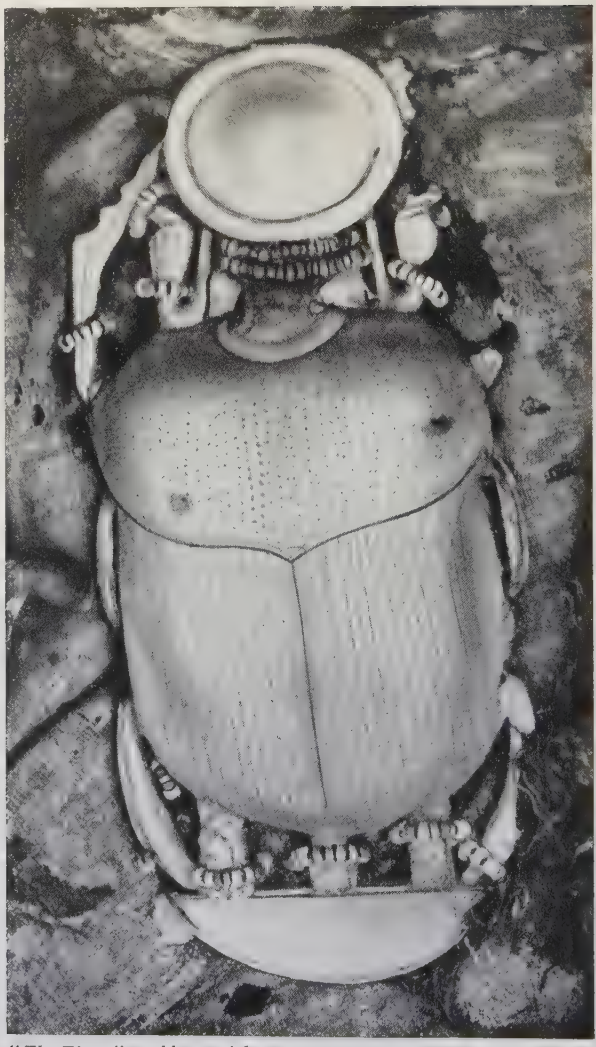
QUAINT BUCKLE FROM A PRIESTLY ROBE

The buckle, exquisitely fashioned in the form of a leopard's head, served once to fasten the robe of an Egyptian priest. Found in one of the caskets in the ante-chamber, it was among the treasures removed from Tutankhamen's tomb during 1922–3.



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SEWN ON TUTANKHAMEN'S TAPESTRY ROBE

This gold scarab buckle is one of the most beautiful of the jewels found in the tomb, an ornament worthy of the costly robe to which it was attached. Inlaid in turquoise, lapis lazuli, cornelian, and gold is the royal nomen.

1922—could be regarded as in any way sensational; and in the Valley of the Kings, though he explored and re-explored it, he persistently drew blank. Failure did not damp either his or Mr. Carter's ardour. Despite discouragement, the two men adhered doggedly to their belief—a belief shared by certain of the aged natives who dwelt on the west bank of the Nile—that there was still a royal tomb waiting to be opened.

Their search for this tomb was in no sense a series of haphazard investigations. Great discoveries are rarely made by such means—in the archæological or any other sphere of human endeavour. The archæologist to be successful must work systematically and scientifically. He must also be richly endowed with imagination, patience, and industry. These qualities Lord Carnarvon and his colleague possessed in abundance. Quietly and unostentatiously they laboured year after year, delving into the dust of ages in search of any clue that might direct them to their goal.

At last they had their reward. Mr. Carter made the actual discovery. One day he found what seemed to be the entrance to a tomb, or, at any rate, to a cache. Hastily he covered up what his spade had revealed, and cabled to Lord Carnarvon, who was then in England.

Lord Carnarvon at once went out to Egypt. In the meanwhile, though Mr. Carter had taken every possible precaution to conceal his secret, the news of the "find" had somehow got about; and Lord Carnarvon, on his arrival, found Luxor, down to the dirtiest little urchin in the place, in a state of excited expectancy which rivalled his own.

What lay behind that sealed door? Eagerly he desired to learn. But as he knew well, too hasty action might easily undo the work of sixteen years. Thebes was the home of robbers 1,500 years before the birth of Christ, and the spirit of robbery is still in the very atmosphere of the place; in the East things change slowly. Lord Carnarvon and Mr. Carter resolved to run no risks, and before investigating the "find," procured strong iron doors and other devices to protect it against the possible depredations of treasure-seekers.

And even when at last they entered the tomb they could not at once begin a careful inspection of the marvels they found within. The priceless antiquities which the tomb contained, though amazingly well preserved, had been for centuries hermetically sealed, and were in consequence so dry and fragile as to be liable to disintegration at the lightest touch. Before they could be submitted even to the gentlest handling they had to be treated by expert chemists with preservative preparations.

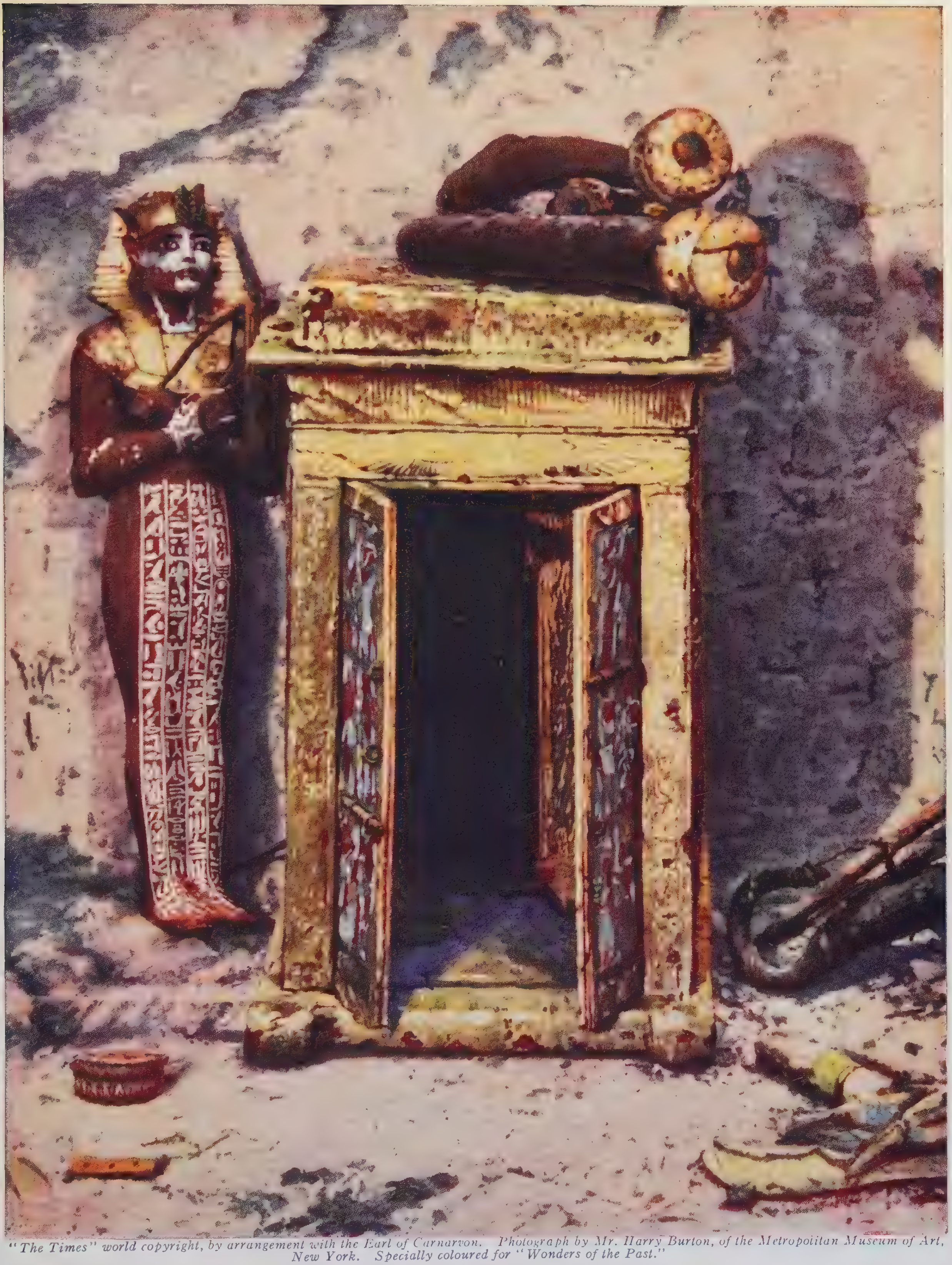
So extraordinarily frail and inflammable was everything inside the tomb that the discoverers dared not even take a flashlight photograph of the interior. The Metropolitan Museum of New York happened at the time to have a mission in Egypt. Under the supervision of the museum experts, powerful electric lights were installed in the tomb, and so were taken the first photographs of the treasures of Tutankhamen.

To prophesy is notoriously dangerous. Predictions have a disconcerting trick of recoiling, boomerang-like, upon the heads of those who make them. Still, surely it is fantastically improbable that Egyptologists ever again will effect a discovery so sensational as that of Lord Carnarvon and Mr. Howard Carter.

Public opinion, guided by that inscrutable instinct which rarely fails it, was quick to recognise the significance of the "find." During the winter season of 1922-3, thousands and thousands of tourists from all parts of the world made their way to Luxor, and the telegraph—a wonder of modern man's invention paying its homage to a high civilisation of long ago—flashed daily across the Seven Seas columns and columns of picturesque description of Tutankhamen's treasures.

Yet, compared with the burial places of some of Egypt's kings, the tomb of Tutankhamen was a humble, even a mean, affair. Seti I. spent at least twenty-one years in the preparation of a stately mansion for his soul. Its long corridors, numerous chambers, and immense burial hall, all superbly decorated, make it, indeed, a structural marvel.

Tutankhamen was still young when he died. He had not reckoned, one may surmise, on the possibility of his life being cut off in the bud. In his tomb there are no long and ornate galleries, no many-pillared halls. The tomb contains four chambers only, approached by a rough, downward passage. There is the ante-chamber, about 25 feet long by 12 feet wide, with a small-



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GOLDEN SHRINE IN THE ANTE-CHAMBER OF EGYPT'S WONDER TOMB

This miniature shrine was discovered in the ante-chamber of Tutankhamen's tomb. It is covered with heavy sheet gold, and the panels of the folding doors are embossed with scenes representing incidents in the lives of the departed Pharaoh and his queen. To the left, a wooden Ushabti figure, carved and painted, and inscribed with a long, magical formula, is seen standing, as it stood for centuries, ready to perform in the Otherworld the behests of the dead.

er annexe. There is the actual sepulchral hall, also about 25 feet long by 12 feet wide, also with a smaller annexe. That is all, and the walls only of the sepulchral hall are at all elaborately adorned.

But the treasures within those chambers! Though of small account in the eyes of one of the really wealthy and powerful Pharaohs—Rameses II., for example—they render dull and colourless the most tantalising dreams even of the most avaricious miser to-day.

During the season of 1922-3, only the outer chambers of the tomb were thoroughly explored. The discoverers resolved to defer their close examination of the sepulchral hall until the following winter, and during the intervening hot weather to close the tomb and concentrate their energies on the study, classification, and preservation of objects already rescued.

By the end of February, 1923, the work of re-closing the tomb was completed, and Pharaoh was assured a few more months of undisturbed enjoyment of that sleep of death to which he had "gone West" thirty-three centuries before.

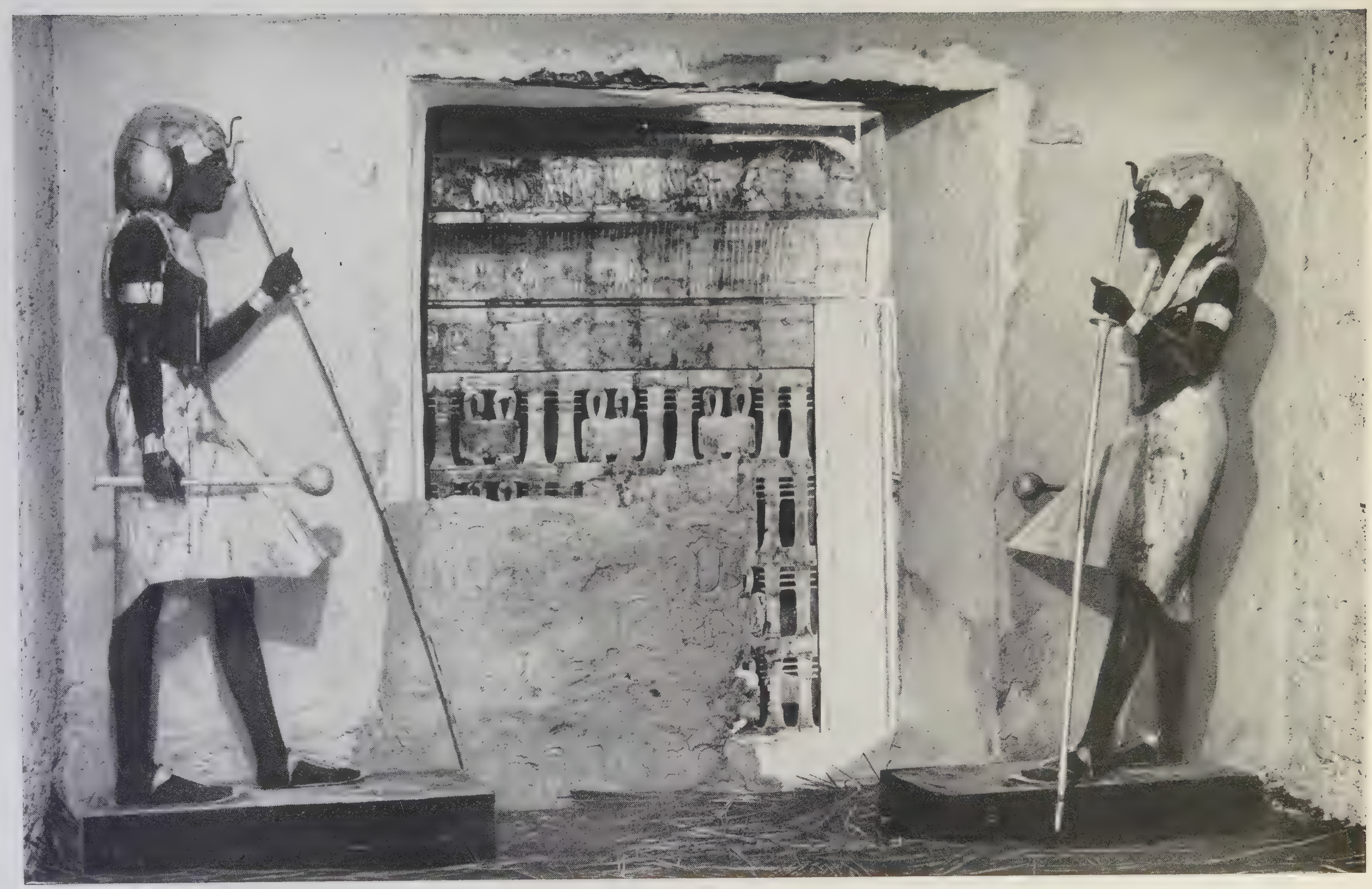
It was a happy chance that this tomb should have defied the efforts of archæologists till 1922. Had it been found by Belzoni, for example, many of its glorious relics of a departed civilisation must inevitably have perished. A century ago science could not have enabled the museum to preserve the wonders which the spade had recovered.

But what a pity it is that Tutankhamen's should have been the tomb which survived to amaze us, and not that one of the really great Pharaohs. Tutankhamen reigned only eight years, and was still a mere youth when he died. His place of burial contained no more than a fraction of the treasures of art which must have been deposited in that of, say, Rameses II.

Yet, though Tutankhamen is a little known Pharaoh, his reign has a considerable historical importance, and the contents of his tomb throw a new light upon the historical details of an age which has been long wrapped in obscurity.

Tutankhamen succeeded Akhnaton, the so-called "heretic" Pharaoh who sought to establish in the land of the Nile a monotheistic religion, the cult of Aton, the disc of the sun, in the place of that of Amen, king of the many gods of Egypt. The people refused to adopt his faith, and so violently did the priests of Amen oppose the "heresy," that Akhnaton, if only in order to secure the safety of his person, was forced to move his capital from Thebes to Tell-el-Amarna. There he lived the life of a fanatic, burning incense and offering up bloodless sacrifices to Aton, while his empire crumbled owing to his neglect of its government.

His officers and administrators appealed to him in vain. A mystic and a dreamer, he was blind to the duties of his position. His heir was his son-in-law, Tutankhaton, believed also to be a convert to the cult of Aton. But this youth, when he became Pharaoh, was quick to see that the position which Akhnaton had taken up was one which could not be maintained. So he returned to Thebes, and formally restored the old religion, changing his name from Tutankhaton (image of Aton) to Tutankhamen (image of Amen).



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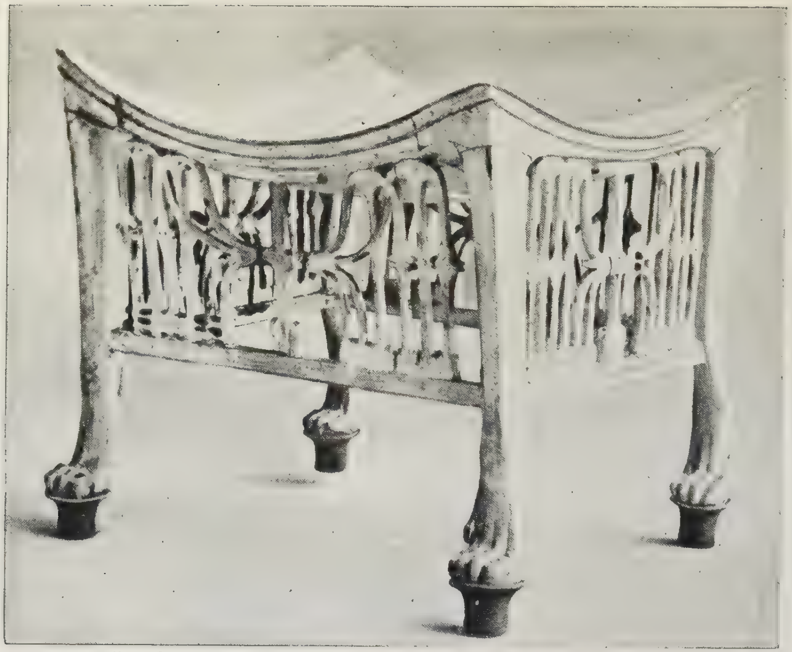
THE FIRST GLIMPSE OF TUTANKHAMEN'S SHRINE WHEREIN HIS EMBALMED BODY HAD REPOSED FOR THIRTY-THREE CENTURIES

The wonderful sight which met the eyes of Lord Carnarvon and Mr. Howard Carter when they broke down the sealed doorway which divided the ante-chamber of the tomb and the actual sepulchral hall of the departed Pharaoh, an apartment 25 feet long by 12 feet wide, with decorated walls. Through the newly-opened doorway can be seen the outermost canopy of the shrine, inlaid with blue faience and superbly gilded. The space between this and the walls of the chamber was very restricted.



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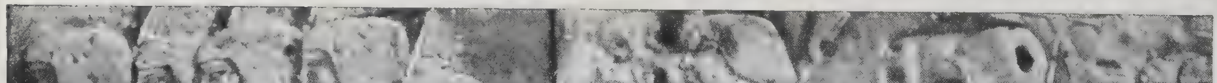
SYMBOLIC OF THE UNION OF UPPER AND LOWER EGYPT

This beautiful ornamental stool, made of wood, painted white, was probably an "antique" when laid in Tutankhamen's tomb. Its decoration shows the binding together of the lotus and papyrus, symbolic of the union of the two kingdoms which once flourished in the land of the Nile, and which were brought under one crown in the fourth millennium B.C.



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TUTANKHAMEN RETURNS IN STATE FROM TELL-EL-AMARNA TO THEBES

Akhnaton, the "heretic" Pharaoh, who sought to establish in Egypt the monotheistic cult of the sun disc, moved his capital to Tell-el-Amarna. Tutankhamen, his successor, reverted to the old worship of Amen, and restored Thebes as the seat of Egypt's government. This bas-relief, from a temple of Luxor, shows soldiers marching in procession on the occasion of the Court's return to Thebes.

From a drawing by A. Forestier

TYPICAL OF THE HEAVY DISAPPOINTMENT WHICH TOO OFTEN HAS MARRED THE SUCCESS OF EGYPTOLOGISTS

During the last century many of the royal tombs in the Valley of the Kings have been discovered, but—prior to 1922—robbers had invariably forestalled the labours of archæologists who, when they reached the inner shrine, found only confusion, and a desecrated mummy lying near a rifled sarcophagus. On this account Lord Carnarvon's discovery is unique in the records of Egyptology. When he opened Tutankhamen's tomb, Lord Carnarvon found—to quote his own words—"practically the untouched tomb of an Egyptian king."

THE MASTER BUILDERS. I

THE MAYA MARVELS OF CENTRAL AMERICA

By L. E. Elliott

THE MAYA MARVELS OF CENTRAL AMERICA

By L. E. Elliott

Traveller and writer on Central and South American Archæology

With illustrations from various sources, and by courtesy of Mr. A. P. Maudslay, the explorer of the Maya sites

BESIDE a sparkling river, curtained with the perpetual green of tropic forest, and backed by tumbled hills, stand the ruins of Copan. Temples and courts, set proudly aloft upon stepped pyramids and terraces, monoliths carved with such depth that they can almost be called statues, stairways with each step elaborately sculptured—here is an extraordinary wealth of eloquent remains, typically Maya in its varied richness, and typically Maya in its strange abandonment.

The ruins of Copan fall within the northern confines of the Central American Republic of Honduras, with the border of Guatemala but a few miles distant. Here the narrow gorge of the Copan River suddenly opens out to form a sunny and fertile valley varying in width from a quarter of a mile to a mile and a half, until, some nine miles farther along, the hills again close in upon the stream.

All this valley enclosure of, roughly, fourteen square miles, is an archæological treasure-house. Elevated about two thousand feet above sea-level, its climate is pleasant all the year round, the heat of the day balanced by chilly nights. But with the exception of a few little haciendas in the folds of the sierra foothills, and a shabby and shiftless little village that crouches near the stately ruins, the whole area of this once important and populous centre is deserted.

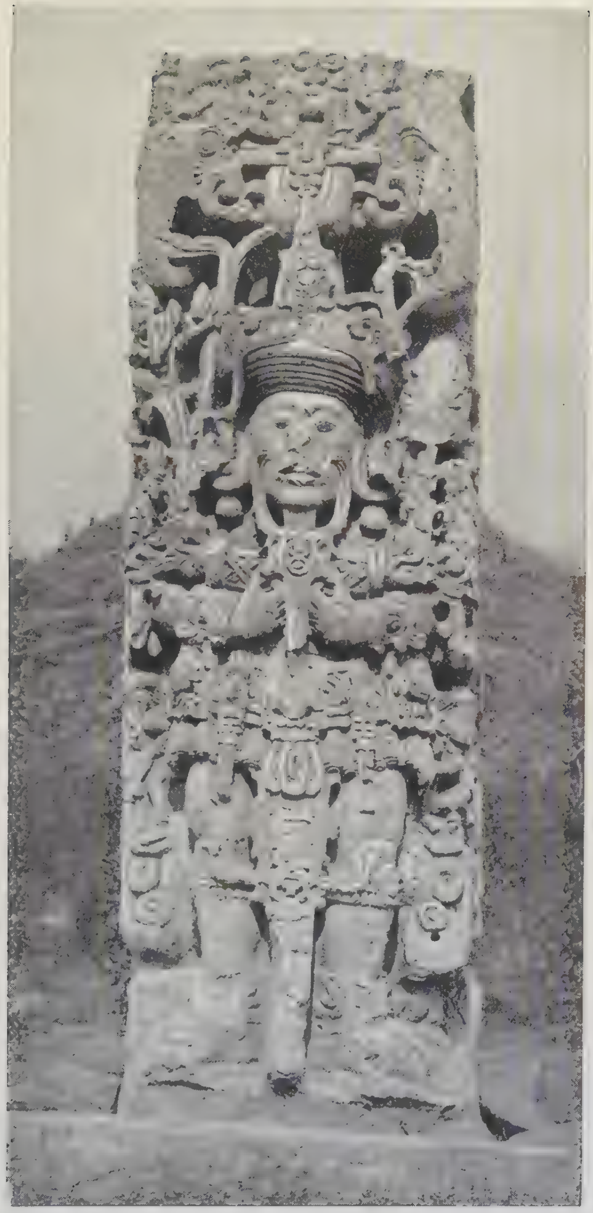
The Maya built houses for their gods in stone, however perishable were the dwellings of perishable man, and, despite the fact that all the records of Copan came to an abrupt end nearly sixteen hundred years ago, and despite the centuries of desultory pillaging that succeeded its desertion, enough monuments still stand to prove that here flourished one of the great religious centres of the world.

Not in the valley alone, but upon the adjacent hilltops, up the tributary ravines, extending ten or more miles away, is the handicraft of the Maya builder and sculptor, terraces and ruined temples crowning innumerable summits, glyphs and the fragments of figures of deities half-buried in tropic undergrowth. He who sees this enchanted valley as the writer once saw it, with the light of a brilliant moon upon the courts and stelæ, will also, perhaps, in his imagination, behold it throbbing again with life, see priestly figures in bright and strange garments and feathered headdresses ascending the stairways, while sacrificial fires flicker before the altars of the gods and the sound of voices rises from a thousand frail houses under the lee of the majestic temples.

Mount the broken steps, stand before one and another of the richly-carved monoliths of Copan, and you are convinced that this confident, boldly-conceived and definitely conventionalised art cannot have sprung full-fledged from a primitive community. Behind it must lie long generations of concept and experiment in art and in the astronomical lore which informed the majority of the records engraved with tireless skill upon scores of stones.

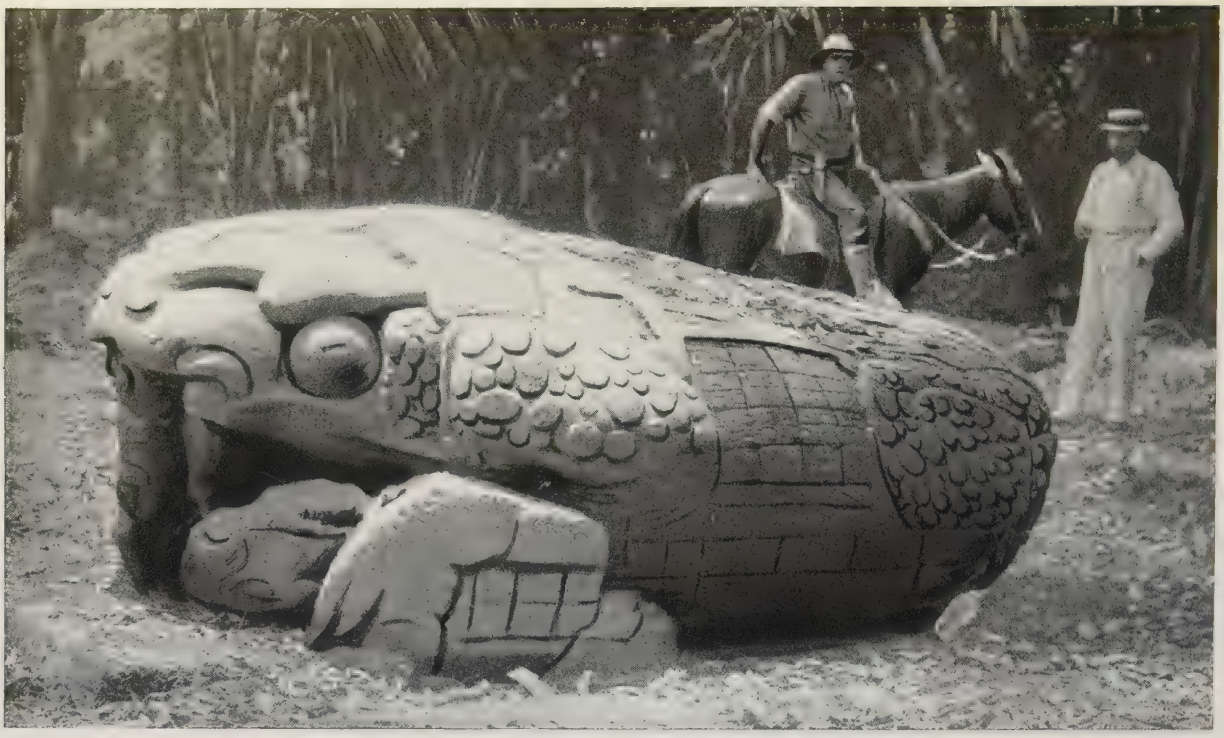
It is too soon to say that all the inscriptions of the great Maya area are concerned with calendrical calculations. A number of these stone writings still baffle the archæologist. But, so far as they have been read, their evidence proves that the deep preoccupation of the learned men of the Maya was with the calendar, and the correlation of religious ceremonial with the calendar.

Long periods of acute observation brought Maya knowledge of astronomy to a pitch of exactitude that would not shame a modern nation, although the latter has the advantage of the telescope. No doubt exists that, in addition to careful observation of the movements of the sun and moon, the Maya astronomers were able to calculate the motions of many planetary bodies, and



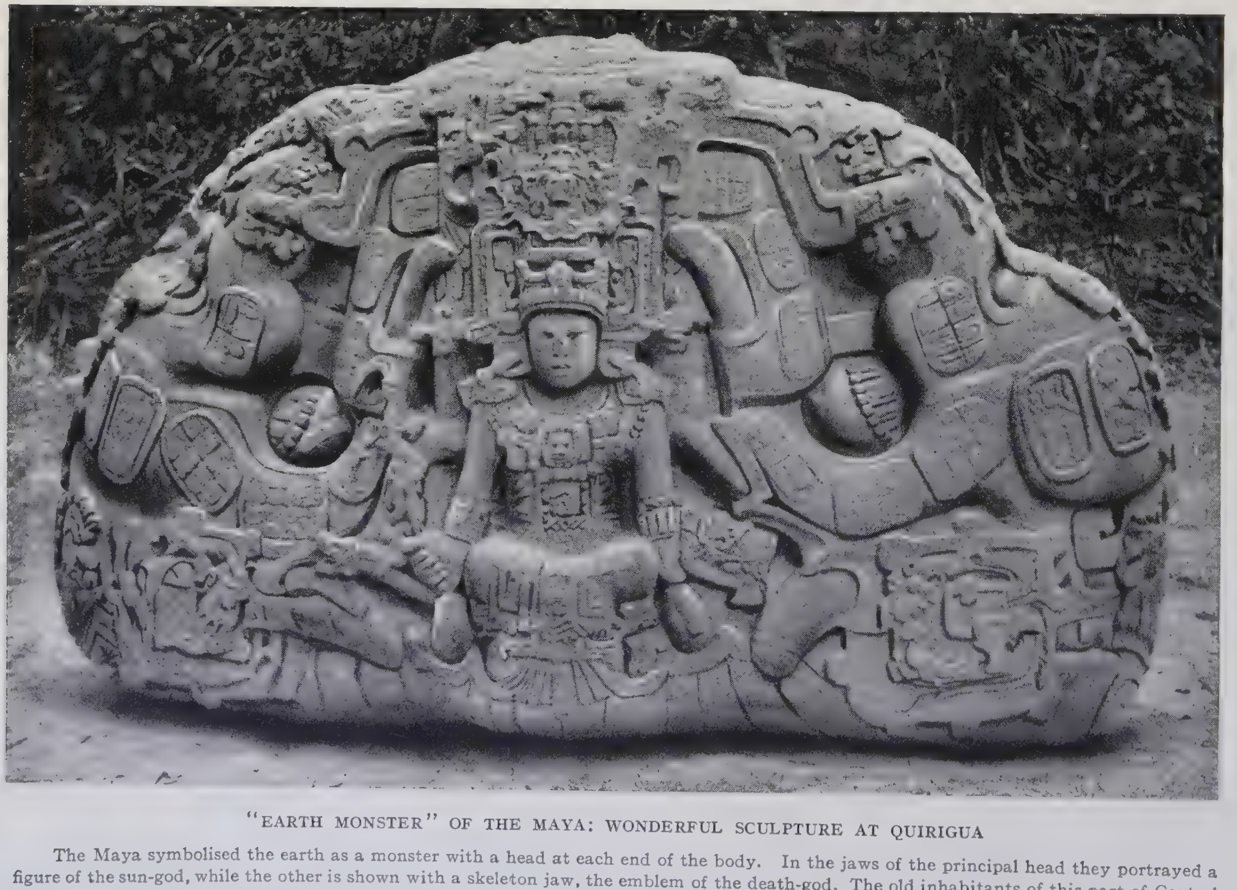
MONOLITHIC TIME-MARKER AT COPAN

In the early Maya epoch, stelæ, deeply-sculptured stones, such as this, were erected to mark the passage of a five-year period. This particular monument belongs to a comparatively late date in the history of Copan; it was raised early in the third century of our era.



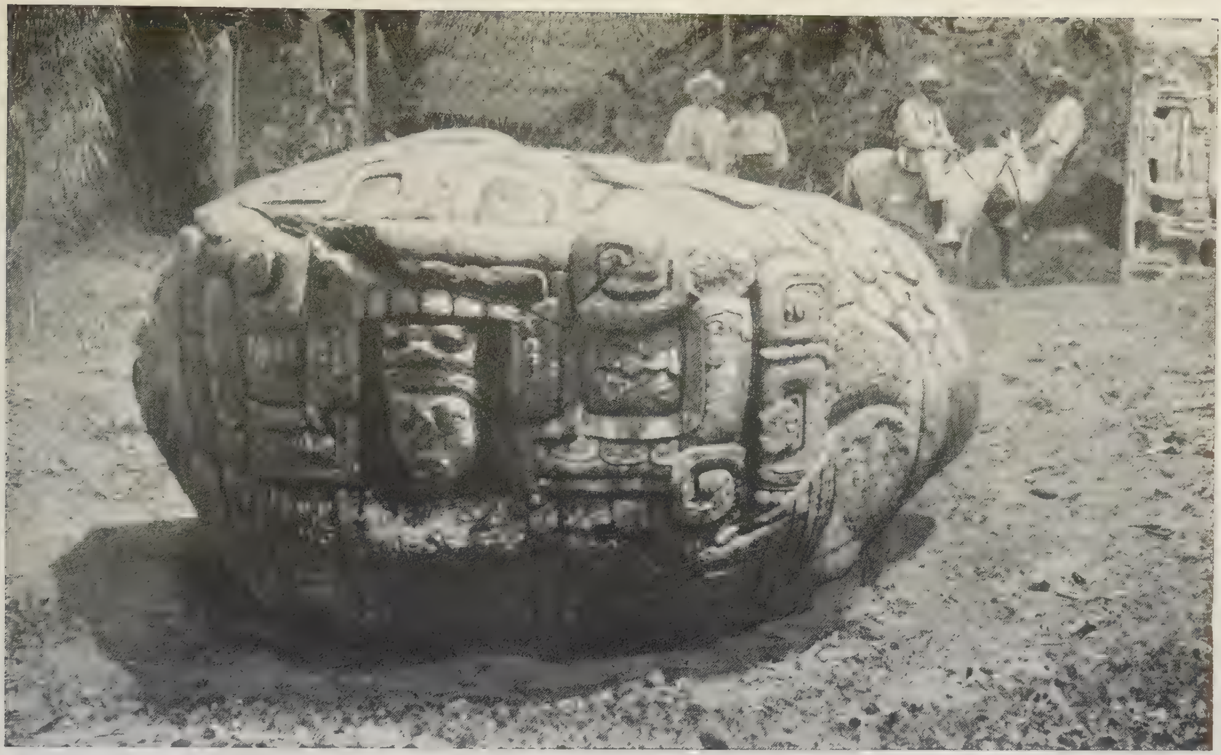
MANY OF THESE MONSTERS IN STONE WERE LEFT BY THE MAYA

There is a fine vigour of outline and sense of power in this sculpture, which is the more remarkable when it is remembered that these deeply sculptured monuments were produced without metal instruments, and merely with the aid of flint tools.



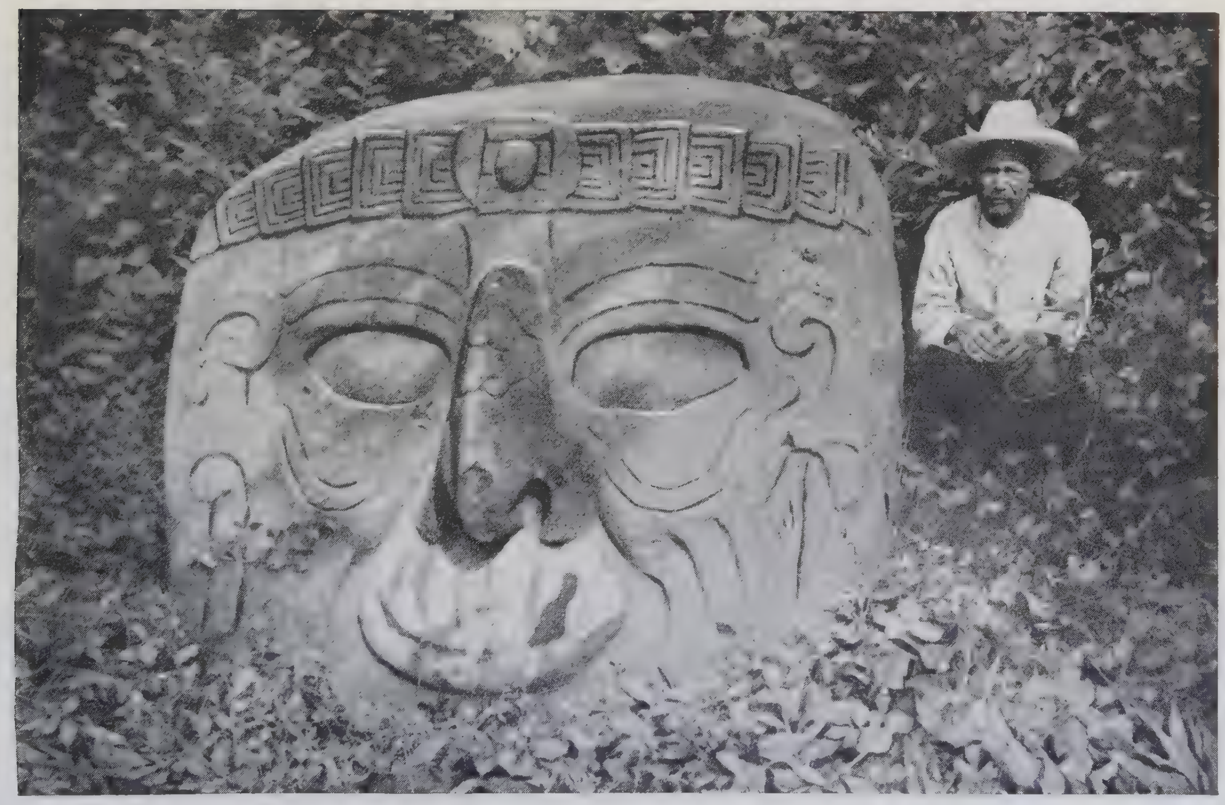
"EARTH MONSTER" OF THE MAYA: WONDERFUL SCULPTURE AT QUIRIGUA

The Maya symbolised the earth as a monster with a head at each end of the body. In the jaws of the principal head they portrayed a figure of the sun-god, while the other is shown with a skeleton jaw, the emblem of the death-god. The old inhabitants of this part of Central America imagined the earth as an alligator-like creature which swallowed the sun each evening.



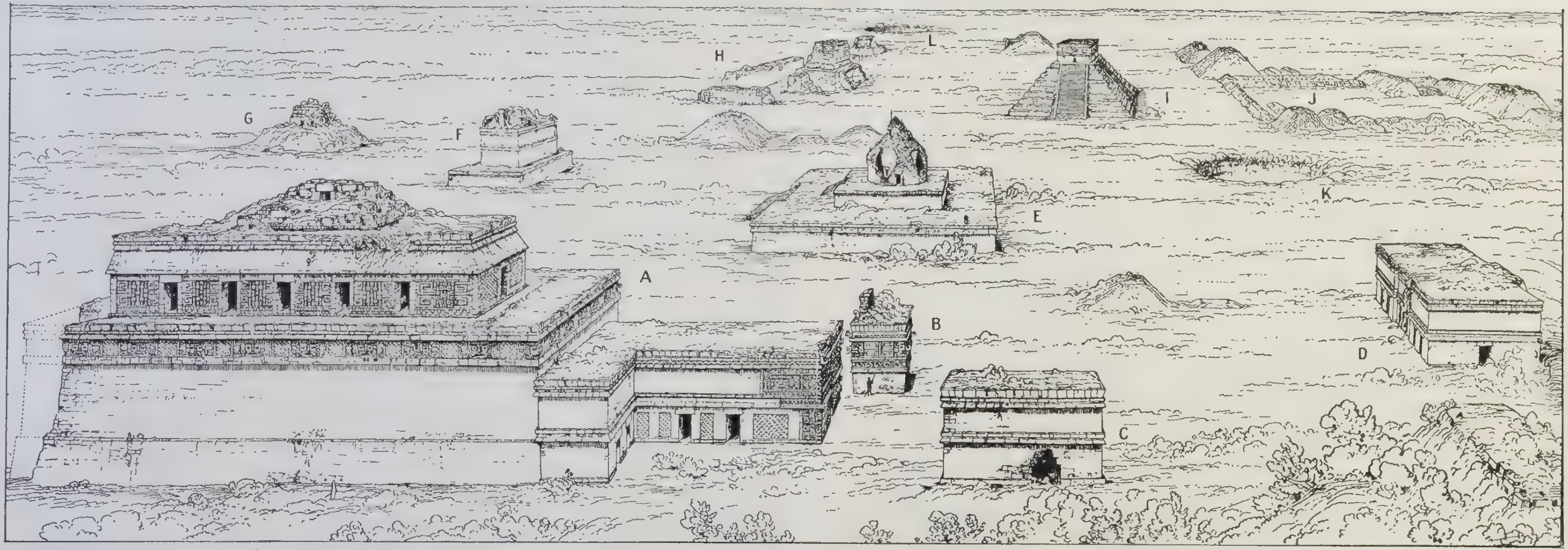
MASSIVE MONOLITH USED TO RECORD THE PASSING OF FIVE YEARS

Front view of another monolithic figure of the earth monster, with the head of the sun-god held in its jaws. At Quiriguá, in Guatemala, over a long series of years the five-year period was marked by the carving of one of these animals instead of by erecting a stela.



MYSTERIOUS GIANT HEAD OF MAYA SCULPTURE IN GUATEMALA

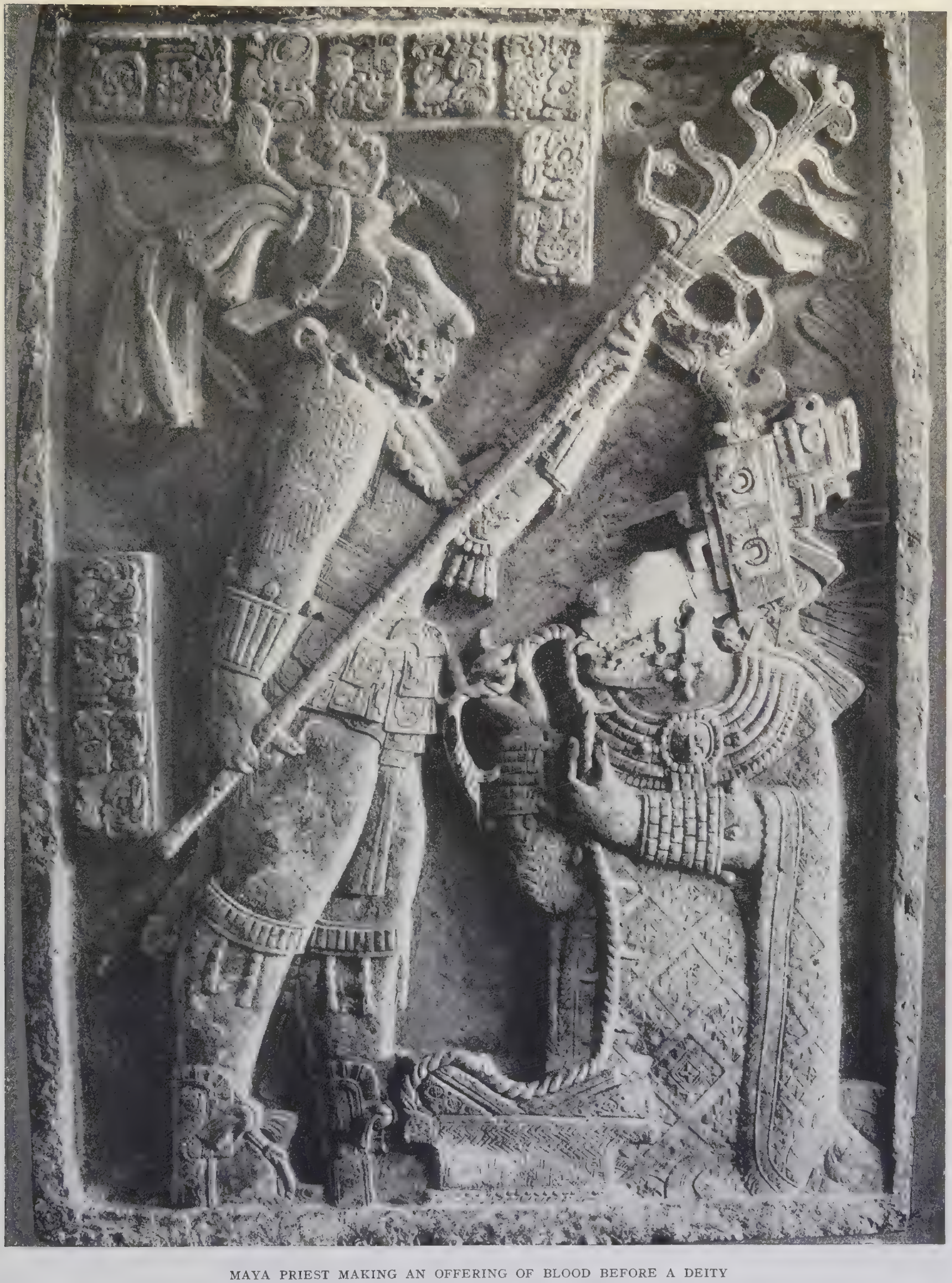
This remarkable colossal stone head was discovered at El Baul, in Guatemala. The style, though undoubtedly Maya, is very unusual, and it is difficult, even for the best informed of experts, to state with any definiteness its origin and significance. Regarded simply as a piece of sculpture, it is an amazing achievement on the part of those who fashioned it.



Reproduced from the "Anthropological Series" by courtesy of the authorities of the Field Museum of Natural History, Chicago, U. S. A.

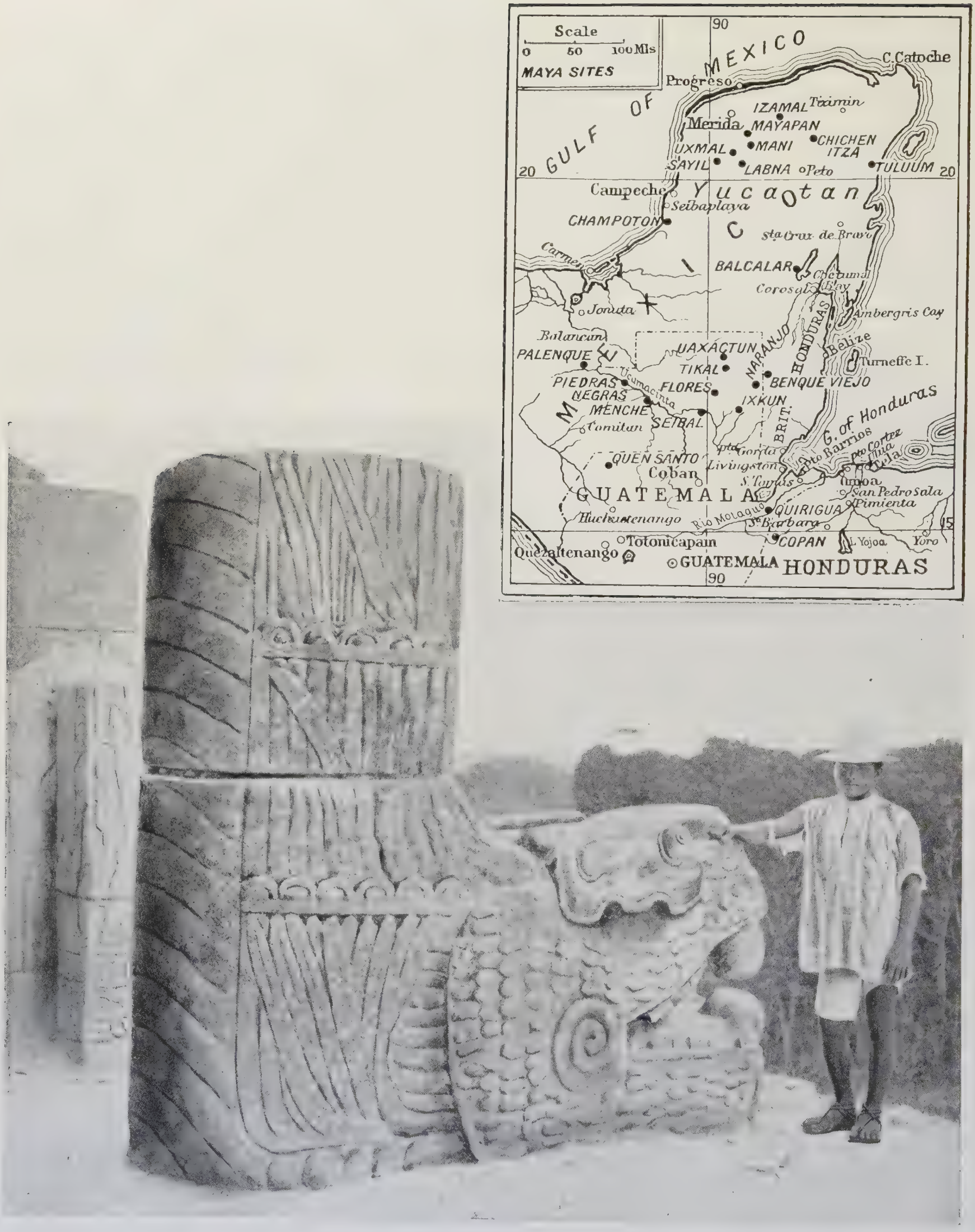
AN OUTLINE SKETCH OF THE IMPRESSIVE PANORAMA OF CHICHÉN ITZÁ, THE GREAT MAYA CENTRE IN YUCATAN

All the buildings of this magnificent Maya site, erected after the arrival of the wanderers from the forests of the south, are of the white limestone of the Yucatan Peninsula. The effect is dazzling; richly-adorned edifices of bold design shining snow-white under the pure blue of a burning sky upon the level country, where there are no visible rivers. All the water of the heavy rainfall soaks through the porous limestone forming subterranean streams, and here and there are the natural wells, due to the breaking down of the surface rock, the "cenotes" which made possible the settlement here of a great community. A.—House of the Nuns (Casa de Monjas). B.—(Small annex) the Church (La Iglesia). C.—Larger annex of the "Nunnery." D.—The Akat-Cib (the Writing in the Dark). E.—House of the Snail (El Caracol). F.—The Chichanchob (the Red House). G.—Small Temple. H.—The Ball Court, with Temple of the Tigers and Shields at side. I.—The Great Pyramid (El Castillo). J.—The Court of the Columns. K.—The Cenote Grande. L.—The Cenote of Sacrifice. These names do not denote the ancient use or nomenclature of the buildings, and are merely the inventions of the native workmen employed by explorers.



MAYA PRIEST MAKING AN OFFERING OF BLOOD BEFORE A DEITY

Human sacrifice, though in vogue among the Maya of Yucatan at the time of the Spanish Conquest, was not practised by the early Maya who, contenting themselves with what is called the "penitential rite," pierced their ears and tongues and so offered blood from their own persons. Reproduced here is a remarkable sculpture from Menché, which shows the figure of a god, standing with ceremonial staff in hand while a priest kneels in front of the Deity in the act of drawing across the tongue a rope spiked with thorns. A cast of this sculpture is in the British Museum.



BEAUTIFULLY FASHIONED SERPENT COLUMN FROM A MAYA TEMPLE IN YUCATAN

One of the serpent columns supporting the façade of the temple which crowns the great pyramid at Chichén Itzá, Yucatan. Unlike the architects of the Old World, those of the New did not, in designing columns, derive their inspiration mainly from the vegetable world. Tree motives do not exist. Columns are rare, and, where they exist, are mere broken sections of a wall, or assume the caryatid or snake form (as in this instance). Where they occur they may be taken as evidence of Toltec influence emanating, in comparatively late times, from the Mexican Valley.

that they checked their solar and lunar counts by the heliacal risings of the planet Venus.

Copan, however splendid, is but one of the great Maya sites. It is the most southerly, although below it, on the road to Panamá, strong evidences of Maya ideas abound. Some years ago I picked up near Cuscutlan, in Salvador, a small and exquisite pottery head of pure Maya technique, perhaps carried south by a trader or emigrant. But below Copan there are no temples, no inscriptions—no centres, that is, of learned men. The other points of the triangle of early Maya culture lie north and north-east.

Follow from Copan the northward flow of the river and, after traversing the hills of Merendon, you will reach its junction with the Motagua, a capricious stream scurrying to the Caribbean. Turn east with this water path and, some sixty miles north of Copan, there stand upon the left margin, in deep jungle, the ruins of Quiriguá. These twenty-foot-high stelæ, magnificently carved in a style distinct from that of their shorter predecessors in Copan, and the huge monolithic animals, render the Quiriguá remains extraordinarily impressive in all this land of ancient wonders.

Copan lies in its sunny upland valley, open to sky and sun; the noble carvings of Quiriguá stand under a canopy of eternal forest, and the tops of the palms close some forty feet above them like giant feathers of translucent jade. Heavy blue butterflies, as big as birds, tremble above the ferns; tillandsias and orchids drip fire and honey from a thousand branches; the still, heat-charged air hangs in the twilight of the forest, and suddenly between the huge buttressed trunks there rise the pale columns of Quiriguá, serene, imbued with tremendous dignity.

All about the main series of tall stelæ, or upright stone slabs, carved back and front with richly ornamented figures, plumed in stone with the slender flowing feathers of the sacred Quetzal bird, and inscribed with glyphs, or picture-writings, upon the sides, are other great stones—the enormous "earth monster," and a number of altars carved in the likeness of animals. Hidden in the forest are stepped terraces and the ruined sites of pyramids.

There is no mystery concerning the source of stone for these carvings. As in the case of Copan, the quarries lie fairly close by, while all about are found numbers of hard stone knives and axes, the only tools which the Maya craftsmen employed in the carving of stone. The internal evidence of the date glyphs appears to prove that this was an offshoot of Copan; the two form the southerly point of the Maya triangle.

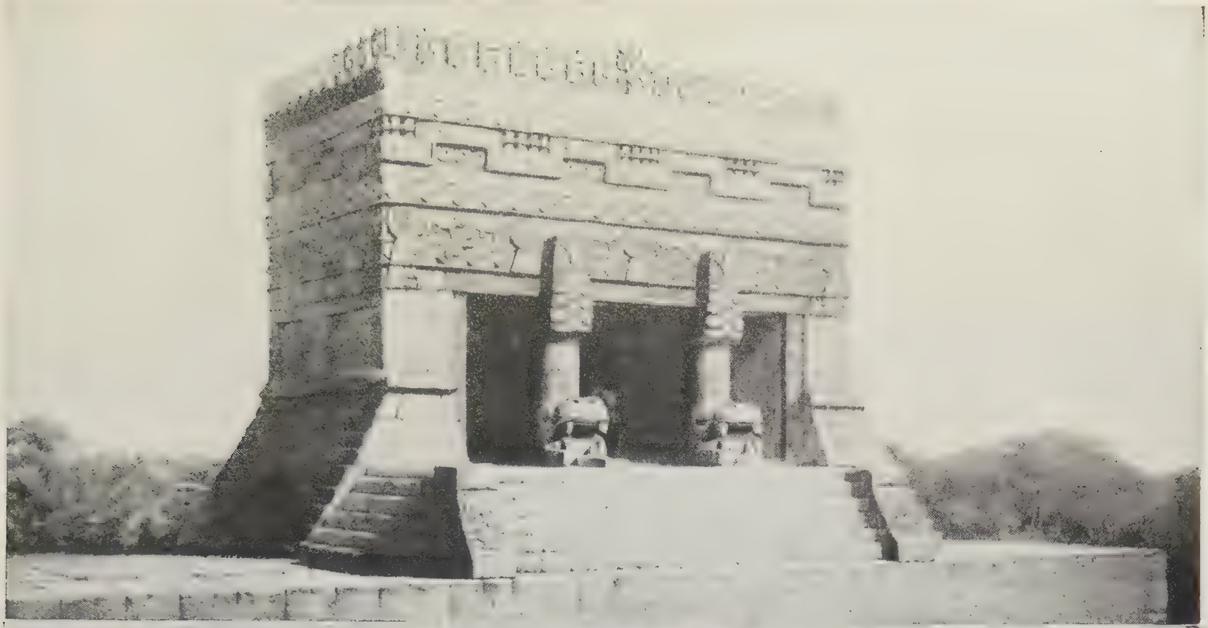
To find the other two points one must look almost due north and slightly west for Uaxactun, some three hundred miles away through a maze of mountain and forest, and thence westward for a lesser space to Palenque. Uaxactun was the most ancient and apparently the longest occupied of all great Maya sites; Palenque, although occupied for a comparatively brief period, has yielded the incomparable treasures of the famous Tablet of the Foliated Cross and the perhaps more beautiful Tablet of the Sun.

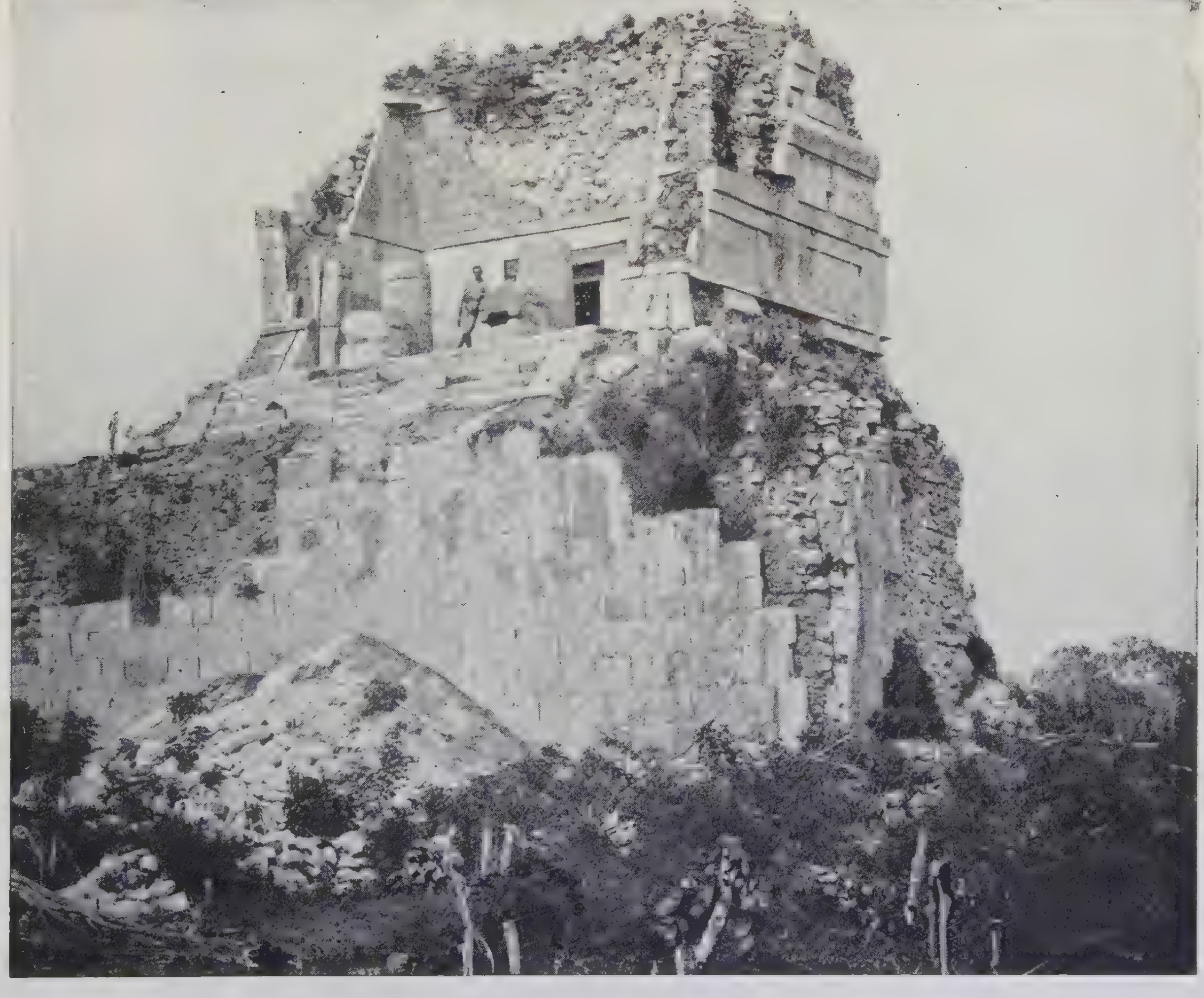
An offshoot of Piedras Negras, Palenque seems to have been the artistic parent of Menché. Both display specimens of the finest art of the Maya. The careful studies of Maudslay, made between 1881 and 1894, brought to light series after series of raised buildings with striking characteristics. The Maya architect had no knowledge of the principle of the true arch, and he closed walls by gradually overlapping the construction blocks until they were sufficiently near to be bridged by stone slabs; as a result the interior width of the buildings was comparatively small, with rooms like narrow corridors.

These temples and dwellings are often surmounted by great roof-combs, and the great exterior surfaces from the steps of the foundation-pyramid to the high crest of the building offered scope for the play of Maya skill and artistic imagination.

Of this scope full advantage was taken, and the carved stone slabs, the coloured stucco reliefs and frescoes of the Golden Age of the Maya are without parallel. Seven of the stone lintels of Menché are preserved in the British Museum.

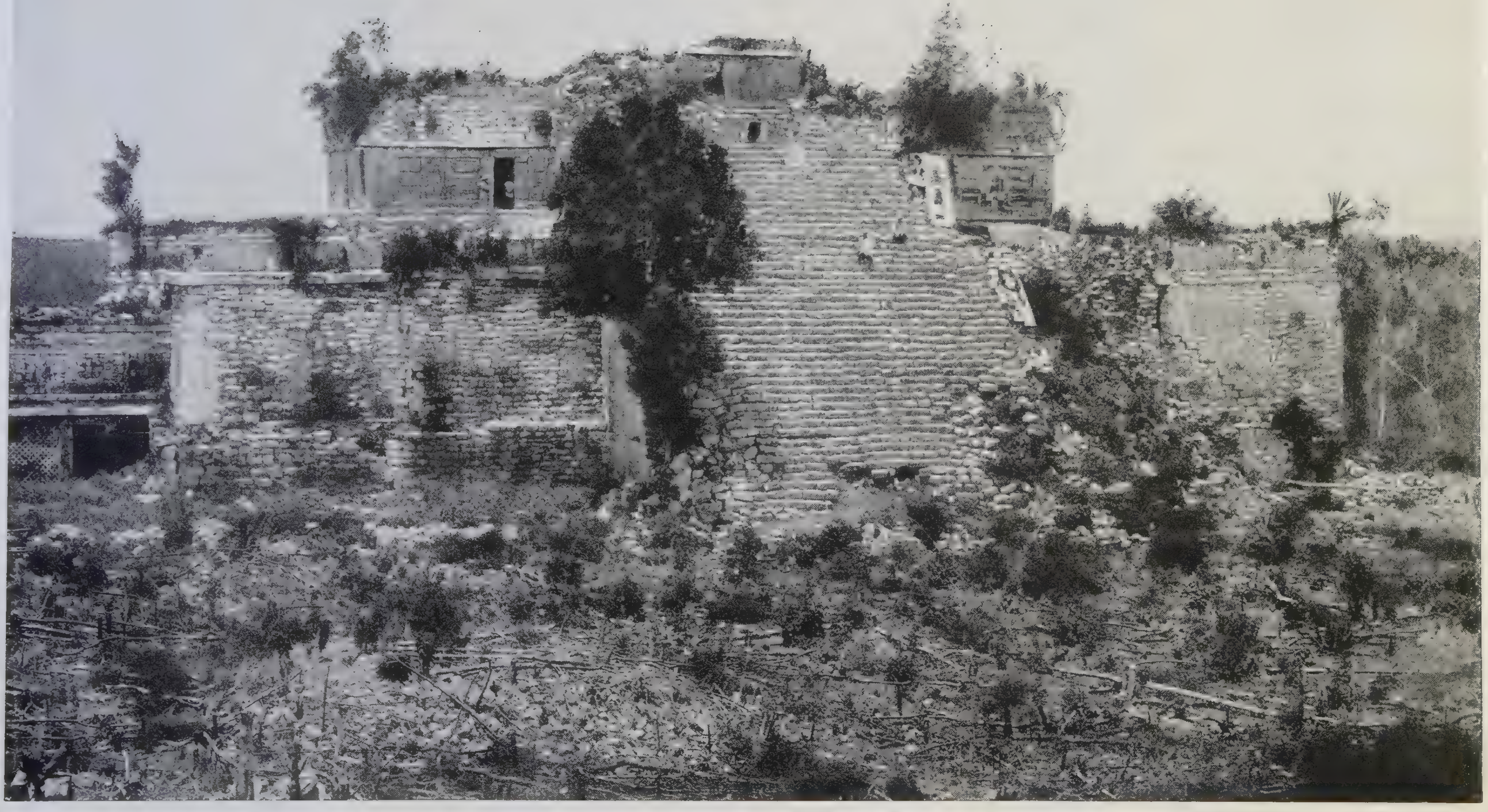
From Uaxactun, a site displaying a sequence of dates that are accepted as running from 212 B.C. to A.D. 340, the later settlement of Tikal appears to have been directed. Also within the triangular enclosure of Copan, Uaxactun, and Palenque are a number of other daughter sites of the same flourishing period—Seibal, Flores, Ocosingo, and Naranjo among them.





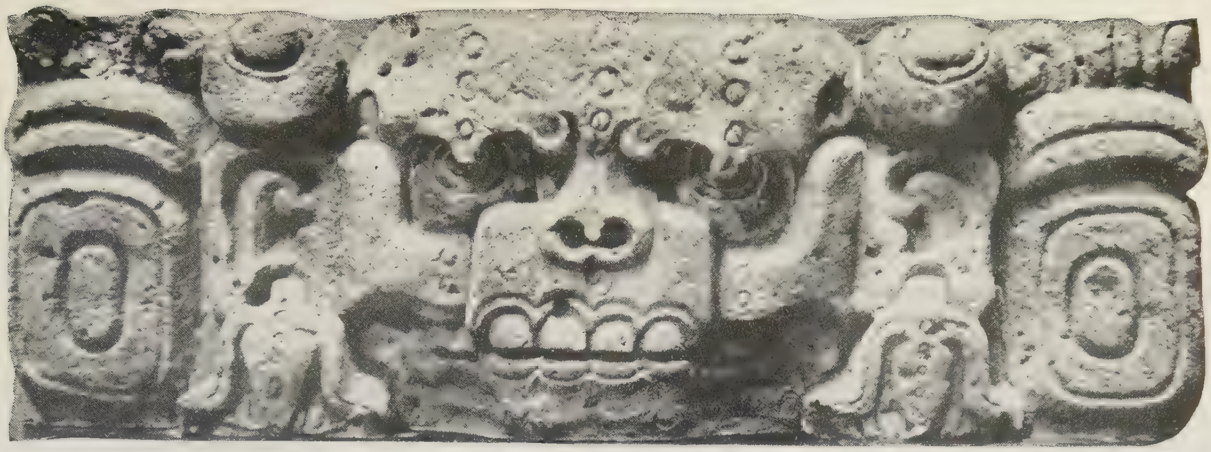
TOLTEC-MAYA TEMPLE BEFORE ITS WOODEN LINTELS PERISHED; AND AS IT IS TO-DAY

Below is a photograph of the Temple of Tigers and Shields at Chichén Itzá, in its present condition. Above is a restoration of the same building, illustrating the harmonious proportions and beauty in detail which characterised the period of Toltec-Maya architecture. The "tigers (i.e. jaguars) and shields" appear in the frieze, but the outstanding feature is constituted by the rattlesnake columns which are one of the most striking creations of Toltec genius.



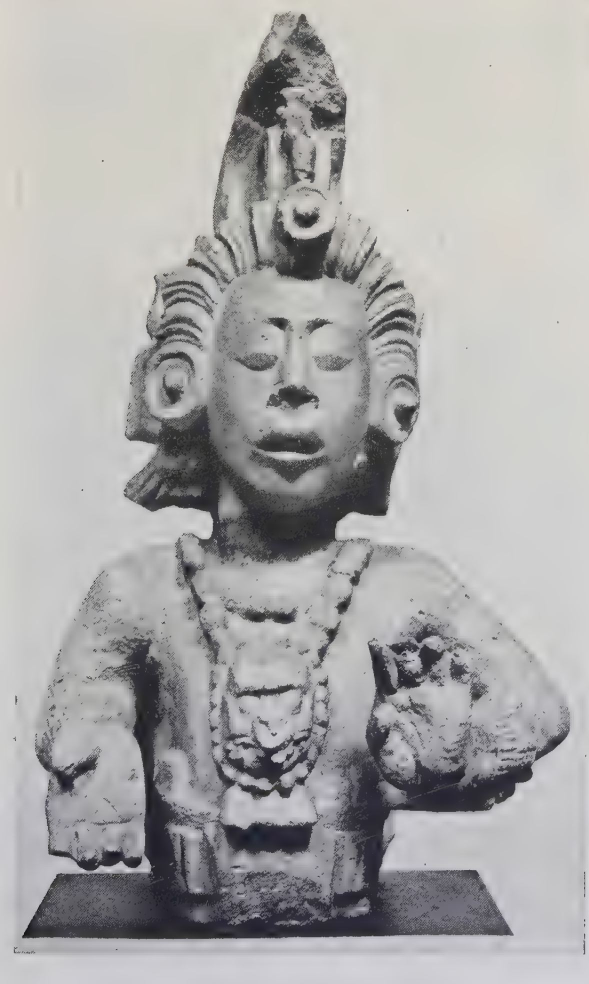
A STATELY RUIN WHICH STILL STANDS BOLDLY IN THE CLEAR ATMOSPHERE OF YUCATAN

The so-called House of the Nuns at Chichén Itzá, an immense rectangular building, rich in intricate mosaics and carvings, is one of the most perfect specimens of later Maya architecture. In the days of its splendour it had three storeys and a grand staircase 56 feet wide. Not all the storeys were in use in its final development, since the lowest had been filled solid with masonry in order to bear the weight of the later superimposed buildings. This architectural complex bears witness to several phases of reconstruction, and, consequently, to the length of time that the site must have been occupied. Would that we had a fuller knowledge of these people who lived so long ago and built so astonishingly well.



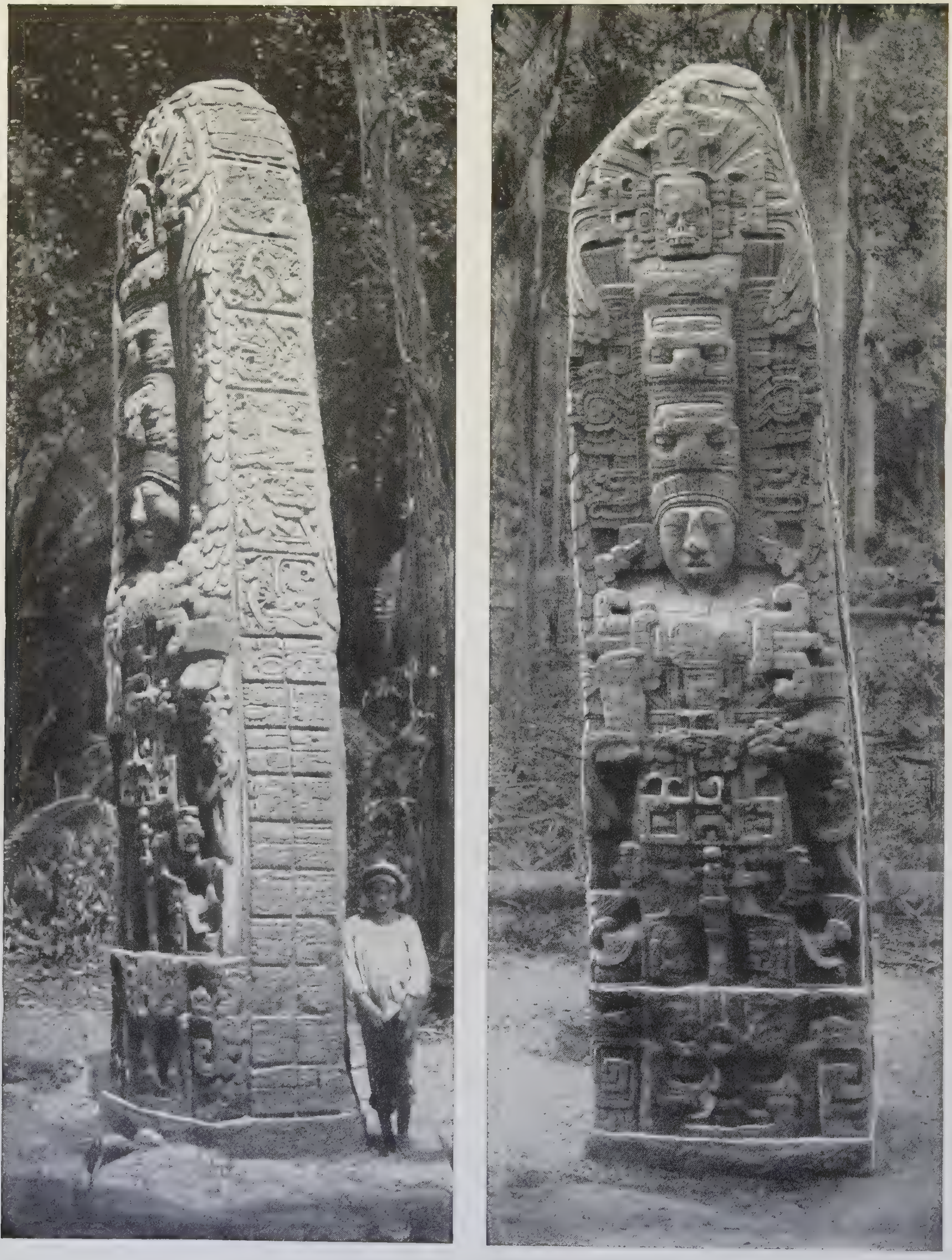
GRIMLY REALISTIC HANDIWORK OF A SCULPTOR WHO LIVED 1,700 YEARS AGO

This wonderful representation of the head of the death-god of the Maya, carved on a rectangular block of stone measuring 3 ft. 4 in. by 2 ft. 8 in. was found at Copan, and is now preserved among the Maya sculptures in the British Museum. The monument is the work of a man who lived early in the third century of our era.



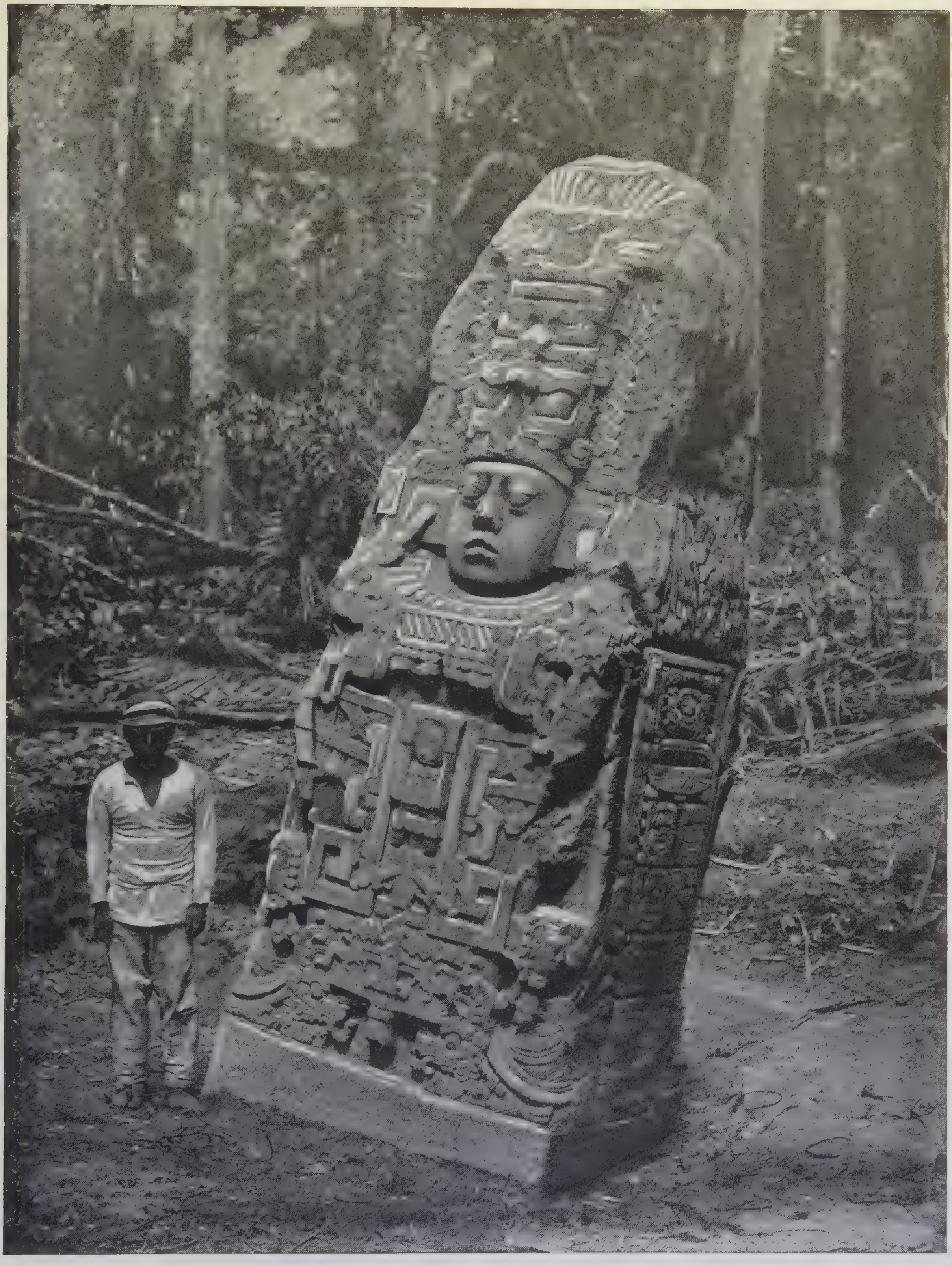
BUST OF THE MAIZE-GOD OF THE MAYA

Originally part of the exterior decoration of a temple at Copan, this is perhaps the most perfect known specimen of Maya sculpture in the round.



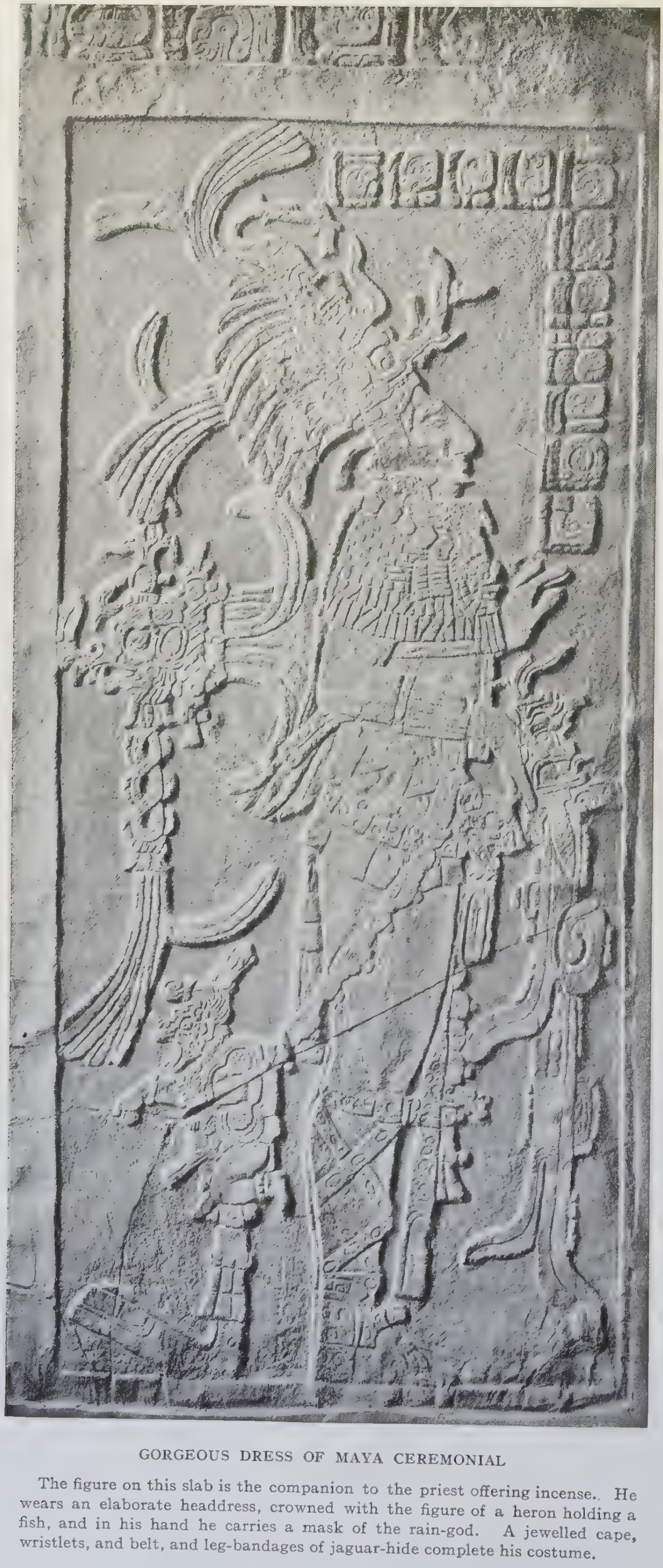
MYSTICAL MONUMENT OF ABORIGINAL AMERICAN CULTURE

This monument, one of the numerous stelæ, or upright slabs, still standing at Quiriguá under a canopy of dense forest, measures 24 ft. from base to summit, exclusive of the portion fixed in the earth. Human figures, wearing elaborate ceremonial headdress, are carved on front and back, while the sides are covered with some of the most elaborate Maya inscriptions, or glyphs, that have yet been found.



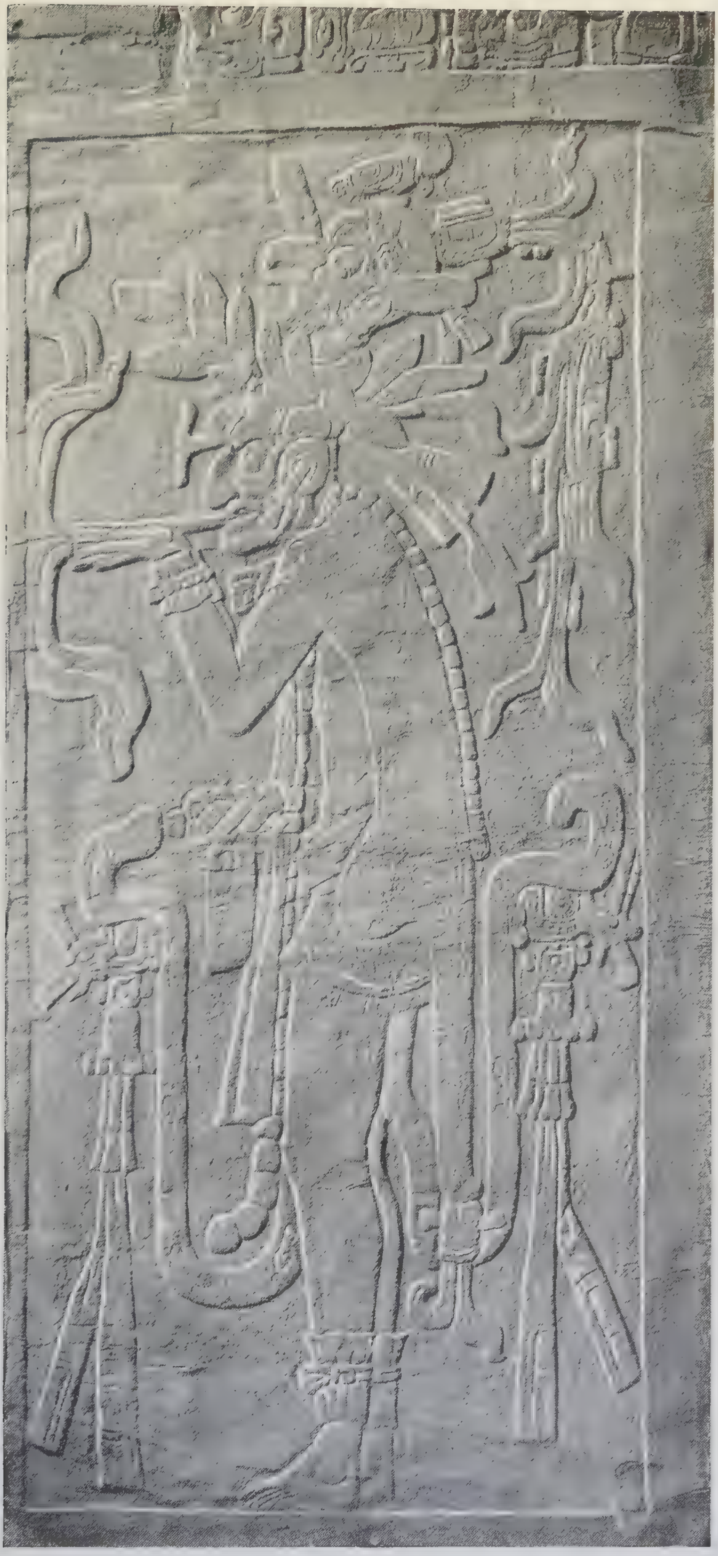
WHERE ALL THE MONUMENTS ARE MASSIVE THIS PASSES FOR A DWARF

Imposing time-marker standing among the ruins of Quiriguá, in Guatemala. On either face is carved a human figure in elaborate dress and ornaments. On the two sides are calendrical reckonings in the ancient hieroglyphs. Though of colossal proportions, it is the smallest monolith at this site, and is popularly known as the "Dwarf." While Copan lies in a sunny valley, Quiriguá's carven stones stand in a forest land, canopied by the jade-green foliage of lofty palms.



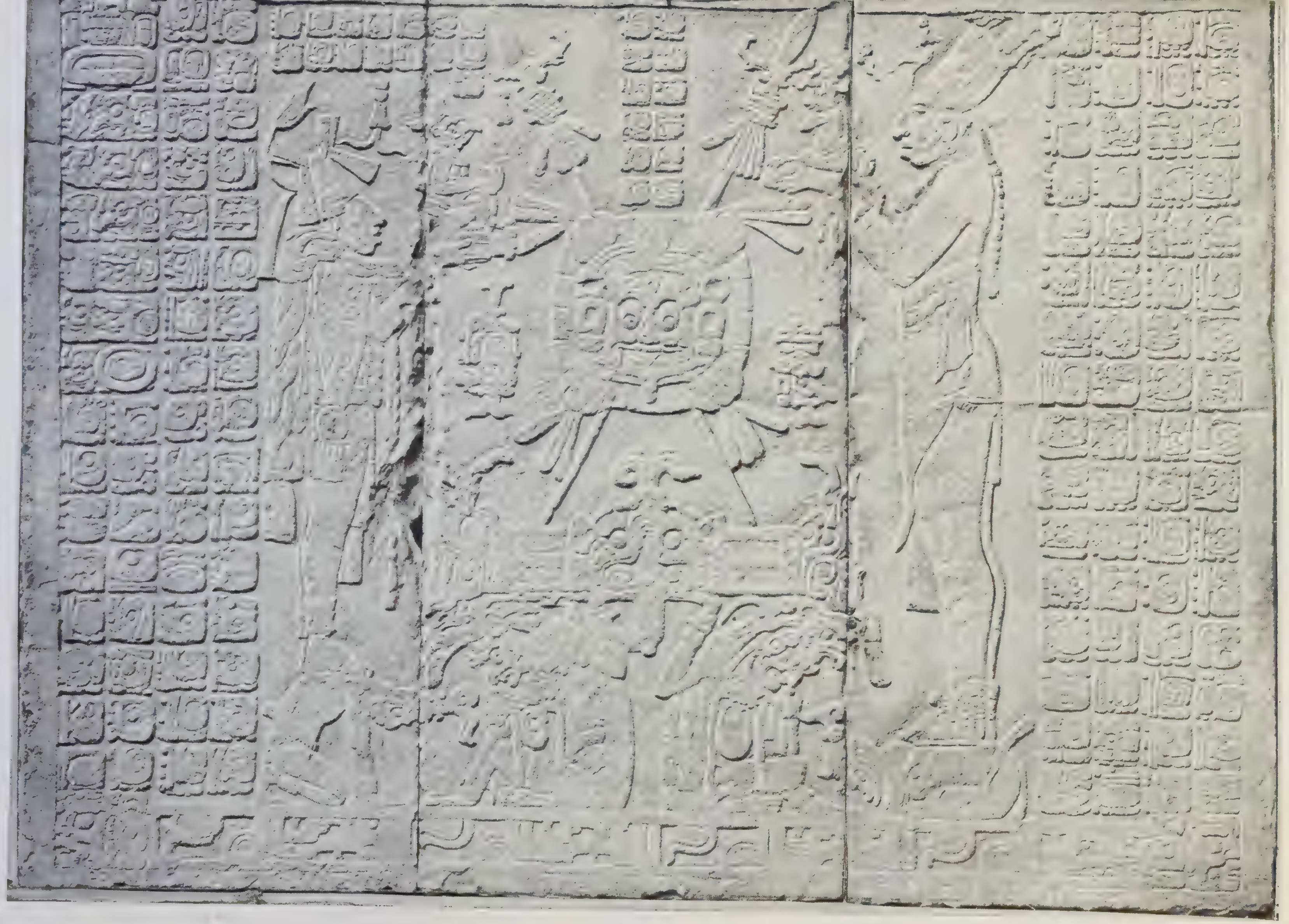
GORGEOUS DRESS OF MAYA CEREMONIAL

The figure on this slab is the companion to the priest offering incense. He wears an elaborate headdress, crowned with the figure of a heron holding a fish, and in his hand he carries a mask of the rain-god. A jewelled cape, wristlets, and belt, and leg-bandages of jaguar-hide complete his costume.



MAYA PRIEST OFFERING INCENSE

Stone slab, from the Temple of the Cross at Palenque, showing a figure with the face of the thunder-god blowing an offering of incense through a tube. His head is crowned with a mask of the mythological Moan-bird, associated with clouds and lightning. This energetic example of relief carving belongs probably to the second century A.D.



IN THE TEMPLE OF THE SUN AT PALENQUE, WHERE MAYA CRAFTSMEN EXCELLED THE SCULPTORS OF BABYLONIA

Huge triple slab which may be assigned to the second century of our era. On either side of the emblem of the sun-god, which forms the centre, officiating priests are carved in pure profile with a restraint and purity of line that are wholly admirable. Such art could not have sprung full-fledged from a primitive community; behind it must lie long generations of endeavour and experiment. The figure on the right is one of the most beautiful examples of low-relief carving in the world, while the grotesque supporters in the centre evidence a knowledge of perspective far in advance of that possessed by the sculptors of Babylonia or Egypt.

All have been abandoned to the forest for more than fifteen centuries.

Only a few people have seen the majority of these ruins. Exploration is difficult, the climate not always healthy, and in such regions as that of Petén, where the "Lacandones" live, foreign visitors are regarded with hostility. It is here that persistent reports credit the natives with practising the ancient faith and of making sacrifices of copal and flowers to the old Maya gods. With the exception of Maudslay's excavations at Copan, towards the close of the nineteenth century, practically no scientific digging work has been done, and almost all that we know of this great period of the rise of a true indigenous culture is derived from the monuments.

The daily life of this organised, settled, and peaceful people is exemplified by a few handfuls of stone beads, some weapons and tools of flint and obsidian, a few figurines and fine stone masks, and a dozen or so of pieces of pottery. Not a single scrap of textile is known to exist; yet we are aware from the vivid portrayals of the stone pictures that the great men of the Maya wore splendid and elaborate garments, intricate head-dresses of mosaic and feathers, finely made sandals, wristlets, anklets and girdles, and handsome cloaks; we see that basket-work and rope-making were among their industries.

We know, too, with fair certainty, how long their period of contented occupation of the great centres endured. The efforts of modern scholars have resulted in the fixation of a dating system which is brought into definite relation with our own; thus, whatever space of time lies behind the creation of Copan as a magnificent ceremonial centre, it is agreed that the first date discovered in this valley is equal to 55 B.C. That is to say, the Maya artists were carving the first stone glyphs of Copan at just about the time that Julius Cæsar was preparing the invasion of Britain.

Uaxactun shows dates starting more than a century earlier; those of Tikal also precede the dating of Copan; but when the system had been crystallised by the Maya experts it was adopted throughout the great triangle of the Maya area with its inner ring of younger centres, and for over three hundred years every one of the settlements set up, at the end of each fifth year, a dated record in stone. This was the Golden Age of the Maya, a brilliant efflorescence finding its great expression in splendid and beautiful temples. It flourished until about A.D. 340, soon after the end of the Tenth Cycle of the Maya calendar. Then the whole of this great artistic and scientific effort came suddenly to an end, as if a magic hand had wiped it out.

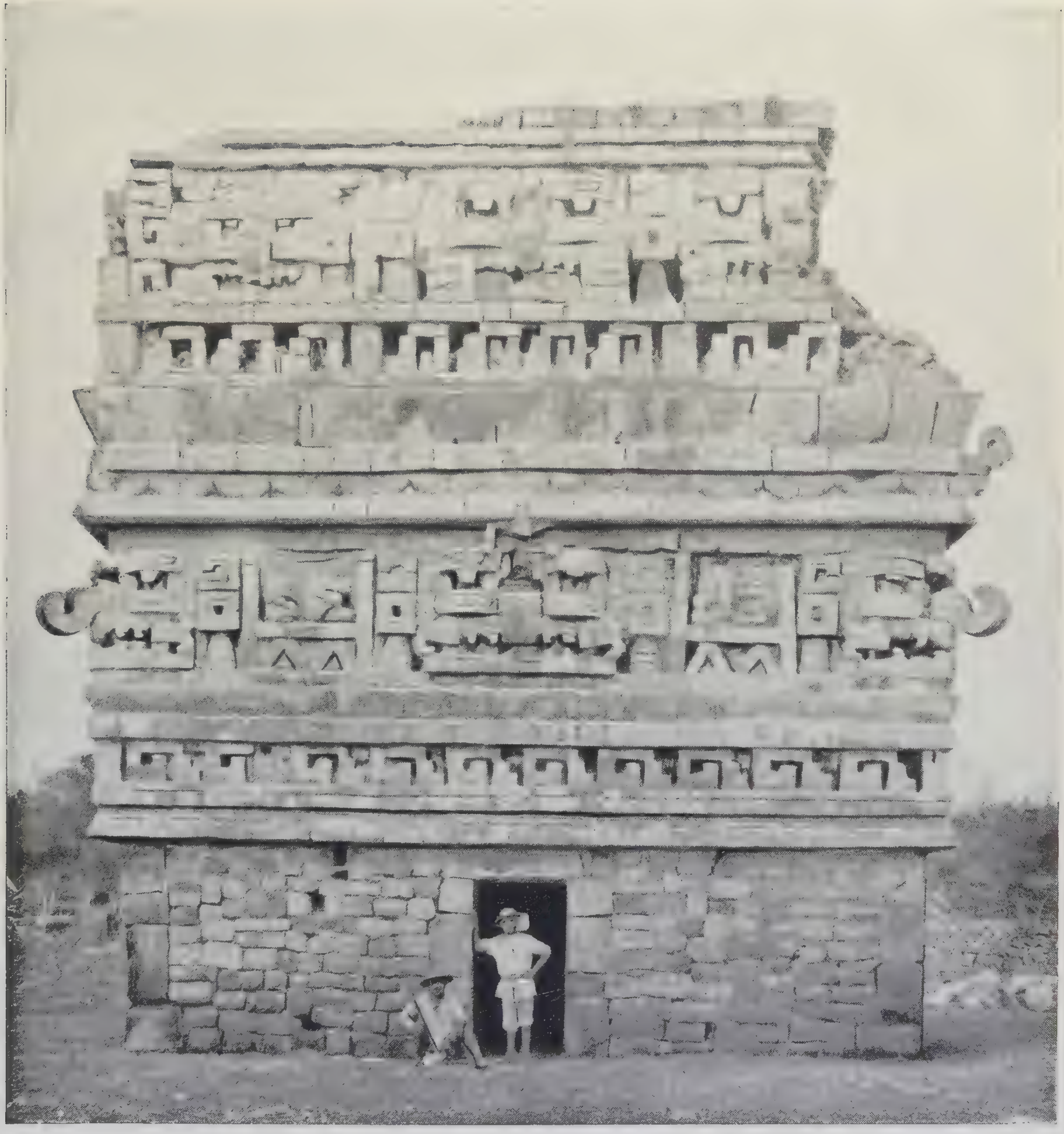
Not a single glyph was carved within the great triangle after this time, and it is reasonable to suppose that the desertion of the sites by the inhabitants then occurred. Neither spoken tradition nor the historical legends of certain of the emigrant clans, written down soon after the Spanish conquest, explain this mystery. No guess, suggesting change of climate, invasions of disease, earthquakes or the fear of enemies, sheds a light upon this strange event sufficiently. Though a mural painting in the Great Ball Court at Chichén Itzá shows a battle, Maya monumental carvings are almost uniformly peaceful. Nor do the ancient Maya sites display any sign of destruction other than that of the slow pressure of nature.

The reason of the Maya dissolution remains mysterious, but we know where the dispersed people went. A few probably wandered south without their learned men, and some west, influencing the Quiché and Kakchiquel tribes. But the big mass of the people, led by their priests armed with calendrical lore, went north to Yucatan.

Thanks to painstaking archæological research, their passage may be traced to-day.

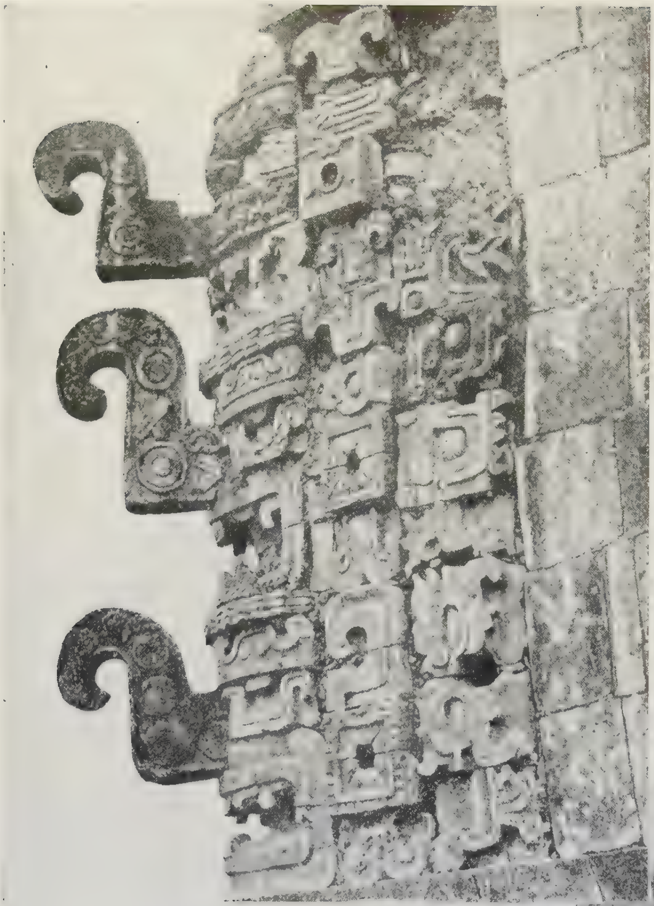
The pilgrimage lasted for centuries, and upon the way to the hot and fertile limestone plains of Yucatan they founded a number of sites, such as Santa Rita Corozal in the north of what is now British Honduras, and in more northerly Balcalar. In both of these cases they stopped where they found water, for behind the coral reefs of sun-stricken Corozal are a little lake and a river; the Balcalar site, blazing in the Yucatan heat, is upon the edge of a lake of considerable size, and it was to this lake and the little islet in the middle that the last of the learned Maya made their way after the overthrow of their race by the Spaniards under Hernando Cortés in the early part of the sixteenth century.

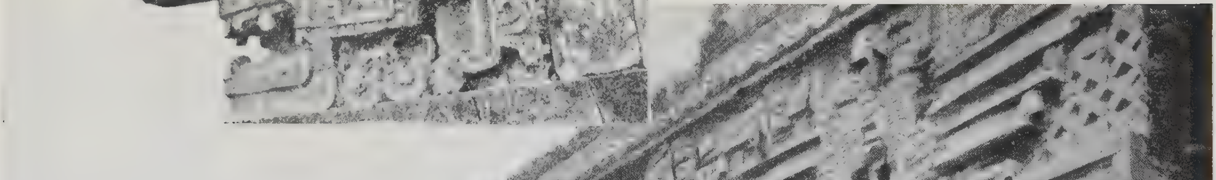
The region through which the Maya passed is one of broken



A MAYA MASTERPIECE OF ARCHITECTURAL MOSAIC

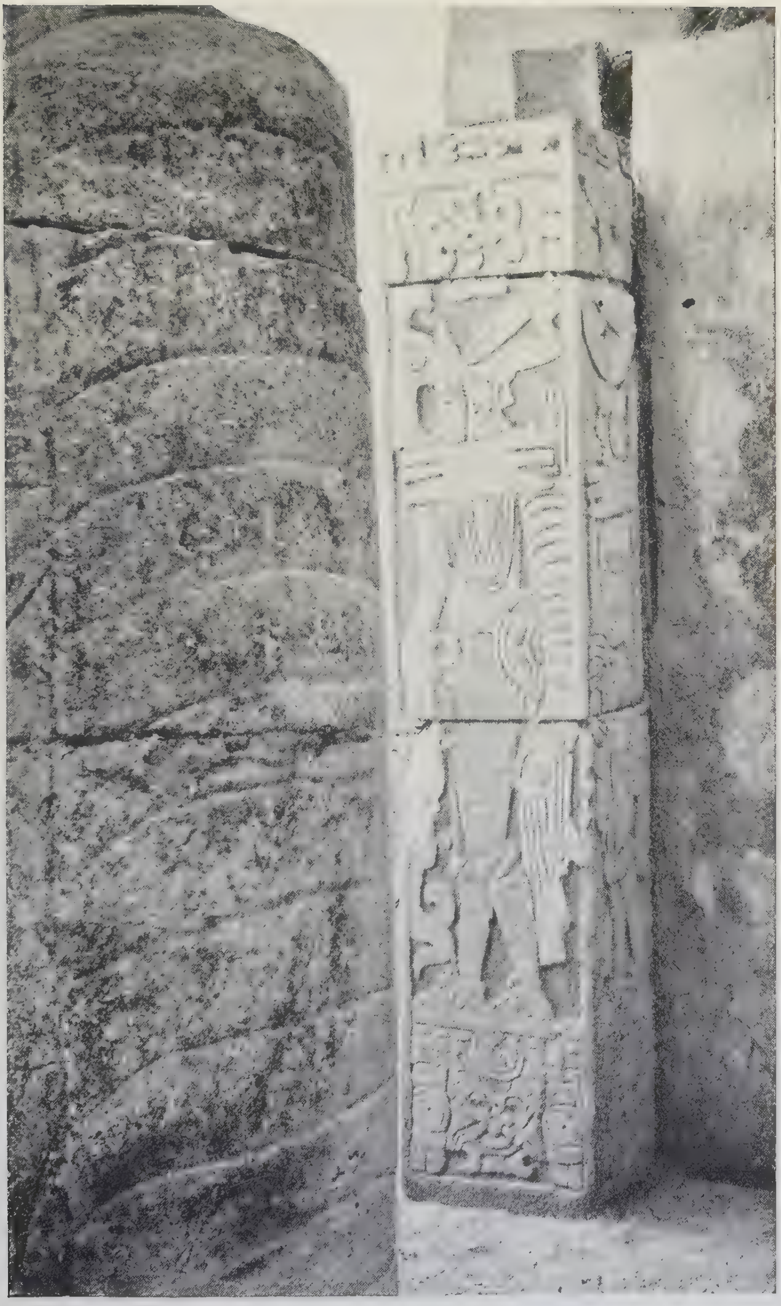
Example of Maya architecture from Chichén Itzá, in Yucatan, affording a good illustration of the skill of the Maya builder before he came into contact with the Toltec. The high façade of the building is a mosaic of limestone blocks so assembled as to portray a series of masks of the rain-god, whose snout-like nose was borrowed from the tapir, an animal identified in mythology with the lightning.





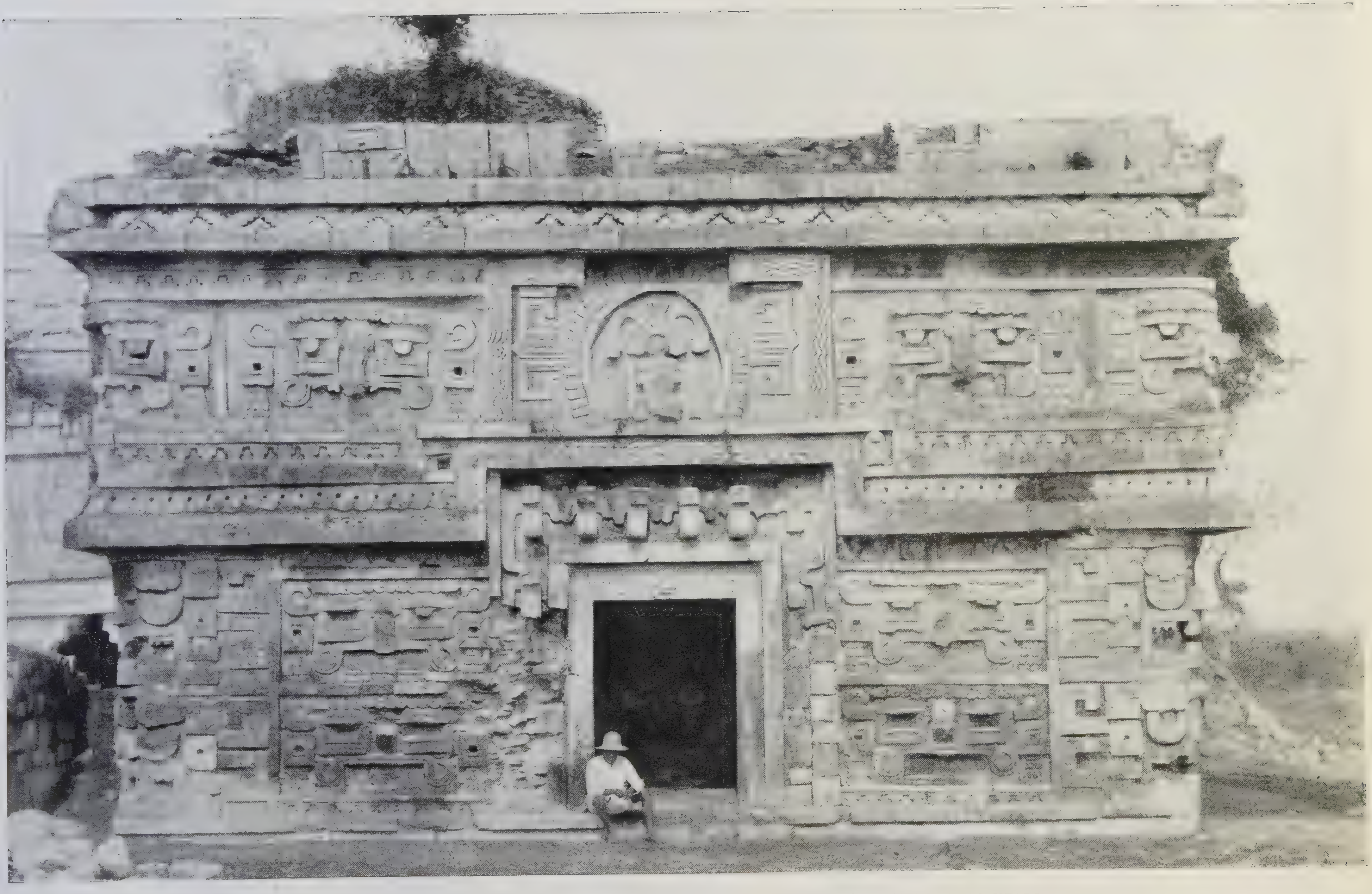
DECORATIVE MOSAIC USED BY THE WONDER-WORKING ARCHITECTS OF OLD-WORLD YUCATAN

Uxmal, in Yucatan, an offshoot of Chichén Itzá, is remarkable for the elaborate mosaic decoration of its buildings. One of the finest is the so-called House of the Governor, shown in the lower photograph on this page. This building has many doorways provided with wooden lintels, and the decay of the latter, though responsible for a certain amount of damage, has not seriously endangered the stability of the building. In the upper photograph is shown the detail of a corner, the mosaic being arranged to show a series of colossal grotesque rain-god faces with characteristic trunk-like noses.



PLUMED MAYA WARRIOR OF ANCIENT YUCATAN

Pilaster from the Temple of Tigers and Shields at Chichén Itzá, showing a fighting-man of the period (eighth to twelfth century A.D.). The warrior wears a plumed mosaic crown, and is carrying a spear-thrower. His wide breast ornament, probably of gold or copper, calls for particular notice; so does his hip shield with the sun device. The temple contains a series of these wonderfully carved pilasters.



STILL WELL PRESERVED THOUGH ABANDONED AND NEGLECTED FOR NEARLY 1,500 YEARS

This building, forming part of the group known as the Nunnery, is one of the best preserved of the Maya structures at Chichén Itzá. The lintels are intact, and most of the mosaic wall decoration is in place. When in its original state the intricate design was emphasised by the masks being painted in crimson, turquoise blue, and other colours; the effect then must have been even more striking than that made upon the beholder to-day.

mountains, of deep barrancas, luxuriant vegetation in the valleys, and of turbulent streams. Tree-ferns and pink-flowered frangipani trees shade the paths, and here and there the abrupt precipices and gorges are exchanged for open grassy lands or pine ridges. There are few game animals in the forest country. During the Maya wanderings, deer and turkey, no doubt, formed, as they form to-day, the chief prey of the huntsman. The clans must have paused now and again to plant maize and yucca, peppers and beans and pineapples.

It was while they halted at an unidentified place, known traditionally as Chacnouitan, that they "heard of" Chichén Itzá, the chroniclers say. Perhaps they heard of the curious natural wells formed by deep caverns, the cenotes, in the limestone floor of Yucatan. Here they established themselves, priests and artists and artisans, near the great Cenote of Sacrifice, from which a wealth of beautiful specimens of late Maya art, including jade and gold ornaments, has been taken.

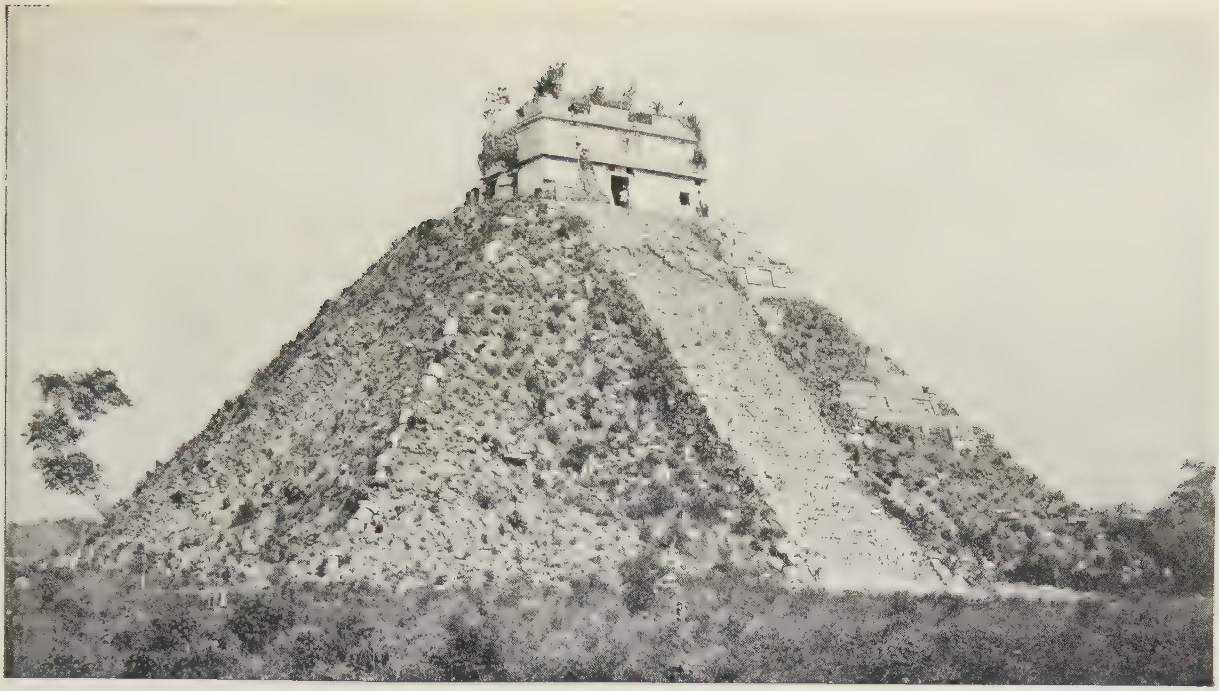
It is a simple matter to visit Chichén Itzá, entering Yucatan by way of the port of Merida. Here is to be seen a magnificent complex of wide plazas and richly ornamented temples, fine examples of the revivified art of the transplanted Maya. The ruins are still stately, their intricate mosaics and carvings standing boldly in the clear atmosphere of Yucatan.

Nearer and more accessible, but a day's journey from Merida, are the beautiful sites of Labna and Uxmal. The latter is one of the most marvellous of the Yucatec remains. These were offshoots from Chichén, and from that mother settlement were also founded Izamal, Sayil, and Mayapan, all displaying splendid monuments; the three chief cities, Chichén, Uxmal, and Mayapan, formed a famous "League," whose break-up was the signal for internal dissension, the introduction of Toltec mercenaries, and the condition of internecine warfare in which the Spaniards found Yucatan when they first landed in 1517.

Down to the Spanish entry the great sites were periodically visited on religious festivals, although the erection of monuments and record dates had ceased some time previously. But to the eye of the invader the temples and their deities were things of abomination, and no time was lost in destroying all that was destructible, including quantities of precious Maya manuscripts, burnt in huge bonfires by the Spanish priests.

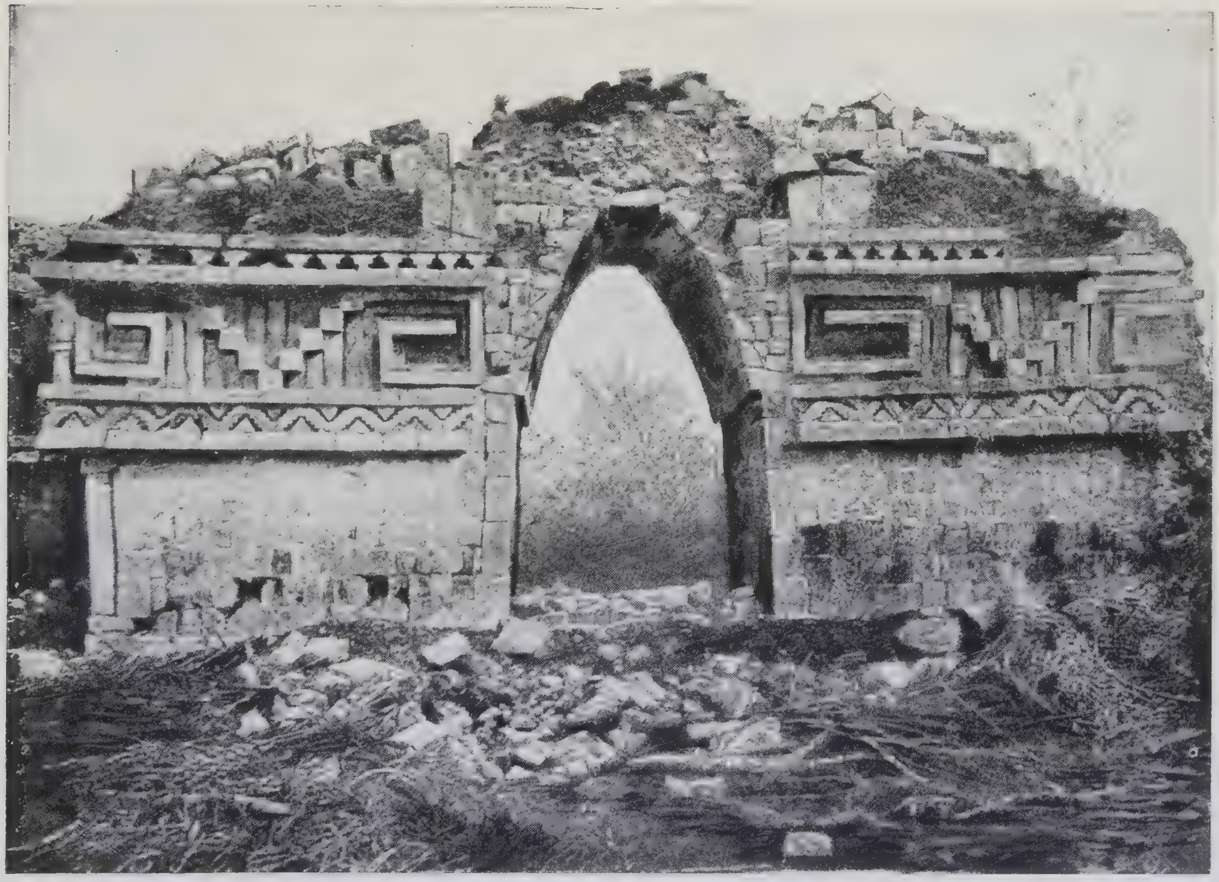
It is to the credit of the Spaniards that they set down what has proved to be the key to the date inscriptions, for the names and signs which the Yucatec Maya told to Bishop Landa are identified with the glyphs of the great ancient temples in the south, and that, teaching the Spanish language to the quick-witted Maya, they gave to apt pupils a medium in which chroniclers set down for the benefit of posterity the famous "Books of Chilan Balam," relating the bare outline of the story of the northerly wanderings of the Maya.

The ruins of Yucatan, magnificent as they are, present no such problem as that of the great cradle of Maya culture. Their extent and the cause of their decay are known. The mystery lies farther south, in the sweltering forests of Central America, in the sites that await a skilful examination. Perhaps on some future day the scientific explorer may bring to light unrevealed stores of ancient learning, and manuscripts may yet be found to shed illumination upon the great mystery of the Maya, whose colossal handiwork, extending, as we have seen, over hundreds of years, had been abandoned and seemingly forgotten when the land was first made known to Europe in the sixteenth century.



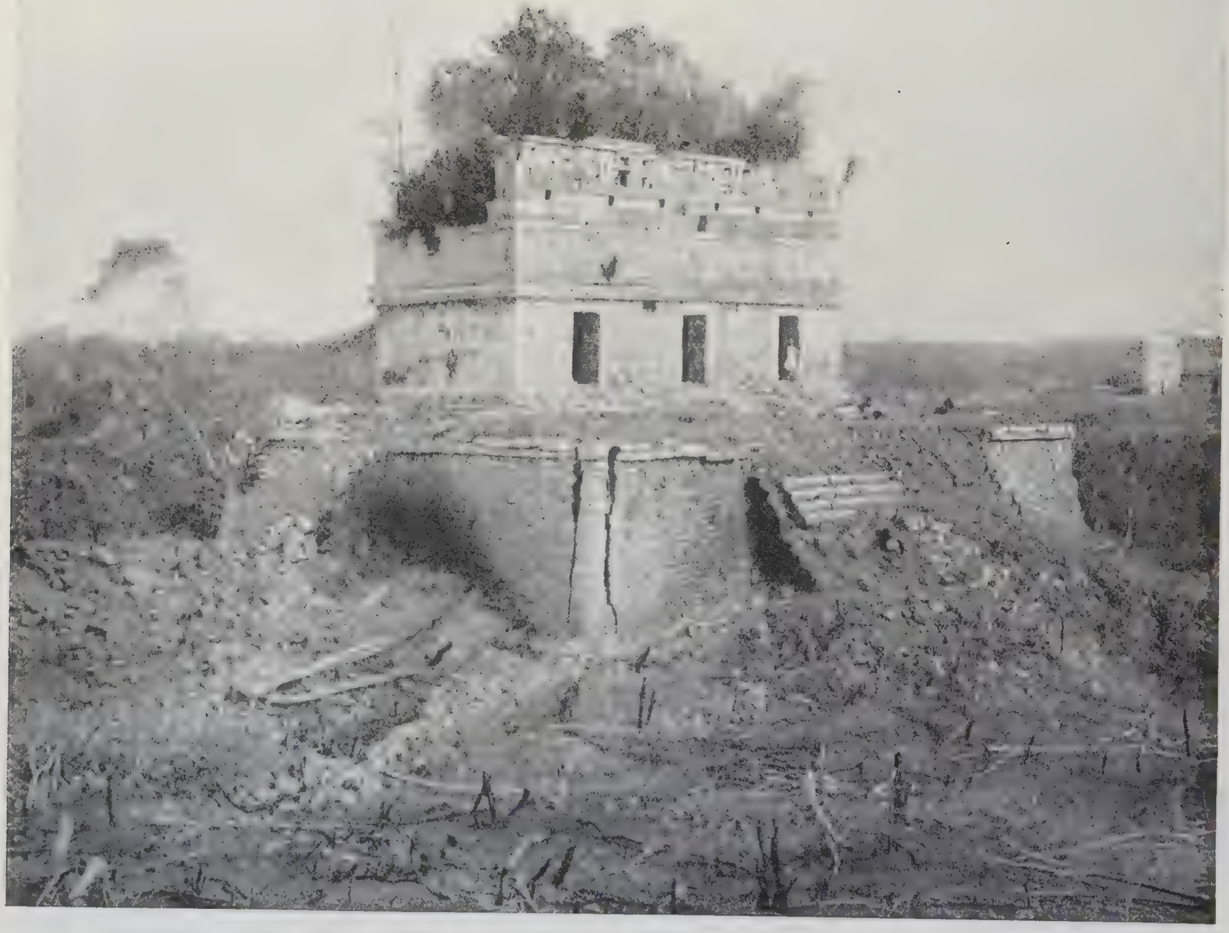
MOST IMPOSING OF ALL THE TEMPLE-PYRAMIDS OF YUCATAN

The so-called "Castillo" at Chichén Itzá is built on a pyramid 200 ft. high, and is approached by 103 steps. Rising above the plain, unobscured by forest, the building is one of the most striking ruins in the district, and is richly ornamented with carved stones. It may be ascribed to the eleventh or twelfth century A.D., as its architecture bears many traces of Toltec influence.



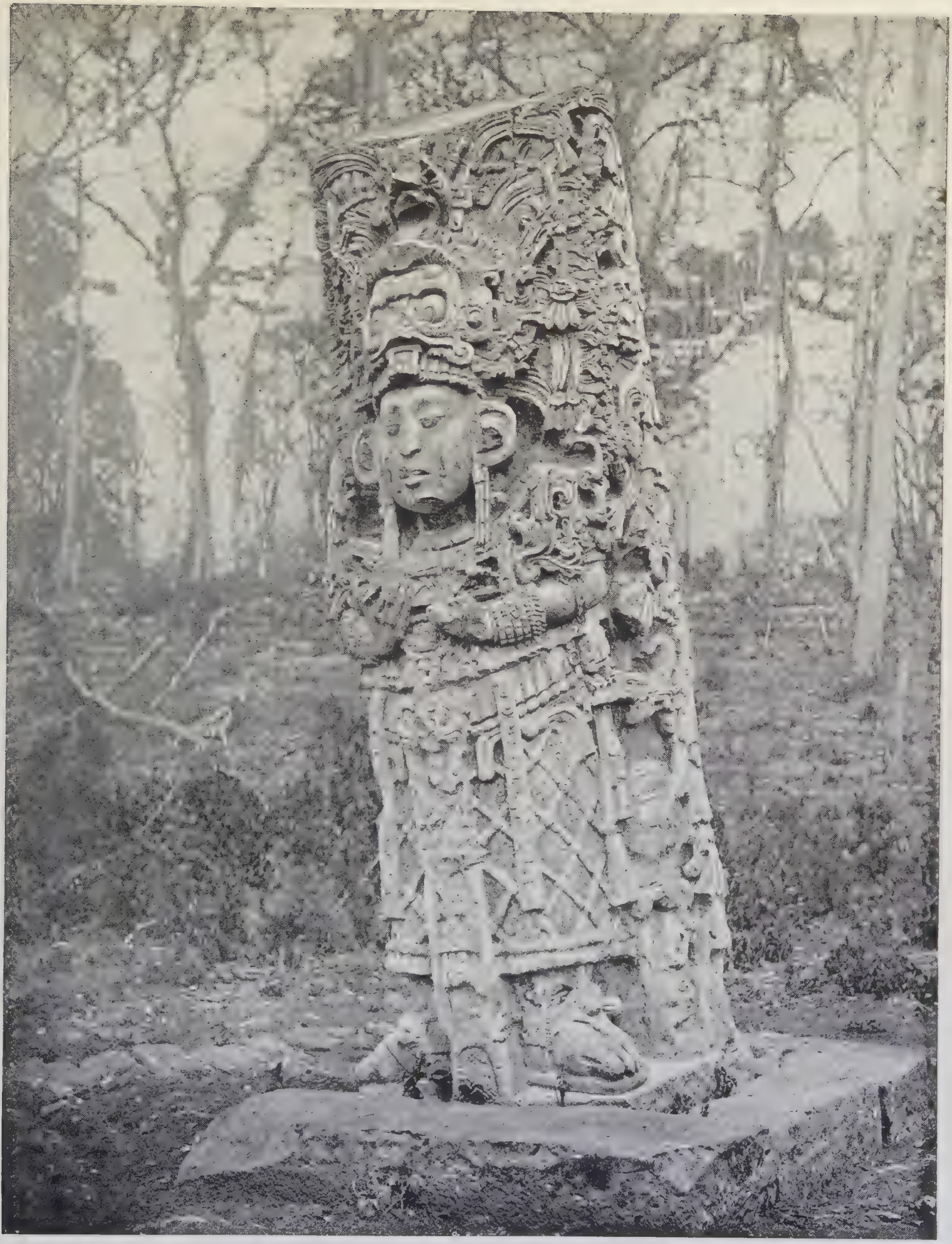
RARE EXAMPLE OF THE ONLY FORM OF ARCH KNOWN TO THE MAYA

This well-preserved arch at Labnah, some eighteen miles from the railway at Ticul, the nearest large town, is one of the best-known Maya ruins in Yucatan. The arch, which is made in the peculiar Maya style, without a keystone, is about 10 ft. in width. Beyond it lie the ruins of a great court which age and strangling vegetation have almost wholly destroyed.



ALL THAT REMAINS OF THE CHICHANCHOB, OR "RED HOUSE," AT CHICHÉN ITZÁ

Owing its present popular name to the fact that it had been painted with red cement, this building is a particularly good example of the earlier Yucatec architecture. The upper parts of the inner walls, also the lintels, which are made of Zapote tree wood, still in a remarkably good state of preservation, are covered with inscriptions in Maya hieroglyphics, which, to date, have defied the efforts of all those who have attempted to decipher them.



DECORATIVE MASTERPIECE OF MAYA SCULPTURE FROM COPAN

This date-marker, probably erected in the year 202 A.D., is one of the finest examples of Old Maya Empire stone-carving. So deep is the carving that it approximates to sculpture in the round. Apart from the dignity and aloofness which are so strikingly characteristic of the monuments of this period, it bears witness also to the high stage of proficiency attained by the Maya in the minor arts. The dress provides evidence of the Maya weaver, and the ornaments show the high level which the stone-cutter had attained in the manufacture of the local "jewelry."

THE WONDER CITIES. III

PETRA, THE ROSE-RED CITY OF MYSTERY

By J. A. Hammerton

PETRA, THE ROSE-RED CITY OF MYSTERY

By J. A. Hammerton

With a special series of Photographs by Mr. Donald McLeish, including two in Colour

By reason of its difficulty of access, the scene of natural grandeur in which it is set, the beauty of its rock-hewn tomb-temples, and the secretive character of the Arab race of Nabatæans who made it the rich and luxurious capital of a prosperous trading empire, Petra has always exercised a spell over the imagination of the student of ancient history since its site was rediscovered in the early years of the nineteenth century. "A rose-red city half as old as Time" it has been called, in allusion to the colour of the mighty walls of rock which enclose on every side the valley wherein it stood, the only approach in Nabatæan times and that chiefly used to-day being through a narrow and tortuous defile, now known as Es-Sik.

COMING in from the desert, the traveller fronted a fantastic maze of rose-red, mauve, scarlet and golden peaks, cliffs, crags and ravines, surging, like a frozen sea of tempestuous colour, against the grey uplands of Northern Arabia. As the caravan from the Orient arrived, laden with scent, pearls, spice, and rare fabrics, there seemed no path by which the weary camels and horsemen could cross the mountain border to Palestine and Egypt. But there was a way, though neither Beduin on the desert side nor Jew on the seaward side dared to take it.

For hundreds of years vague tales had been told, along the Mediterranean, Red Sea, and Indian Ocean, of a strange gorge in the Arabian wilderness, leading to a marvellous City of Rock. All that men definitely knew, however, was that most of the trade between the Western and Eastern worlds passed through the strong hands of a mysterious race that held the mountains between the Dead Sea and the Red Sea. The few adventurers who set out to solve the mystery never returned, and a horrible suggestion ran that they formed part of the sacrifices that were continually offered up in the City of Rock.

Persians, Macedonians, and Romans tried in turn to break the secret desert kingdom. Some of these expeditions reached the City of Rock, and finding the fables true, took wonderful spoil; but the men of the mountains managed to maintain their dominion for centuries after these raids, and took toll on the growing commerce between the Mediterranean and the Indian Ocean. As the mystery of their seat of power deepened, the marvels of their Rock increased. Around them empires and religions flourished and faded; but as they had refused entrance to the disciples of Zoroaster, so they kept away the followers of Christ, and became so hostile to the Jews that they helped the Romans in the last attack upon Jerusalem.

Night and day a score or two of tall, lean, hawk-faced men watched the great gorge, while outposts peered and listened above all the lesser ravines. Occasionally some foreign craftsman was invited to adorn the City of Rock in the last period of its triumphant pride. After a long, fatiguing, roundabout desert journey with his guides, he would enter a narrow cleft in a wall of rock. This was the gorge of the river Mûsâ, so called because the Arabs believed it was made by the rod of Moses. The stream that now flows through it was then diverted in flood time through a tunnel into a neighbouring ravine. Close to the entrance was a decorative arch across the ravine, at a height of about fifty feet, forming the Grand Portal, with statues and altar niches below. The air, still as pond water on a windless day, would be stifling, the heat hard to bear. Oleanders in flower half curtained the passage, but greenery and blossom grew rarer as the sky narrowed into a distant thread of brightest azure, and the gorgeous colourings of the rock dimmed in a gathering twilight. Down to a depth of twelve hundred feet the tortuous paved way sank and shrank in width, until a man could touch with outstretched arms the two dark red walls. What with the stagnant air and the eye-straining dimness and immensity of the rocky defile, the soul of a strange visitor, even under friendly guidance, was overborne by a feeling of super-

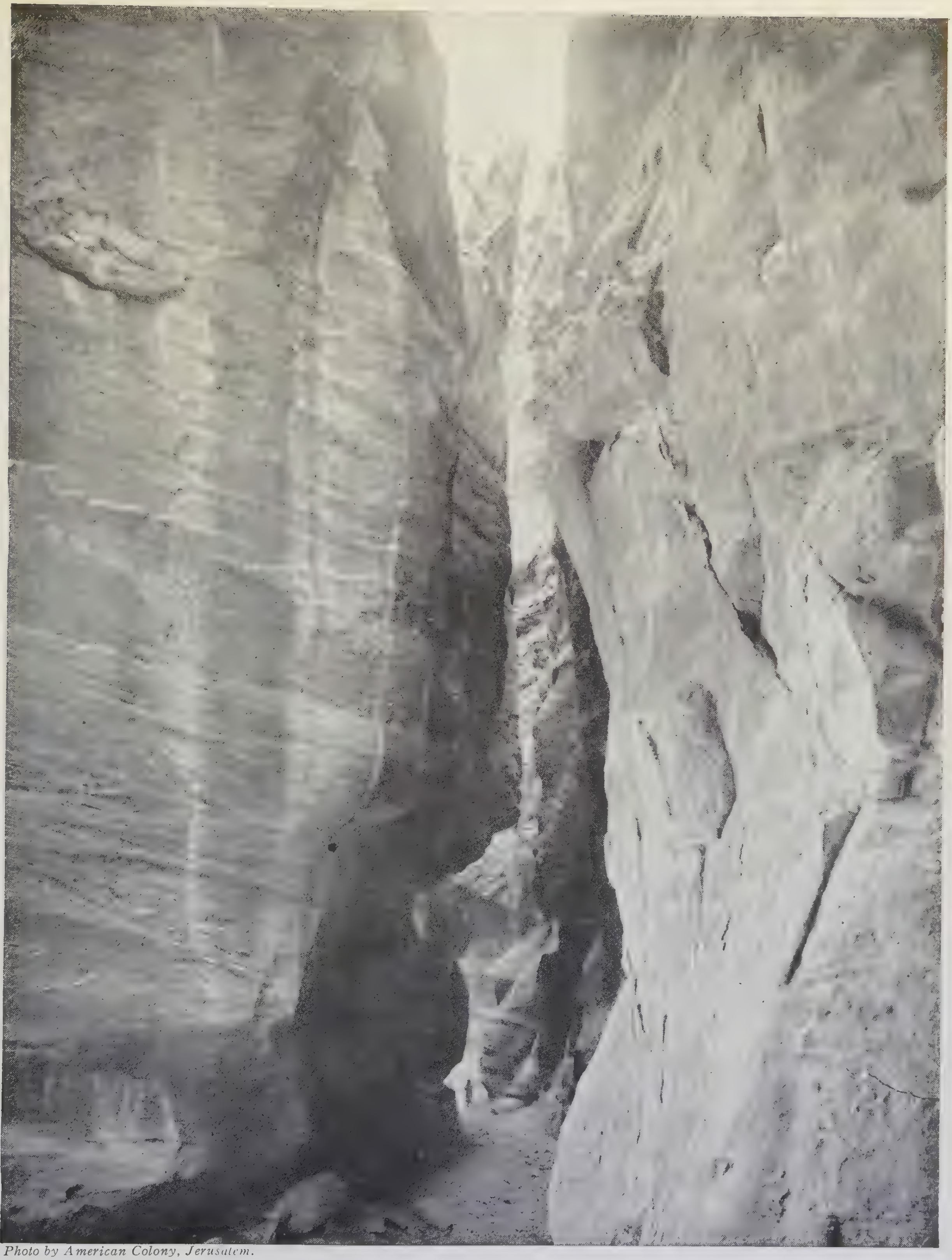
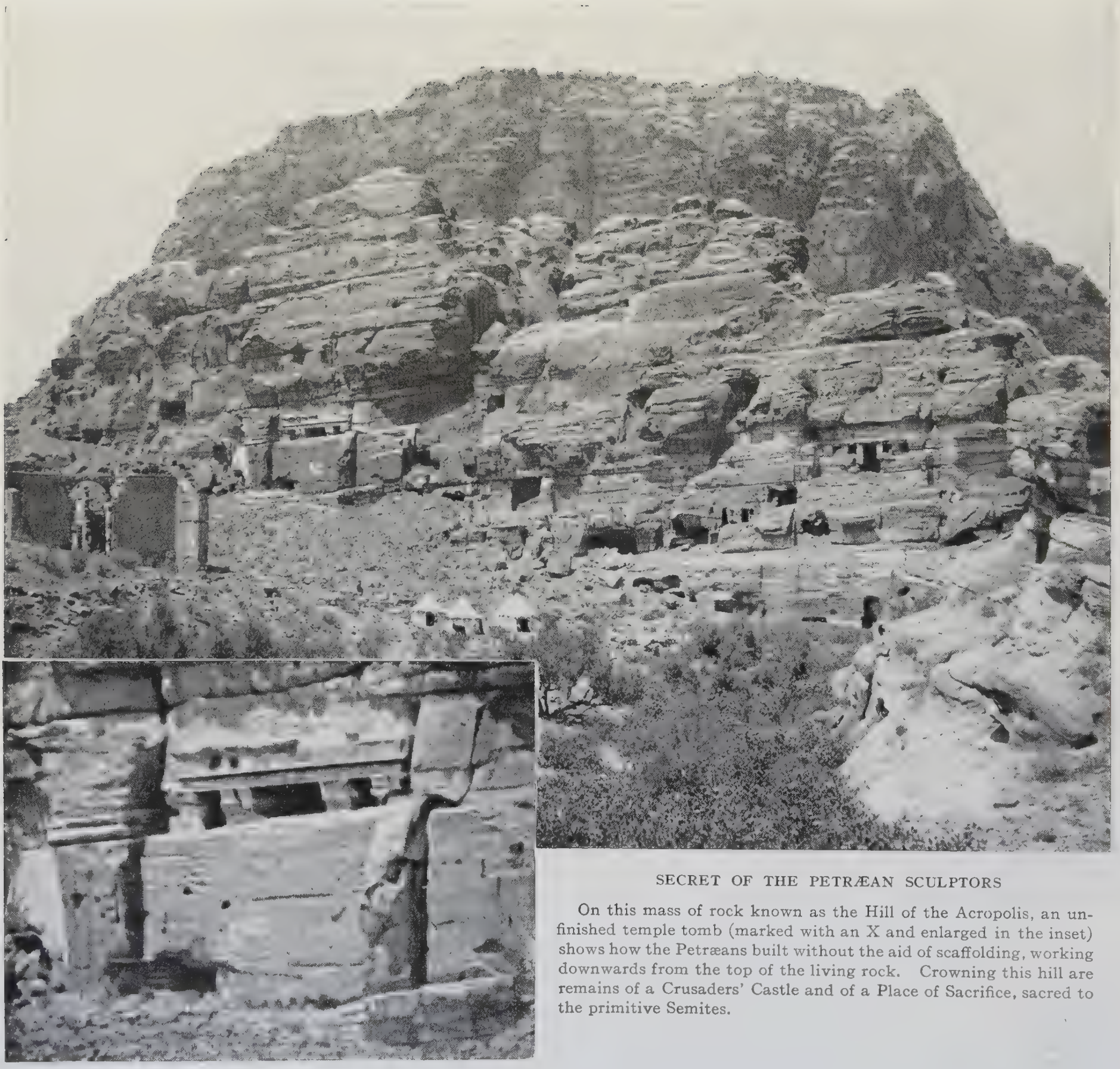


Photo by American Colony, Jerusalem.

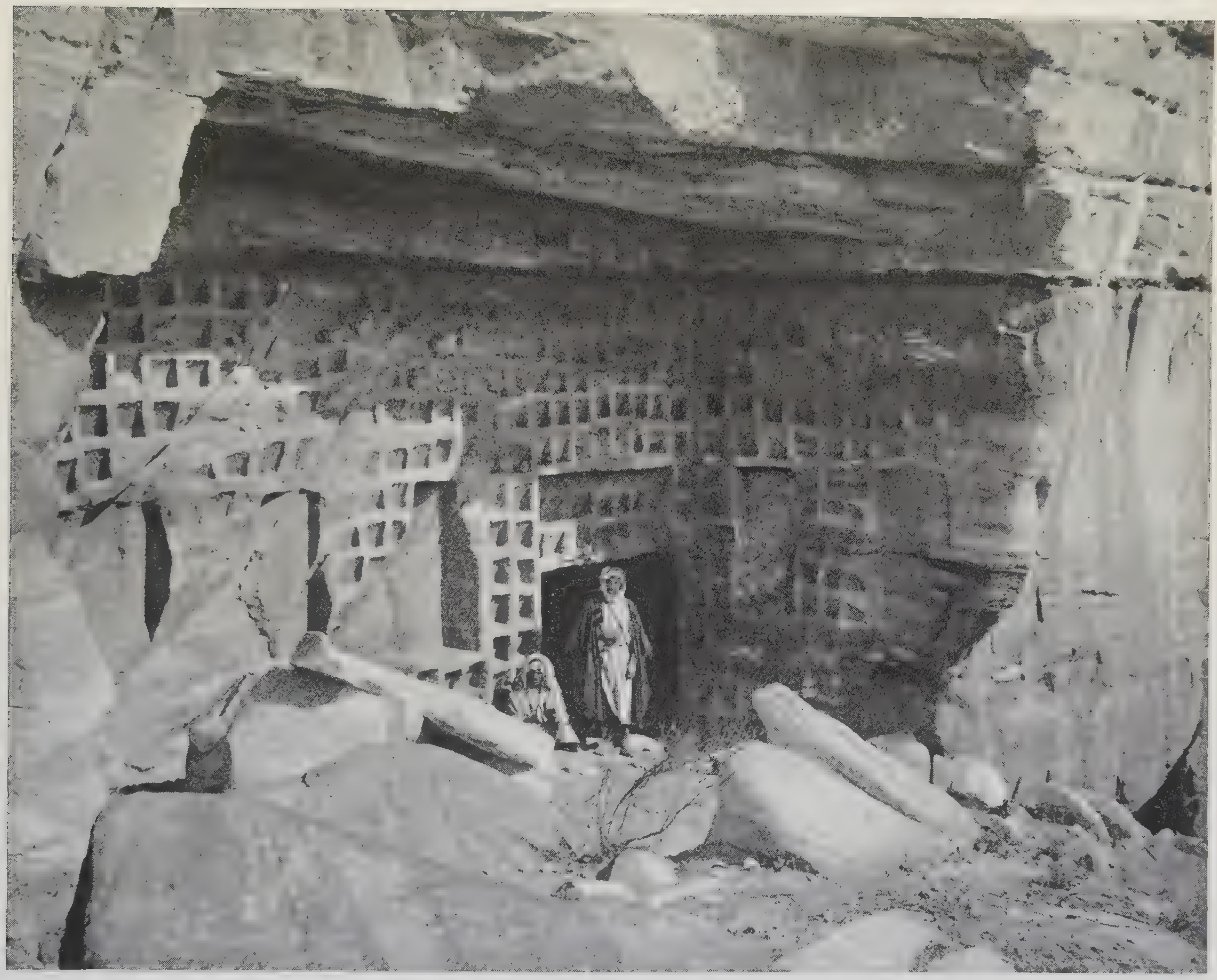
THE ONLY APPROACH IN ANCIENT TIMES TO THE ROSE-RED CITY OF WONDER

This photograph was taken midway in the magnificent gorge between towering rocks of red sandstone that stand sentinel over the winding way that in former times afforded the only means of access to the mysterious valley city of Petra. The rocks overhang and overlap as if they would crush the unwary traveller. The torrent bed of the defile, now rough with stones, but fringed with flowering oleander, and with the green caper plant and wild ivy suspended in festoons overhead, was in Roman days a regular paved way.



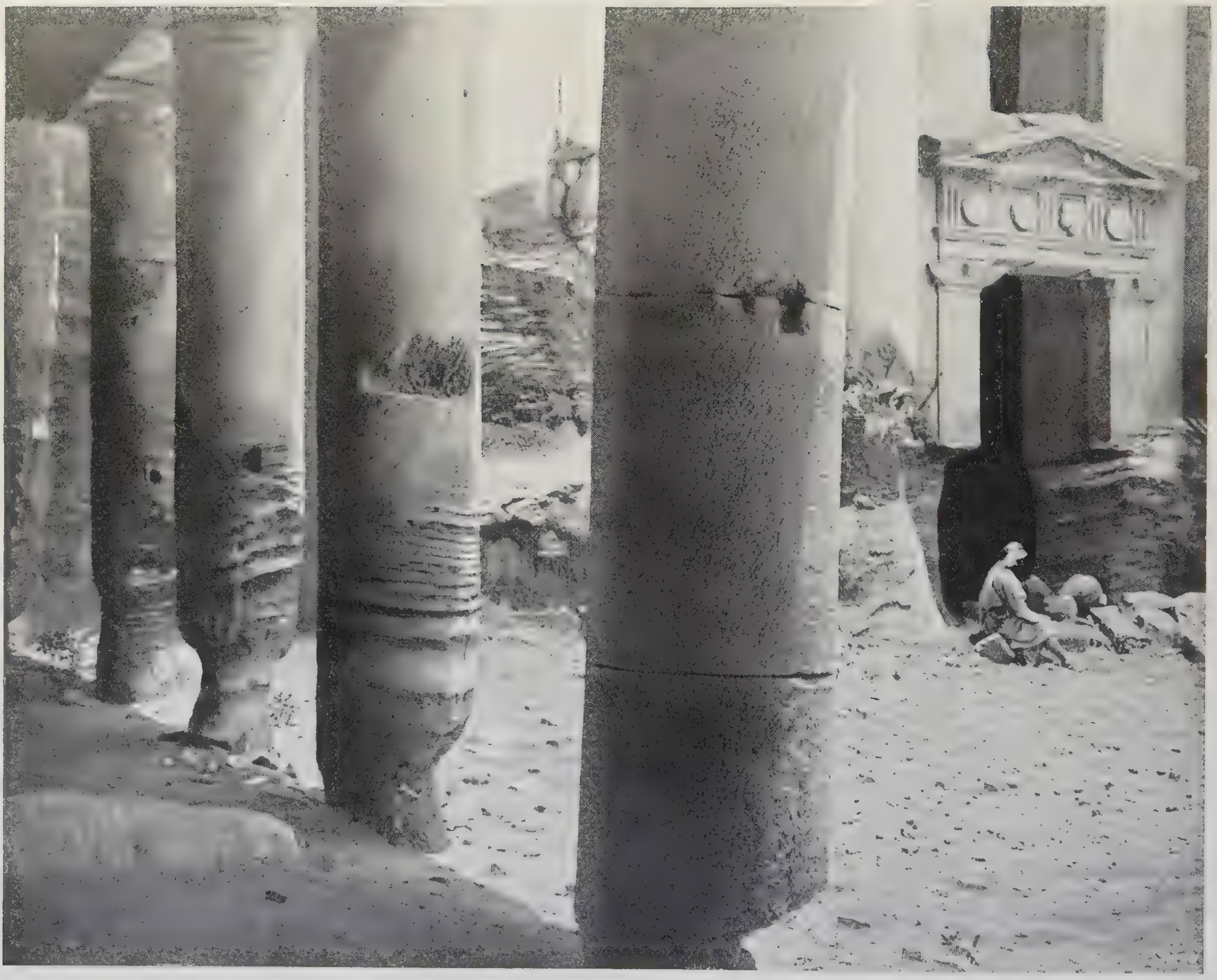
SECRET OF THE PETRÆAN SCULPTORS

On this mass of rock known as the Hill of the Acropolis, an unfinished temple tomb (marked with an X and enlarged in the inset) shows how the Petræans built without the aid of scaffolding, working downwards from the top of the living rock. Crowning this hill are remains of a Crusaders' Castle and of a Place of Sacrifice, sacred to the primitive Semites.



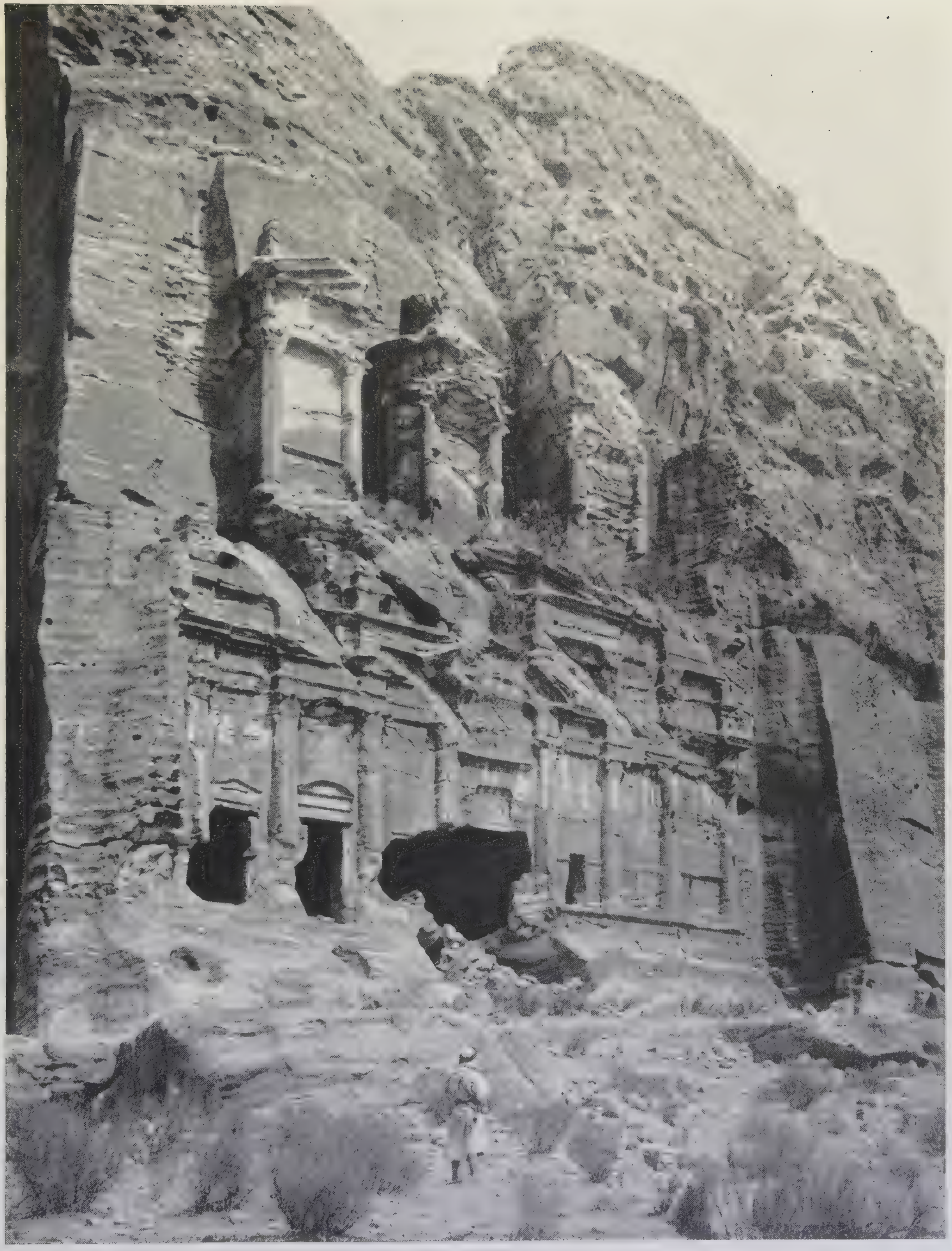
UNIQUE OF ITS KIND—THE ROCK-HEWN COLUMBARIUM OF PETRA

Petra (Gr. "rock"), the mysterious mountain stronghold of the Nabatæans, an Arab race who came into written history about 312 B.C., is the rock-hewn wonder city of North Arabia. It became a Roman province, was destroyed about the sixth century A.D., and sank into obscurity until explored in the early part of the nineteenth century. Of its many marvels not the least noteworthy is the tomb shown above and called the Columbarium, a name given by the ancient Romans to their sepulchral vaults, and used in our time in connexion with crematoria. The walls of the Columbarium of Petra are remarkable for their network of quadrangular cavities.



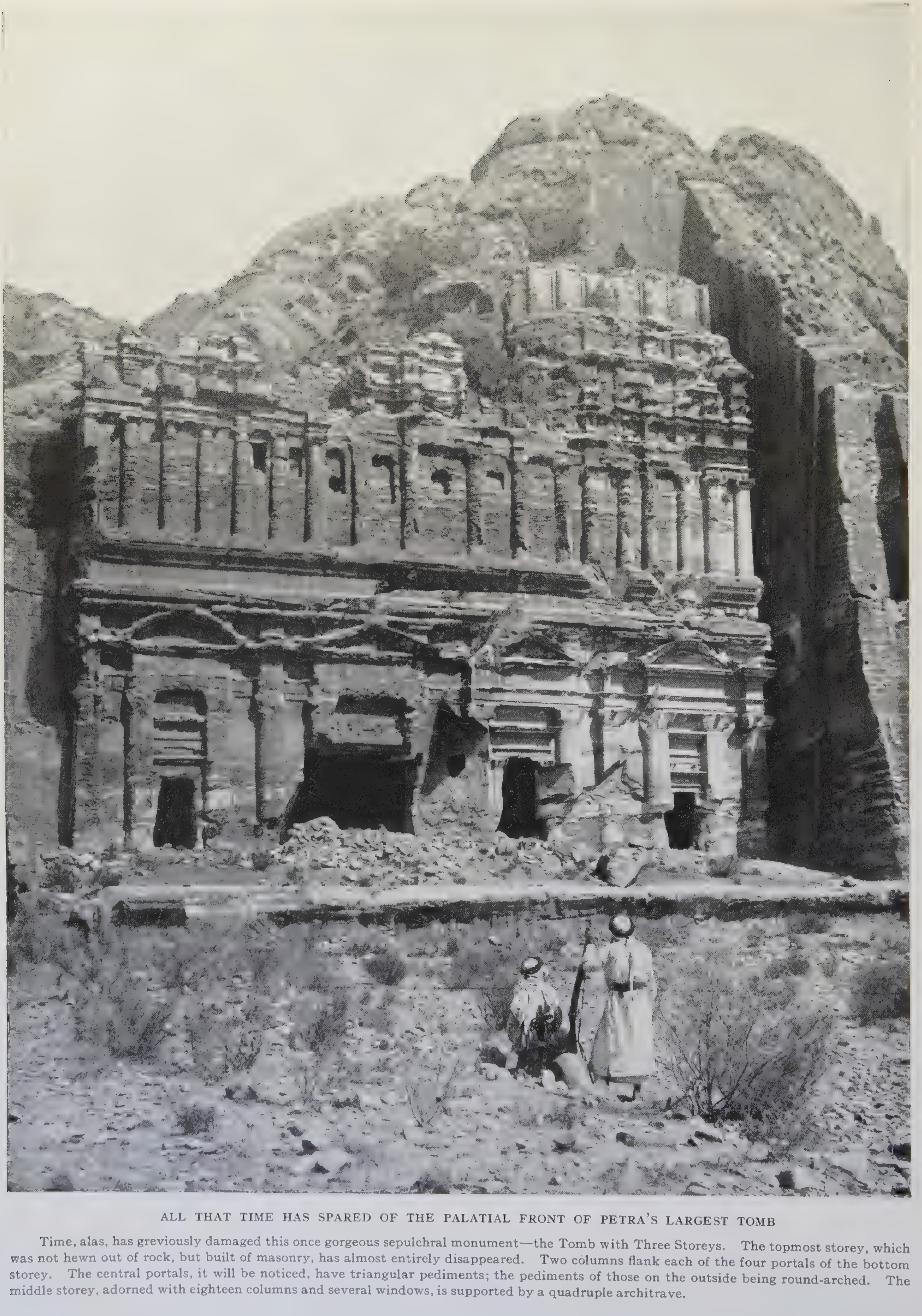
MASSIVE BUT SAND-ERODED PILLARS OF THE TOMB WITH THE URN

Here the camera shows how the sand storms of centuries have eaten into the columns of the rock-cut porticoes of the Tomb with the Urn, so-called on account of the great urn which crowns the monument. Two massive substructions of the tomb contain ten vaults and support a square terrace. In the inner chamber, 56 feet by 50 feet, is an inscription suggesting that at one time it was used for Christian worship. The architrave over the door is decorated in Roman style with circular shields between the triglyphs.



PETRA'S CORINTHIAN TOMB, DEVOTED IN THE ROMAN PERIOD TO CHRISTIAN WORSHIP

Built, or rather hewn, after the fashion of El-Khazneh, about the time of the Roman Emperor Hadrian, this beautiful, imposing, but unfinished work, called the Corinthian Tomb, contains four chambers. Eight columns in the Corinthian style of architecture support the lower of its two storeys, but of the intended portals only two, seen on the left of the photograph, were completed. In the centre of the upper and narrower storey is a cylindrical sculpture, the conical cupola of which is surmounted by an urn.



ALL THAT TIME HAS SPARED OF THE PALATIAL FRONT OF PETRA'S LARGEST TOMB

Time, alas, has greviously damaged this once gorgeous sepulchral monument—the Tomb with Three Storeys. The topmost storey, which was not hewn out of rock, but built of masonry, has almost entirely disappeared. Two columns flank each of the four portals of the bottom storey. The central portals, it will be noticed, have triangular pediments; the pediments of those on the outside being round-arched. The middle storey, adorned with eighteen columns and several windows, is supported by a quadruple architrave.

stitious terror. Never had any fortress possessed so impregnable and sublime an entrance as this great winding gorge of the secret city. It was a natural trap for invaders coming in strength, or for lonely spies.

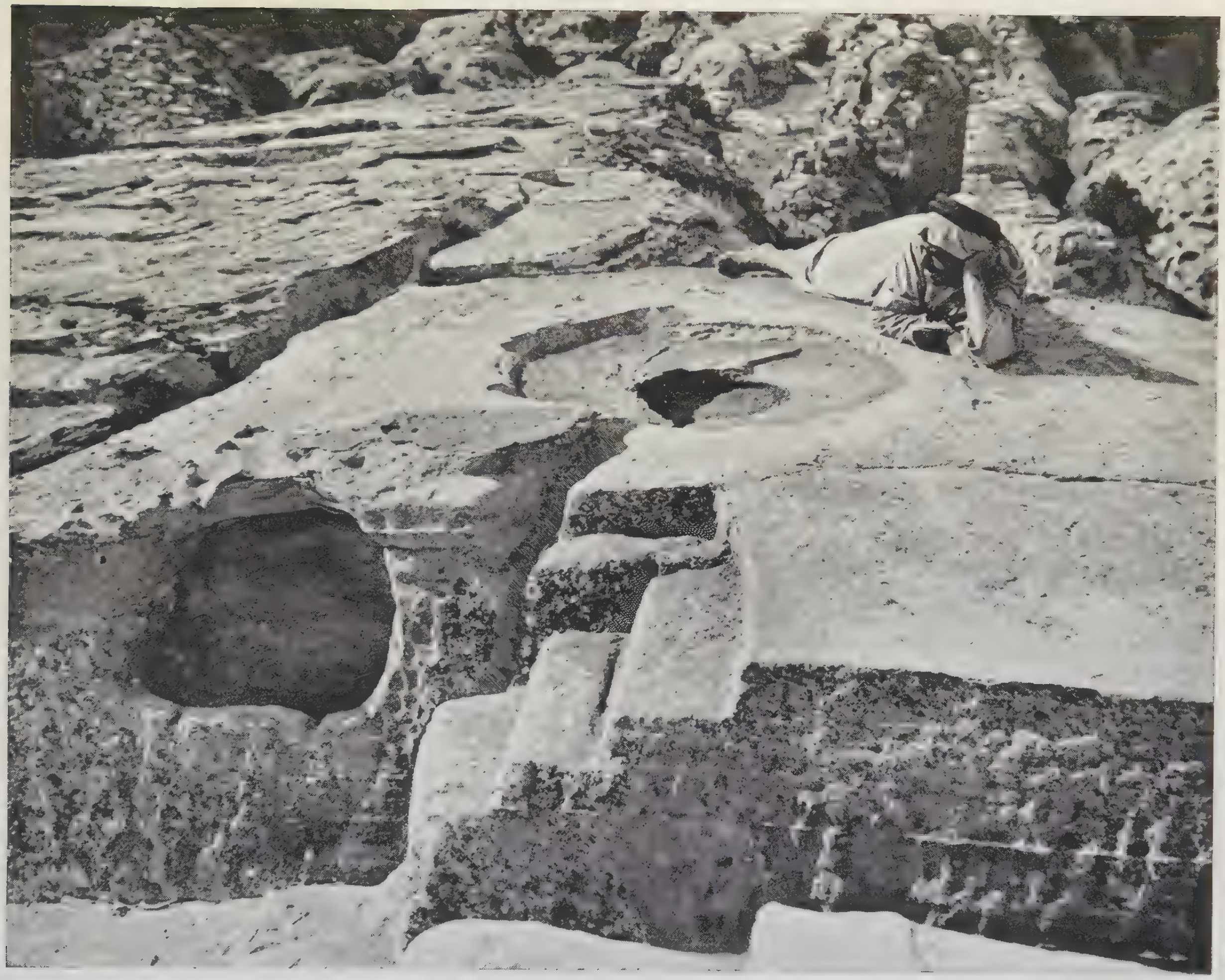
Suddenly light and beauty touched the traveller with a relieving sense of joy. A great sideways gash in the mountain enlarged the sunken way, making a pool of gleaming sunshine, and in the radiance shone a temple carven in the rose and golden rock of the eastern precipice. It was the rosy marvel now known as El-Khazneh or "the Treasury," but then a temple of Isis. Some horses and camels might be tethered on the worn grass, and a priest in white linen thanking the riders for their offering; for here every man of the city stopped and prayed for protection when he set out for the desert, and gave thanks when he safely returned. But the Egyptian-like priest and the Arab-like worshippers would not count—the temple, a lovely thing possibly of Greek art, would enrapture the sight with its richly sculptured capitals and cornices, its graceful Corinthian columns, its sphinxes and its statue of the goddess Isis, to whom it was dedicated, all hewn with incredible labour and loving skill out of the living rock and glowing rosy in the bright sunshine and clear air.

Beyond this travellers' temple the gorge narrowed again, and then widened, revealing the mystery of Arabia. All the mountains had fallen back, leaving an oval space a little more than a mile long and about three-quarters of a mile wide. Here, out of the steep sides of the many-coloured sandstone heights, a great city of roseate glory had been hewn. Where they lived, the hillfolk had been buried. By the hundred, their carven tombs were ranged in close tiers on the iridescent mountain flanks. These rock-hewn tombs are the wonder of Petra to-day, and will remain for ages to come one of the greatest monuments of antiquity.

Some of the majestic burial caves were as large as temples, and probably two were used as Christian churches in a later age. There were other tombs sculptured from the rock in the style of imperial palaces, with two or three storeys of richly-wrought pillars. In them were laid the bodies of the kings and queens, whose successors lived in proud splendour in the gorgeous palaces that once stood among royal gardens on the valley floor, and worshipped, with strange rites, in the grandiose temples of the living city. The hillside region of the dead was a reflection of the valley floor region of the living. Small, plain-faced tomb caves of working folk were modelled on the style of their small square cottages, and the houses of middle-class men and mansions of rich merchants were represented in the style of their family tombs.

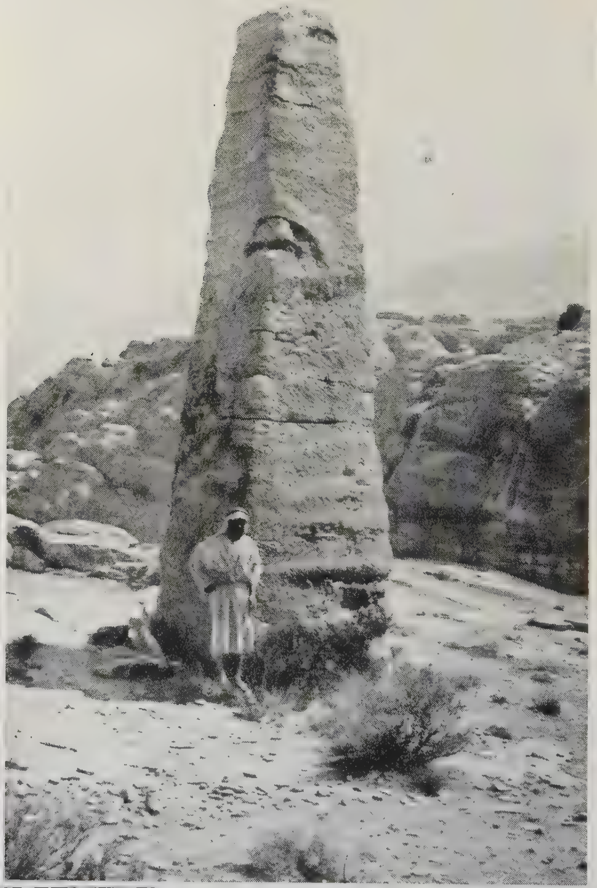
There were tombs with exterior heights ranging to about sixty-five feet, with large, finely-carved porches, windows, and outside altars on which offerings were made to the spirits. The inside walls were unadorned, and the family mummies were placed in hollows along the sides and in graves in the rock floor. Closer and closer they were set as the generations passed. When filled, a new family tomb would be excavated, and the slow change of architectural styles marked the historic development of the Nabatæan empire. In the oldest work were pylons telling of intercourse with Egypt, and sculpture showing Persian influence. Next came finely-moulded columns and graceful figures and ornament from the Greeks, while Syrian arches told of the expansion of Petra's power to Damascus, and late works showed the impress of Rome, whose hand eventually stretched out to Petra. Finally, there was a native blend of foreign influences, the first faint token of a tremendous awakening of a creative spirit in the Arab that was to shake and break apart the Old World, when Petra could no longer hold the desert nomads in check.

Meanwhile, the men of Petra had absorbed the ideas and arts of Greece and Rome, and were spreading them among the wilder Arabs. The Nabatæan tongue which they used was a dialect of Syria, but they delighted in the Greco-Roman theatre, and at the foot of their secred mountain, on which stood the Great Place of Sacrifice, was a fine open-air theatre, with thirty-three tiers of sandstone seats on which an audience of three thousand persons could comfortably rest. As the fighting-men of Petra numbered about ten thousand, and a high proportion of them were always absent, guarding caravans and outpost positions, and garrisoning towns, the theatre was of ample size for the city. There were royal seats for the king and his court, and



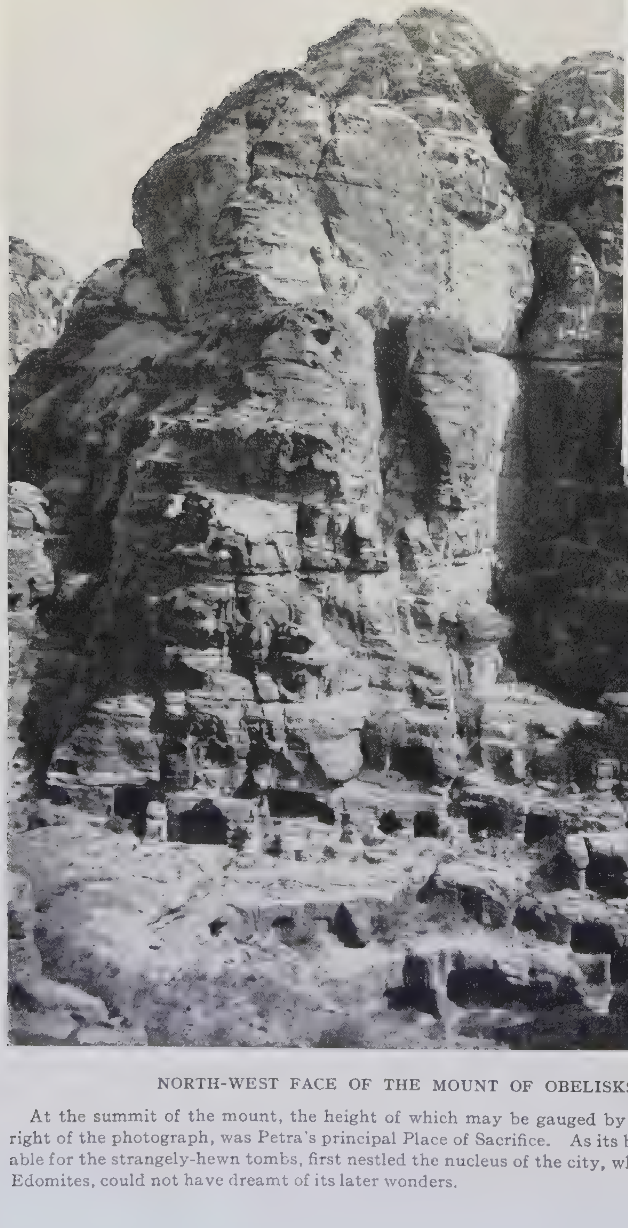
PLACE OF SACRIFICE WHERE THE PETRÆANS SOUGHT TO APPEASE THEIR GODS

On the eastern side of Petra's mountain-guarded valley, facing the Hill of the Acropolis, stands the Mount of the Obelisks. A long fatiguing climb up a rock-hewn stairway of many hundreds of steps at last brings the traveller to the ruin shown here, the High Place of an ancient Semite cult—an altar where the throats of sacrificial animals were cut and the bodies burnt to the glory of the gods. The altar was supplied with a channel designed to carry off the victims' blood.



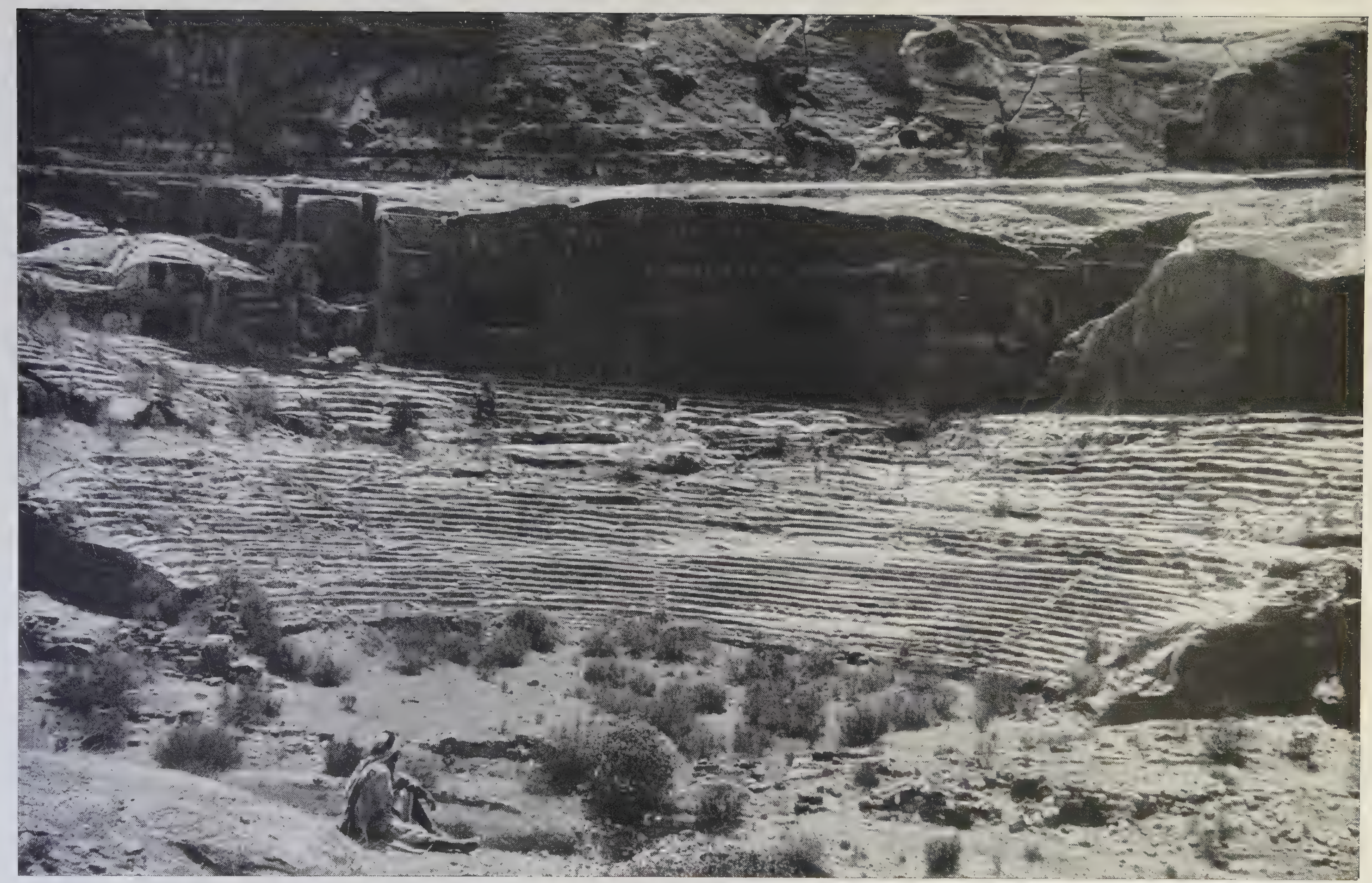
ONE OF THE OBELISKS

On the terrace of the Sacrificial Mount are two of these columns or mazzeboth, hewn from the living rock. Divine symbols, these stone columns are common to the Holy Places of ancient Semitic peoples.



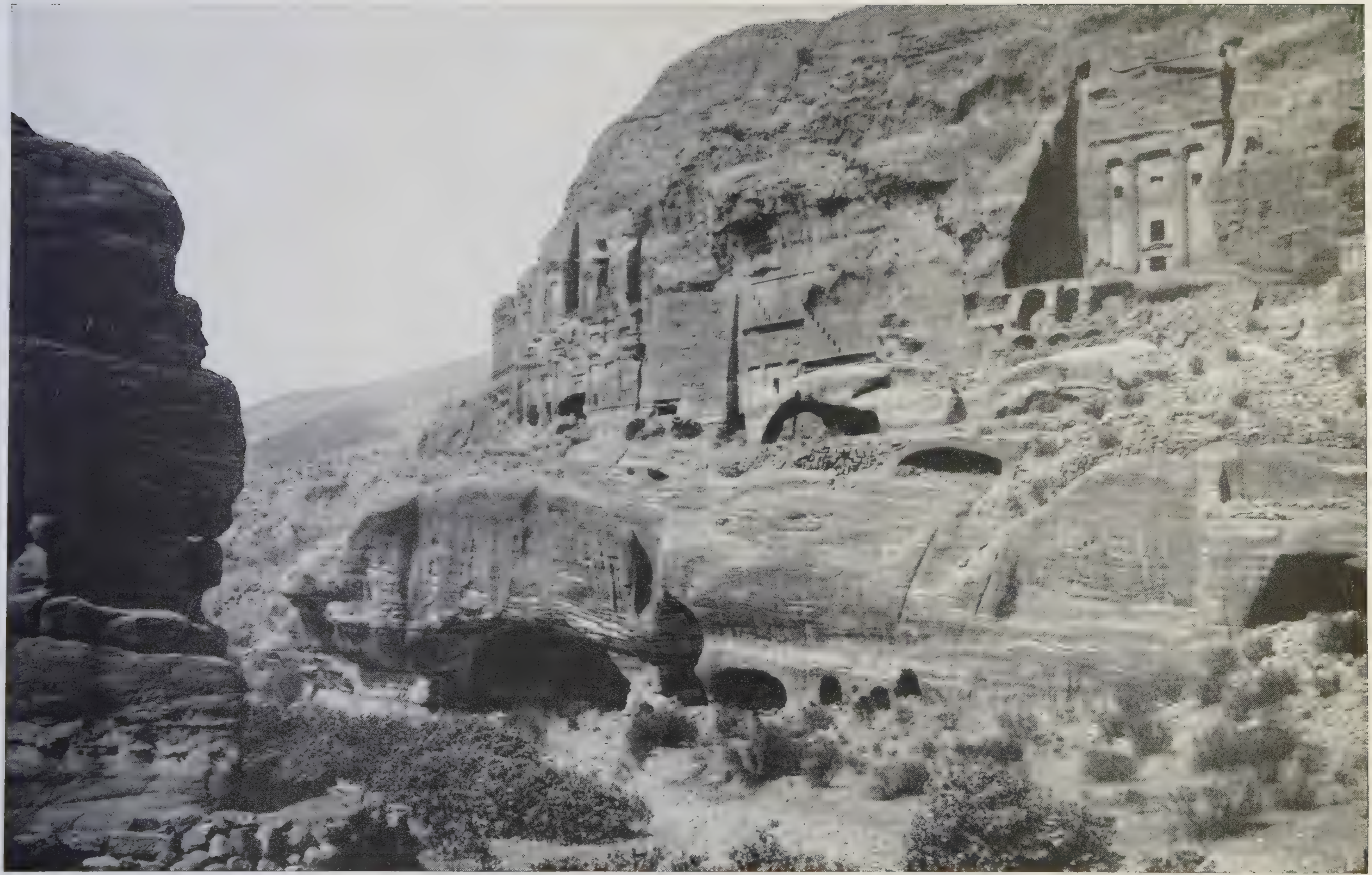
NORTH-WEST FACE OF THE MOUNT OF OBELISKS

At the summit of the mount, the height of which may be gauged by the figure on the right of the photograph, was Petra's principal Place of Sacrifice. As its base, now remarkable for the strangely-hewn tombs, first nestled the nucleus of the city, whose founders, the Edomites, could not have dreamt of its later wonders.



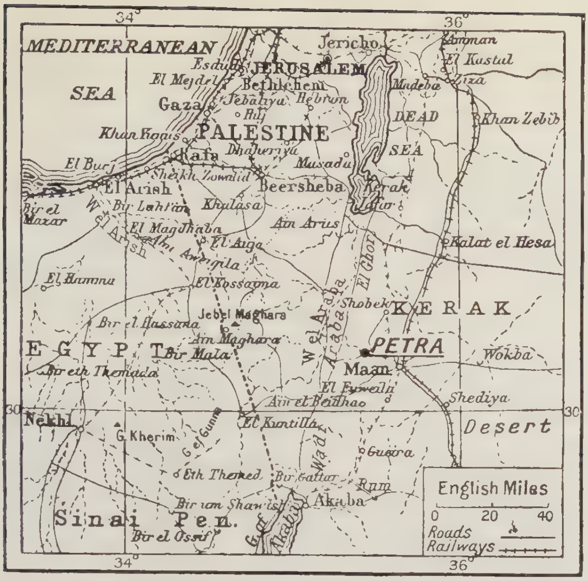
PETRA'S GREAT OPEN-AIR THEATRE: HEWN OUT OF THE PRECIPITOUS CLIFF AND HEMMED IN BY TOMBS

To the north of the Mount of the Obelisks and near to the mouth of Es-Sîk, the narrow, sinuous gorge which gives entrance to the valley in which stood the wonder city of Petra, are the remains of a fine theatre. Semi-circular in form and of Greek design, this theatre had thirty-three tiers of seats and afforded accommodation for more than 3,000 spectators. In the rock-wall towering in the rear are some of the oldest of the Petræan tombs, disposed in rows one above another. Some of them were cut away when the theatre was constructed. The mystery of the past now shrouds this mountain solitude, and strips of herbage mark the stage where player after player abode his destined hour and went his way.



GENERAL VIEW, LOOKING NORTHWARD, OF THE TOMB-COVERED HILLSIDE IN PETRA'S ENCHANTED VALLEY

The solemn grandeur of these lofty and now desolate hills, faced with the crumbling mementoes of a long bygone worship, cannot be described in words. Some of the temple tombs of the rose-red city, claimed by the poet to be "half as old as Time," date back to the sixth century B.C., and for something like a thousand years Petra, held first by Edomites, then by Nabatæans, and next by Romans, to fall finally before the onrush of some desert horde, flourished as a great commercial centre of the East. Its decline began in the fourth century A.D., and after the Arab conquest of Western Asia the city disappeared from history to wait through the years for rediscovery in modern times.



MAP SHOWING POSITION OF PETRA

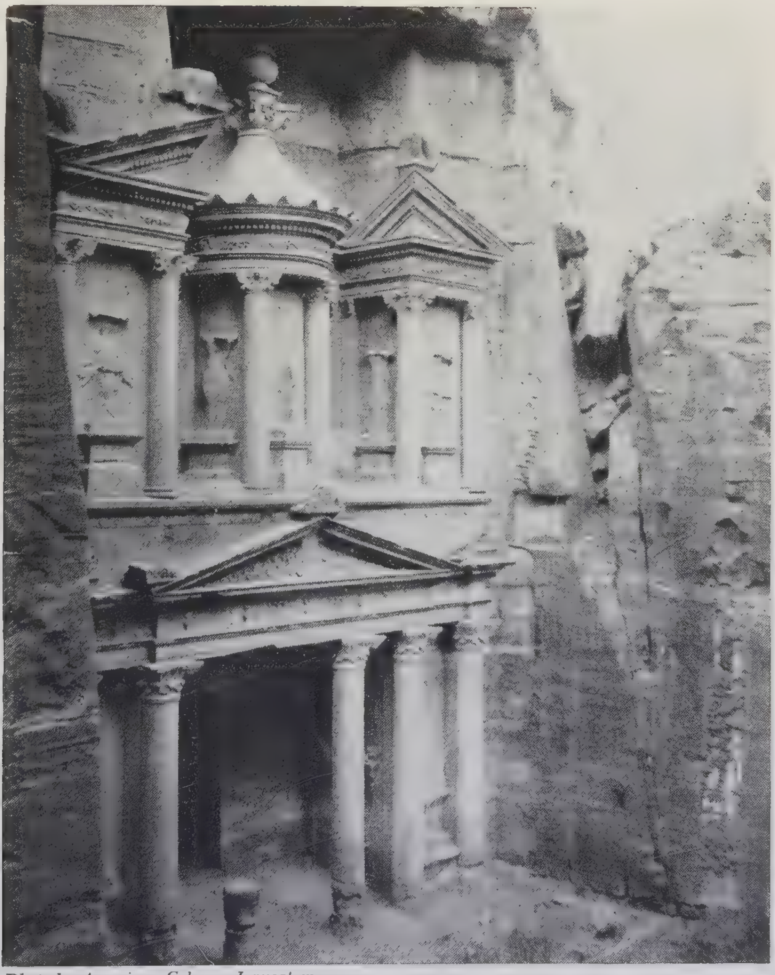
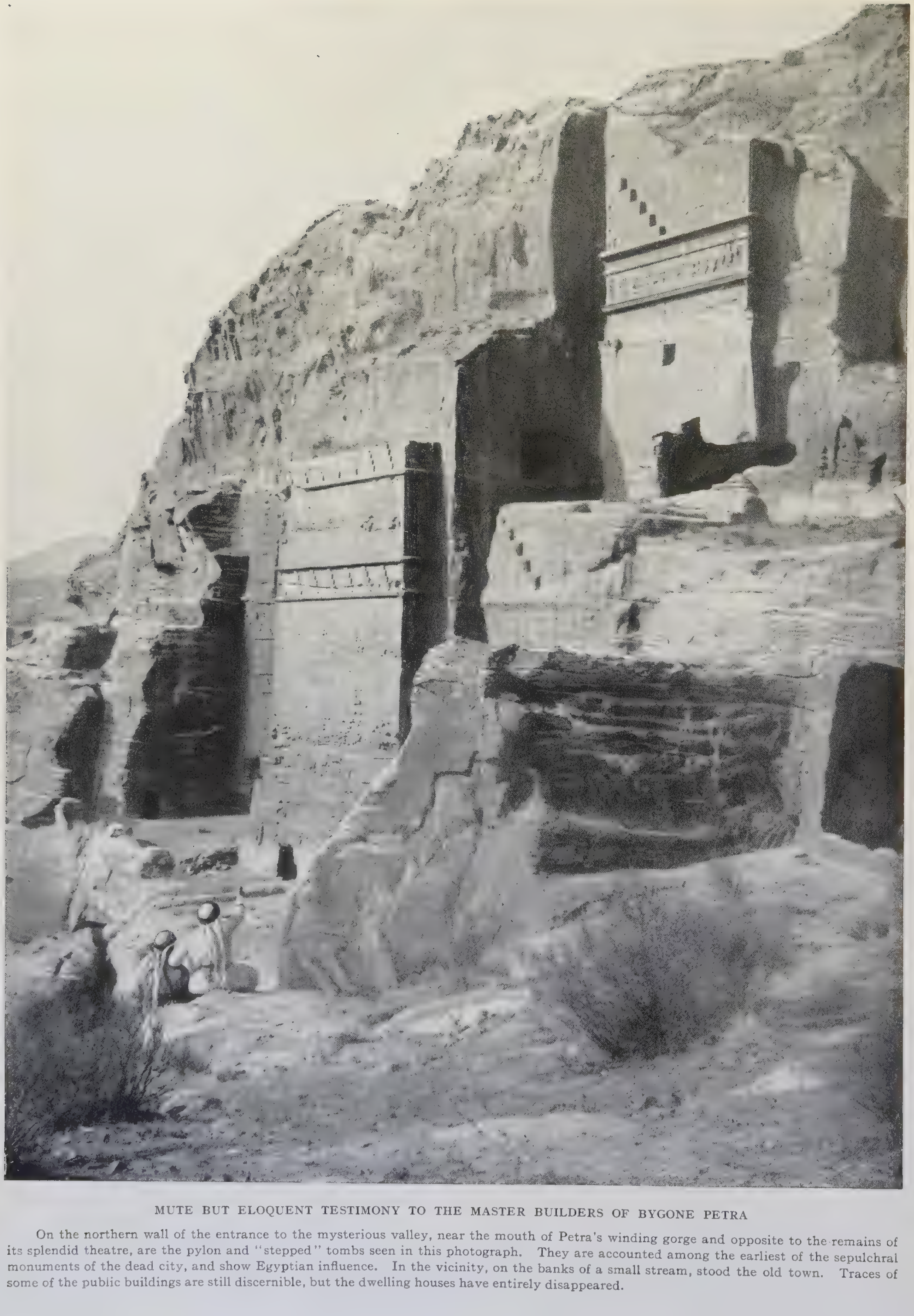


Photo by American Colony, Jerusalem.

THE "TRAVELLERS' TEMPLE," PETRA

View from a different angle of the rock-hewn Temple of Isis. Its position in the mountain gorge leading to the city of Petra made it peculiarly a shrine for travellers, every citizen making his offering here when he set out for the desert or returned in safety.



MUTE BUT ELOQUENT TESTIMONY TO THE MASTER BUILDERS OF BYGONE PETRA

On the northern wall of the entrance to the mysterious valley, near the mouth of Petra's winding gorge and opposite to the remains of its splendid theatre, are the pylon and "stepped" tombs seen in this photograph. They are accounted among the earliest of the sepulchral monuments of the dead city, and show Egyptian influence. In the vicinity, on the banks of a small stream, stood the old town. Traces of some of the public buildings are still discernible, but the dwelling houses have entirely disappeared.

above the highest tier, and forming part of the theatre, were the tombs of the dead.

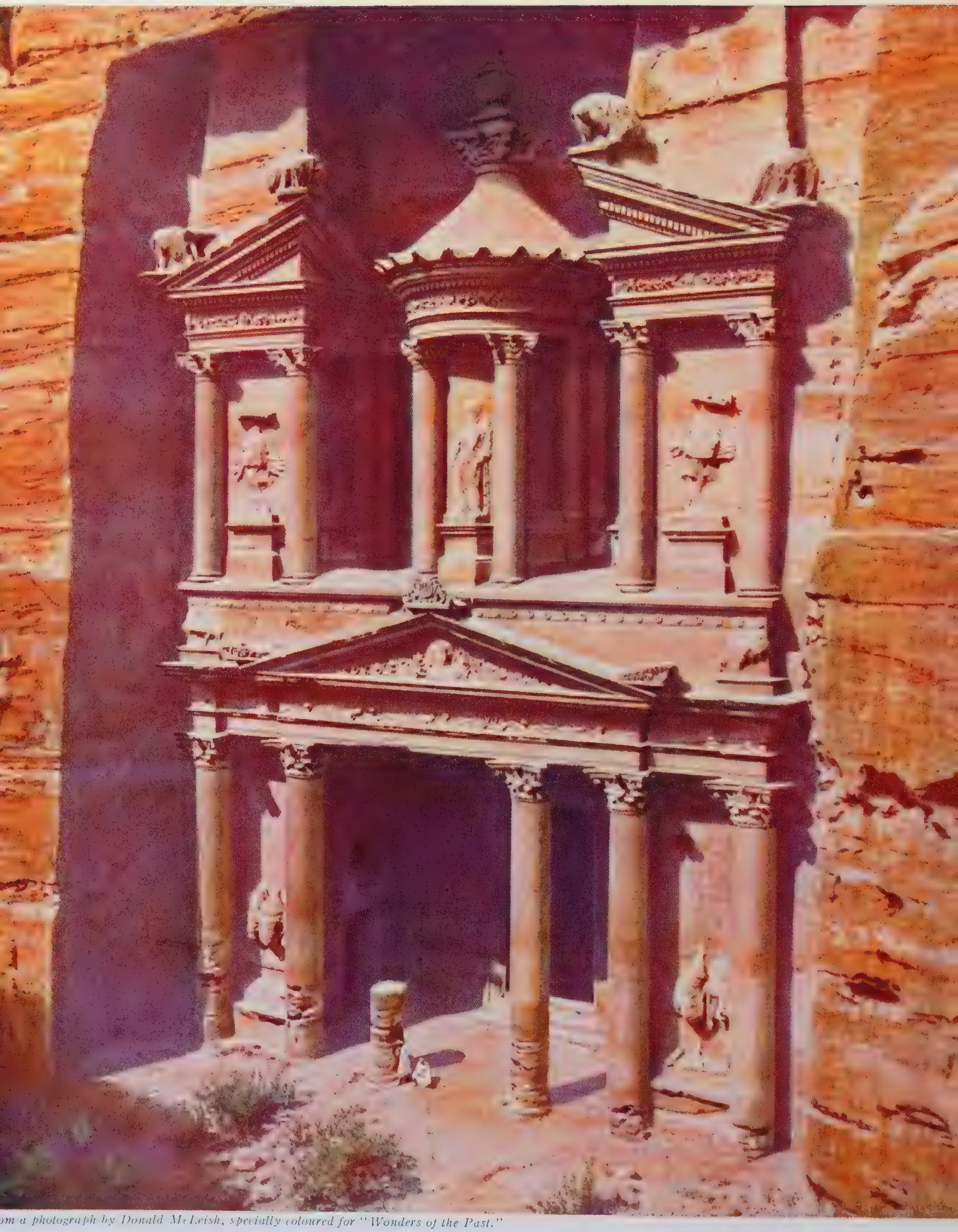
Working, playing, fighting, and trading, the Rockmen liked the protecting, inspiring company of the souls of fellow-tribesmen. They hovered by tombs in the entrance gorges, and by military stations and trade depots in the sand wastes and along the Red Sea. From the city, burial caves, houses, and temples extended down a triumphal way, and along a westward ravine that climbed the rocky height of Ed-Deir (the Convent). And here, at a distance of an hour's march from the capital, was another wonder of the wilderness. By the mountain top a colossal temple was hewn from the high rock in a large, solemn, classic style. Overpowering in strength and majesty, it seemed a work that would endure as long as the mountain tops about it. Stark in its grandeur, it embodied better than anything else the energy of soul that made the Rockmen lords of the desert.

The origin of the extraordinary cult of the dead in Petra, that led the mountaineers to encircle their city with tiers of tombs until death reigned above life, may possibly be found in ancient Arab superstition. In their view a mortal had several souls, and one remained by a well-preserved corpse, like a kind of guardian spirit. As it could revenge wrongs done to its body, it was presumed to have sufficient tribal feeling left to help in guarding the store place for tribal plunder. This the shadowy army of the dead was supposed to have done in the first Macedonian and Roman invasions, and, encouraged by such achievements of their ghostly forbears, the Rockmen settled permanently under their protection, and very cheerfully lived with the spirits of their dead.

The Rockmen, known abroad as Nabatæans, began as a robber clan of nomad Arabs. They won and ranged over the grey limestone upland of Edom and the red heights between Sinai and the Dead Sea, and held up the caravan traffic along the desert marches of Arabia and Egypt. While living in shifting camps of black tents, they used the Petra basin as a secret storing-place for plunder. After interrupting the commerce of the Eastern and Western civilisations, they found that a combination of honesty, monopoly, and hard bargaining was far more profitable than brigandage that frightened caravans from the old routes, and piracy that led to the Persian and Persian-Egyptian governments increasing their naval forces in the Red Sea. So as honest brokers they reorganised the caravan routes and started to police the desert. Still they did not settle in Petra, but buried and warehoused there. A strong line of kings, with sustained ability in war and commerce, gave them strength, riches, national organisation, and wider dominion. Definitely they housed themselves in Petra in the fourth century before the birth of Christ, and for a century before our era they were, with large numbers of slaves, cultivating the arts of civilisation.

The air of romantic mystery which they maintained regarding their Rock City and hidden villages in Arabia was a matter of shrewd, practical business. The less aliens knew regarding the details of their mountain stronghold and the intricate organisation of their trade routes, the safer the Rockmen were against invasion and competition. They took the iron, bronze, and purple dye of Mediterranean races, and, at usurious rates, traded these goods for myrrh, gold, silver, pearls, and other fine Orient produce. On the desert side they kept the Beduin in order by subsidies based on transit insurances for their caravans, and when subsidies failed to overcome the nomads' love of plunder they used methods of extermination. Rumours that have not faded from the Beduin mind, and which were collected by Lord Kitchener in his adventurous, scientific exploration of the Petra region, speak of still larger secret cities lying in limestone hollows by the Red Sea coastline, and witnessing to the might and mysterious ways of the fighting merchant princes of Petra.

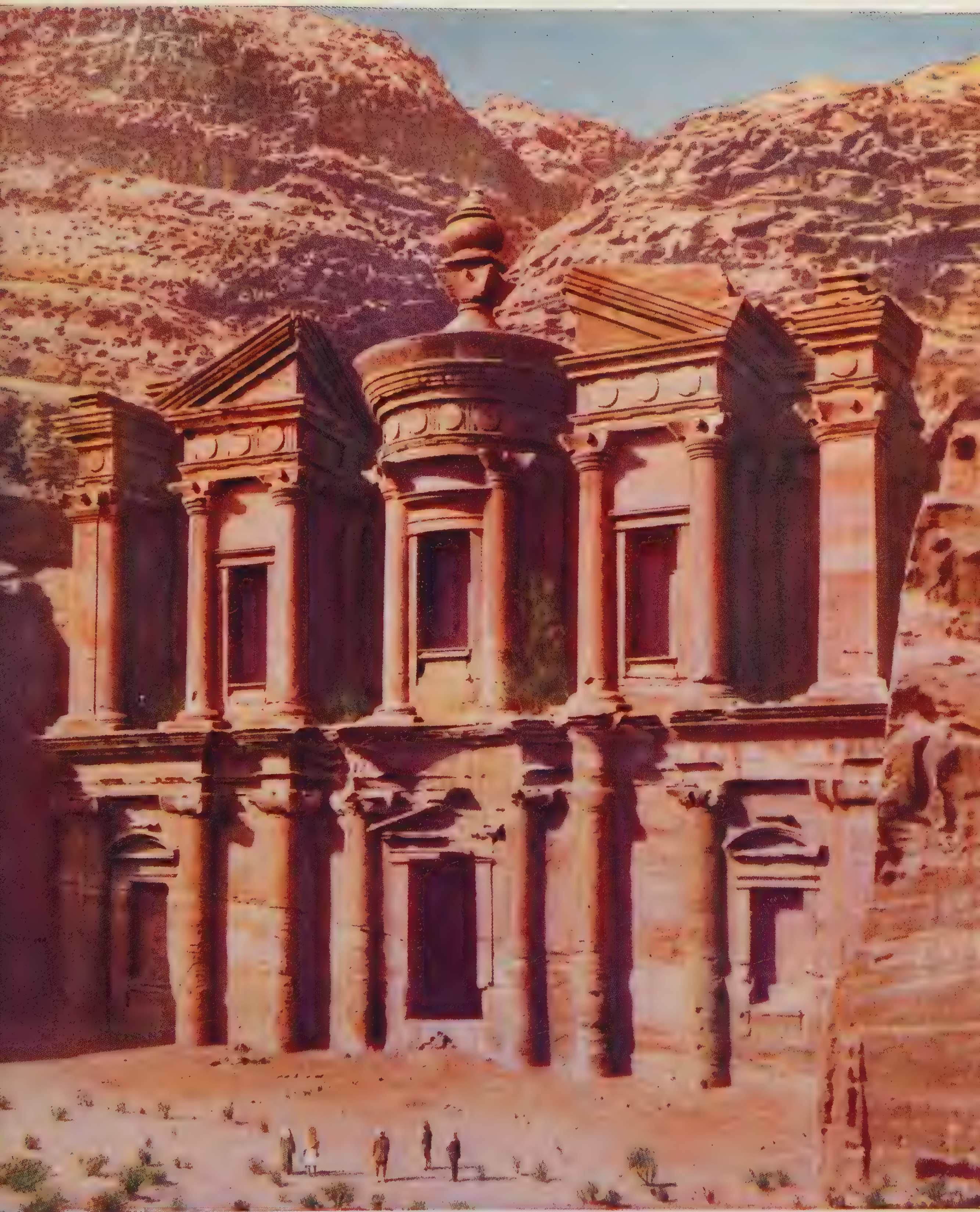
As they would stroll in family groups from the great theatre to the stream-fed valley and glowing ring of rose-red heights, they would look what they were—men of a lean, lithe, sun-hardened, desert-hammered stock, which had before been master of milder civilisations, and would again, shattering, spread. In flowing robes of Tyrian colour and headdresses of far-brought silk, with weapons by their hand, they moved with an air of graceful strength by palmgrove and scented garden to their splendid warehouses, where trains of slaves tended them. Their women-folk, with eyes like pools of passion and finely-moulded features, displayed their pride of body through gowns of gauze-like silk.



om a photograph by Donald McLeish, specially coloured for "Wonders of the Past."

BEAUTIFUL ROCK-HEWN TEMPLE IN THE RIVER GORGE LEADING TO PETRA

El-Jerra is called by the Arabs El-Khazneh (the treasury) from a legend that treasures were hid in the urn dimly seen at the top of the façade. This bea
ul Temple of Isis stands in the opening of the narrow gorge between the desert and the rocky valley of Petra. Sculptured from the living rock, it measu
feet from the ground to the top of the façade, about half as high as Ed-Deir.



rom a photograph by Donald McLeish, specially coloured for "Wonders of the Past."

TEMPLE FRONT AS BIG AS A CATHEDRAL, CHISELLED FROM LIVING ROCK

Conceive the façade of S. Paul's Cathedral, not as built up stone by stone, but as a hill of red sandstone chiselled into an imposing piece of architecture! uch is this Temple of Ed-Deir, 147 feet wide by 138 feet high, cut in the rock at a great height above Petra, and reached by stairways through a gulley that plits the mountain to the north-west. Its one chamber, less than 40 feet square, still contains the ancient altar.

Pride it was that kept them true to their men, amid all the pleasures of the senses that great wealth had won for them.

The main trouble of the prosperous people of the Rock City was that they could not spread. Their huge profits would diminish by sharing the traffic with colonies or amalgamated countries. As families grew, they could extend their native agencies in foreign lands, but it did not pay to unite Arabia, as the Romans united Italy. The Rock system was based upon a monopoly of the caravan trade, and the soul of the people of mystery, in spite of their bodily grace and cultivated charm of intellect, was as narrow and hard as the rockway to their lovely carven city.

Above their rose-red, lilac, and golden-yellow vale of pleasures and treasures rose a terrible hill, inaccessible except on the south side, where a great stairway had been cut. It was the Great Place of Sacrifice, to which the priests, king, and elders climbed in procession towards the blood basin and the altar where the throats of victims were cut and the bodies burnt to the glory of Duchara, the divine lord of the kingdom of Aretas, chief of the Nabatæans, who, in Egyptian fashion, took to wife his own sister.

In the struggle of Mark Antony and Augustus, it was the Nabatæans who completed the overthrow of Cleopatra, by destroying the Egyptian Red Sea fleet. This enormously increased their trade, strength, and influence.

At last the Emperor Trajan, in A.D. 106, could not resist the lure of the Nabatæans' wealth, and reduced Petra to the rank of a Roman province. For many years the Orient trade continued, much to the profit of Rome, but the best Nabatæans vanished, and secretly diverted the desert traffic to Palmyra. The Beduin swept over the weakened frontier, and Petra when rediscovered in 1807, was a ruin-ringed waste held by Arab robbers.

TEMPLES OF THE GODS. II

SHWE DAGON: BUDDHA'S GREATEST SHRINE

By Richard Curle

SHWE DAGON: BUDDHA'S GREATEST SHRINE

By Richard Curle

Author of "Into the East: Notes on Burma and Malaya"

IF one would form any true conception of the Shwe Dagon, perhaps the most famous of all Buddhist pagodas, one must witness for oneself, not only how it commands Rangoon, but all the surrounding delta of the Irrawaddy. It rises upon its little hill in the midst of the vast plain, and in its very position there is something of a symbol. Standing in the gateway of Burma, it draws attention at once to the unchanging integrity of an ancient faith. From the mouth of the Rangoon river, twenty-two miles below the city, it can be seen in its golden armour, flashing and glinting in the sun, and at night, thirty miles across the flats, it glows like a cone of fire with its five tiers of electric lights blended by distance into one.

The Shwe Dagon lies on the outskirts of Rangoon. The time to visit it to best advantage is in the late afternoon, when trams and gharris bring out the faithful in an unending stream, and when the shaven poongyis (priests) in their yellow robes and with their parchment umbrellas are making sedately for the monasteries that are dotted around. The day's work is over, the sun is just setting, and a soft haze has spread imperceptibly over the trees, over the roads, over the crowds of almond-eyed and gaily-dressed Burmese. The glamour of the East, like a rare enamel, gives to the whole scene a uniform tone of enchantment.

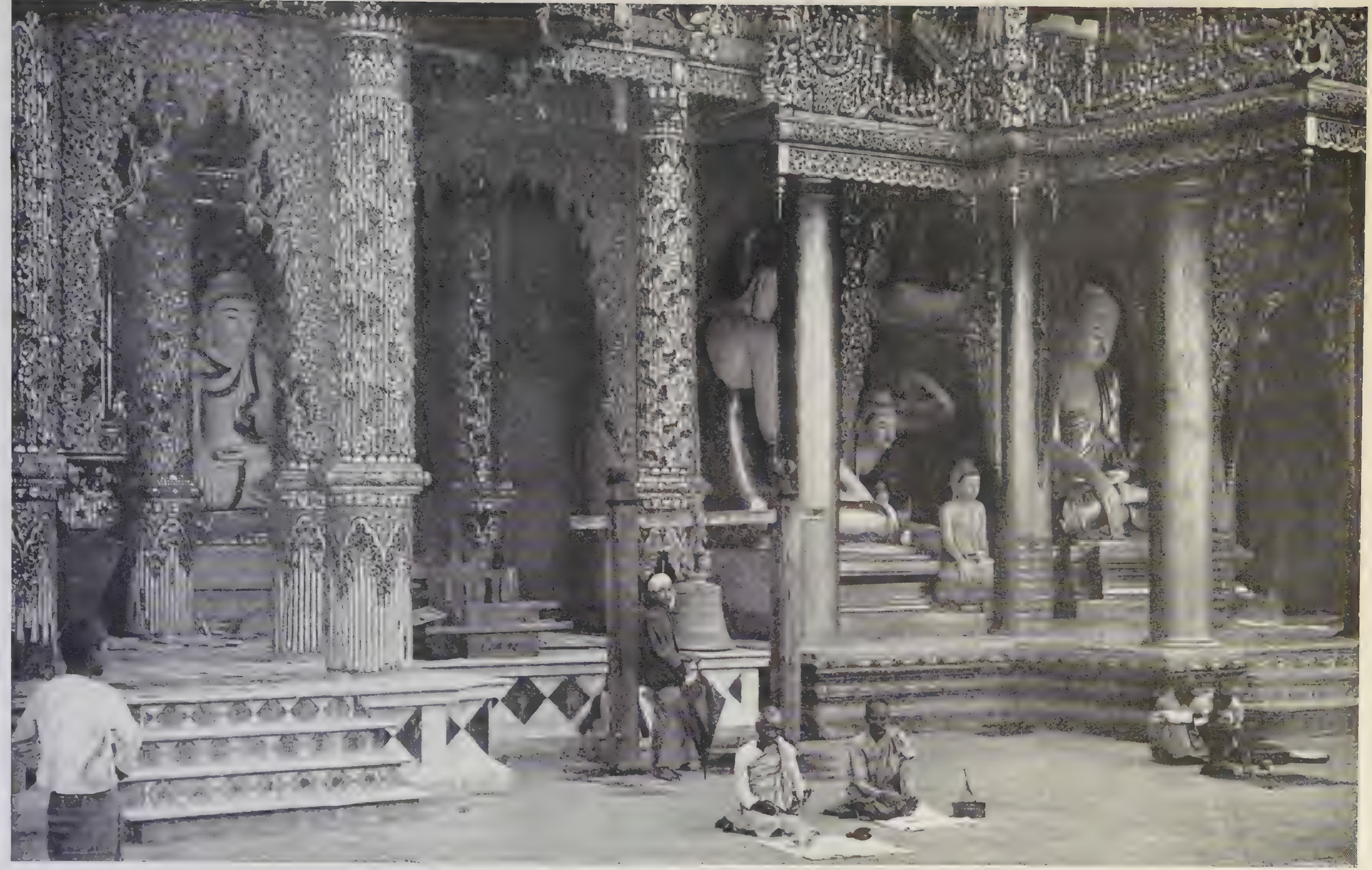
The range of the pagoda—for a pagoda such as the Shwe Dagon becomes in time the centre of innumerable other pagodas, of bazaars, and of every form of life and activity—rises in front of one, guarded by its leogryphs, fantastic fabulous animals, and the contrast of its age and silence against this modern world of trams and motor-cars holds, indeed, the very spirit of innermost romance.

You approach it up long flights of covered steps, lined by booths and stalls, where marketing goes on, where the sounds of laughter and haggling fill the air, where children play and dogs prowl. And then, after a climb of 166 feet, you emerge on to the great platform of the pagoda. This platform is 900 feet long by 685 feet wide. From its centre the huge bell-shaped pagoda, so perfectly proportioned that its dimensions are not immediately apparent, sweeps up to a height of 370 feet. Its base circumference is no less than 1,355 feet.

The pagoda shines with the barbaric splendour of burnished gold; all the lower part is overlaid with pure gold plates an eighth of an inch thick, and all the top part with the finest gold leaf. Upon its summit, the hti—a sort of network embellishment whose silver bells jangle in the breeze—is incrusted with precious stones. There is something at once gorgeous and elemental in its appearance. It is as though the offerings of the world had been flung upon this golden column, whose pride could accept all and wait for more.

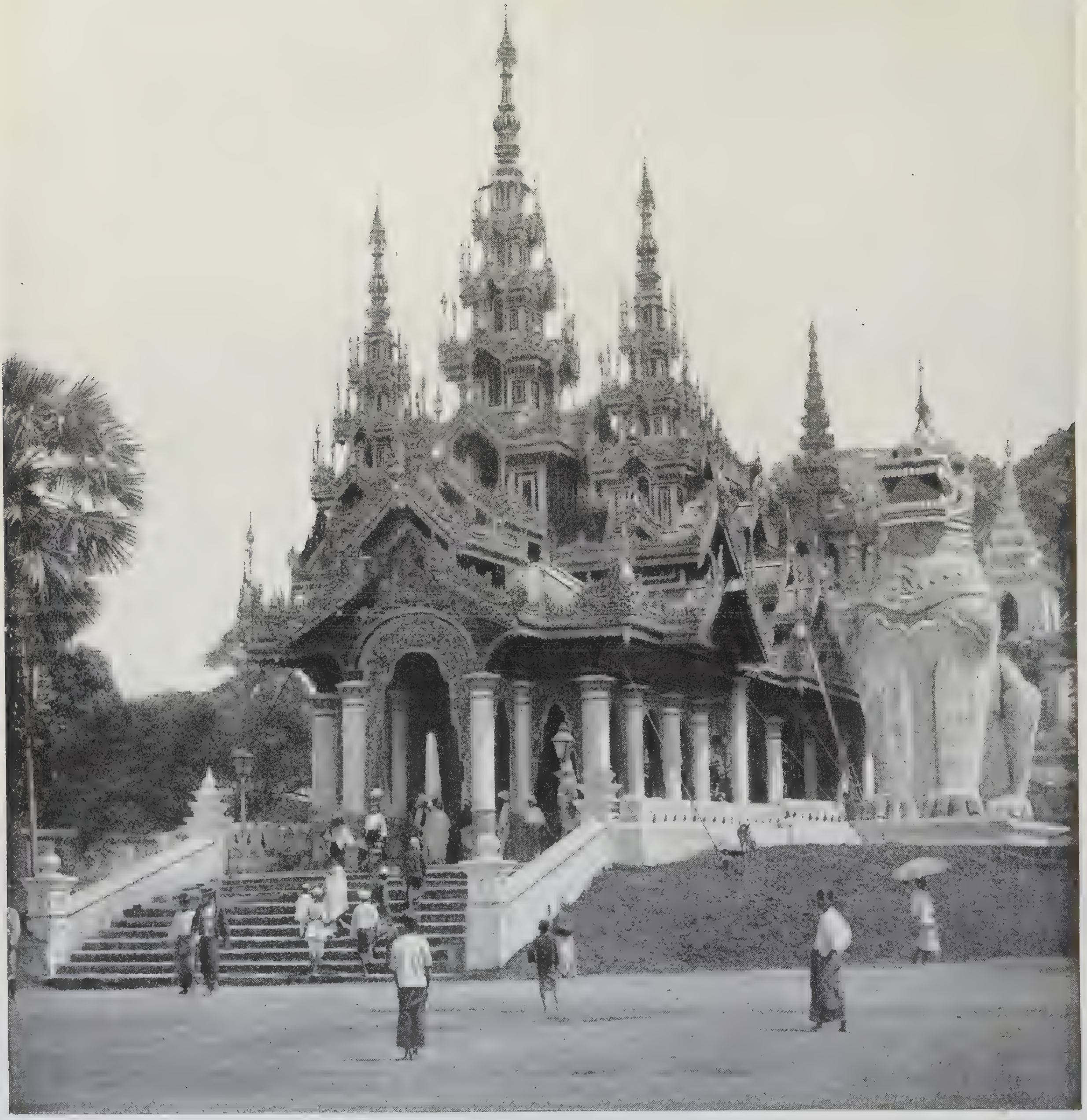
Let us glance back at the history of the Shwe Dagon and see how it came to be built and what its surroundings were like in that distant era. While Buddha was still alive, about 586 B.C., it is said that two Burmese brothers from Talaing, rich merchants called Poo and Tapau, were escorting 500 carts of merchandise through the forest near Benares where the founder of their religion was then living in contemplation. They made him an offering of honey, and implored him to give them something they might honour as a relic. Buddha bestowed upon them eight hairs from his head. With this precious possession they returned to Burma, resolved to found a pagoda for their reception.

At that time there was a mere mud village along the banks of the Irrawaddy where Rangoon now is, but the natural mound upon which the Shwe Dagon rests must have given them an inspiration, and they built there in the waste, with forests around, hiding in the inner shrine of the pagoda the hairs of the Lord Buddha. Tradition has it that this site had been sacred



SOME OF THE MANY SHRINES THAT SURROUND THE PLATFORM OF THE GREAT SHWE DAGON PAGODA, RANGOON

The donations of individuals anxious to obtain merit, or to mark their gratitude for the gifts of health or fortune, such shrines, with their countless images of Buddha, are a feature of all Burmese pagodas. In addition to shrines, the platform of the Shwe Dagon Pagoda contains numerous rest-houses for the convenience of pilgrims from afar, sacred poles with metal crowns or htis, drinking-water stands, bells of all sizes, and other objects, all placed there by men desirous to show their worthiness of that peace and comfort for which they crave.



STEPS BY WHICH MYRIADS OF PILGRIMS HAVE ASCENDED TO RANGOON'S GREAT PAGODA

The stairs, now very rough and worn, are covered by a rising series of superbly carved teak roofs, supported on columns of wood and masonry; and many of the cross beams and panels are decorated with frescoes representing scenes in the life of Buddha. At each side of the southern entrance, now the most frequented of the three, stands a mammoth leogryph, built of brick covered with plaster. Only one of these grotesque monsters is shown in the photograph of the entrance here illustrated.

for countless years previously, and that, when digging for the foundations of the Shwe Dagon, the brothers came upon relics of Gautama's three predecessors—the drinking-cup of Kaukkathan, the robe of Gawnagong, and the staff of Kathapa.

To what extent fact and fiction are mingled in the story of the Shwe Dagon's origin, who shall say? Its history certainly goes back into the mists, and it has certainly been one of the most revered shrines of Indo-China for centuries. The first Shwe Dagon is said to have been only twenty-seven feet in height, but it has been repeatedly re-cased and added to until its present great dimensions were finally attained in 1564.

In far-off ages the Shwe Dagon, standing there solitary in the wilderness, was in a very special sense a place of pilgrimage. One can imagine the camps of the faithful by the river, who, from perilous journeys through trackless jungles and over dangerous seas, had assembled there with pious resolve to show their devotion to the prototype. That pristine Buddhism, with the mild simplicity of its teaching and its mystical philosophy of Nirvana, came to men as a revelation after the entanglements of Hinduism and the futility of pagan rites. As years went on it spread and spread, and the Shwe Dagon, growing with its growth, became more and more a religious centre for the Buddhists of the East.

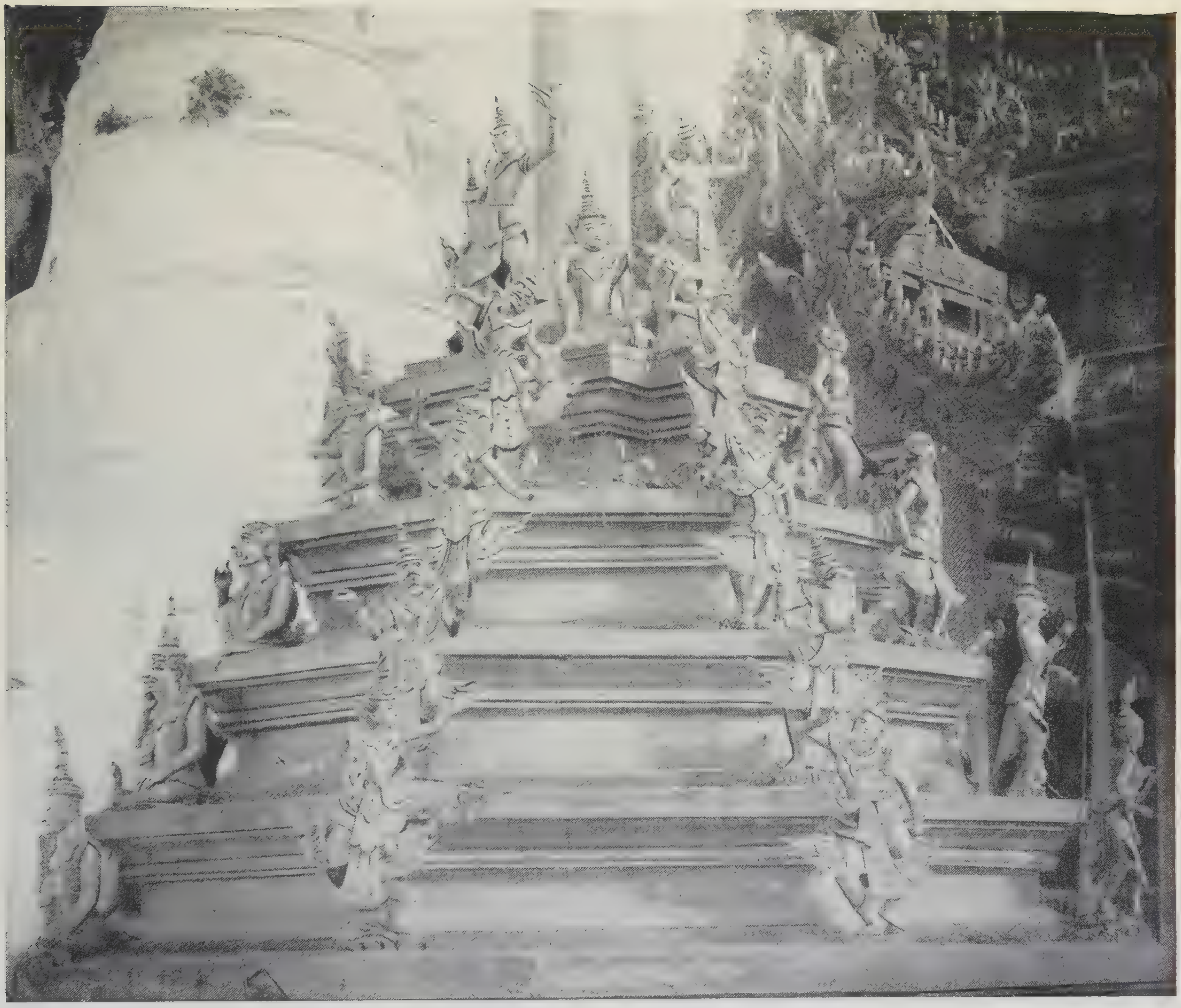
It is this universal character which gives to the Shwe Dagon its special significance. It is, in a sense, the Mecca of Buddhism. Rangoon is a modern city, but the Shwe Dagon has given it a fame in the Buddhist world which transcends the fame of commerce and success. As you climb the steps to the platform, you may climb with the devotees of half a dozen nations. And that has been going on since long before the first European set foot in Burma.

The stillness of the platform after the cheerful outcry upon the stairs is noble and touching. Here, too, life is active and dogs wander, but there is a solemn hush as in the presence of a great mystery. The Burmese do not take their religion sadly, but they take it seriously. There is an informality about these people wandering to and fro which might lead one to suspect that the platform was a meeting-place and not a shrine, but that would be to misunderstand the heart of their creed. They come here for contemplation rather than for prayer, they come here to go away refreshed by a memory, they come here to prove the abiding influence of Gautama's teaching. Even the few persons one sees actually prostrate before the shrines are not praying in our sense of the word. They are reciting passages from the precepts of the Buddha; it is thus that they gain the peace and comfort which they crave.

These shrines, to the number of 1,500, surround the outer edge of the square platform in an amazing array of different styles. They are the gifts of individuals anxious to obtain merit, or to mark their gratitude for the gifts of health or fortune. Here one can study the type of pagoda representative of various countries where Buddhism still rules. In haphazard disorder, the architectures of China, Siam, Cambodia, Ceylon, Burma, India, and Korea jostle one another. They are in every state of preservation from the dilapidated ruin to the spick and span erection of yesterday, the dust of one powdering the fresh gilt of another. Huddled close together as they are in their dwarfed size and multiple design, they give one the curious feeling of being in a graveyard, where new tombs are pressing upon the crumbling memorials of an earlier generation.

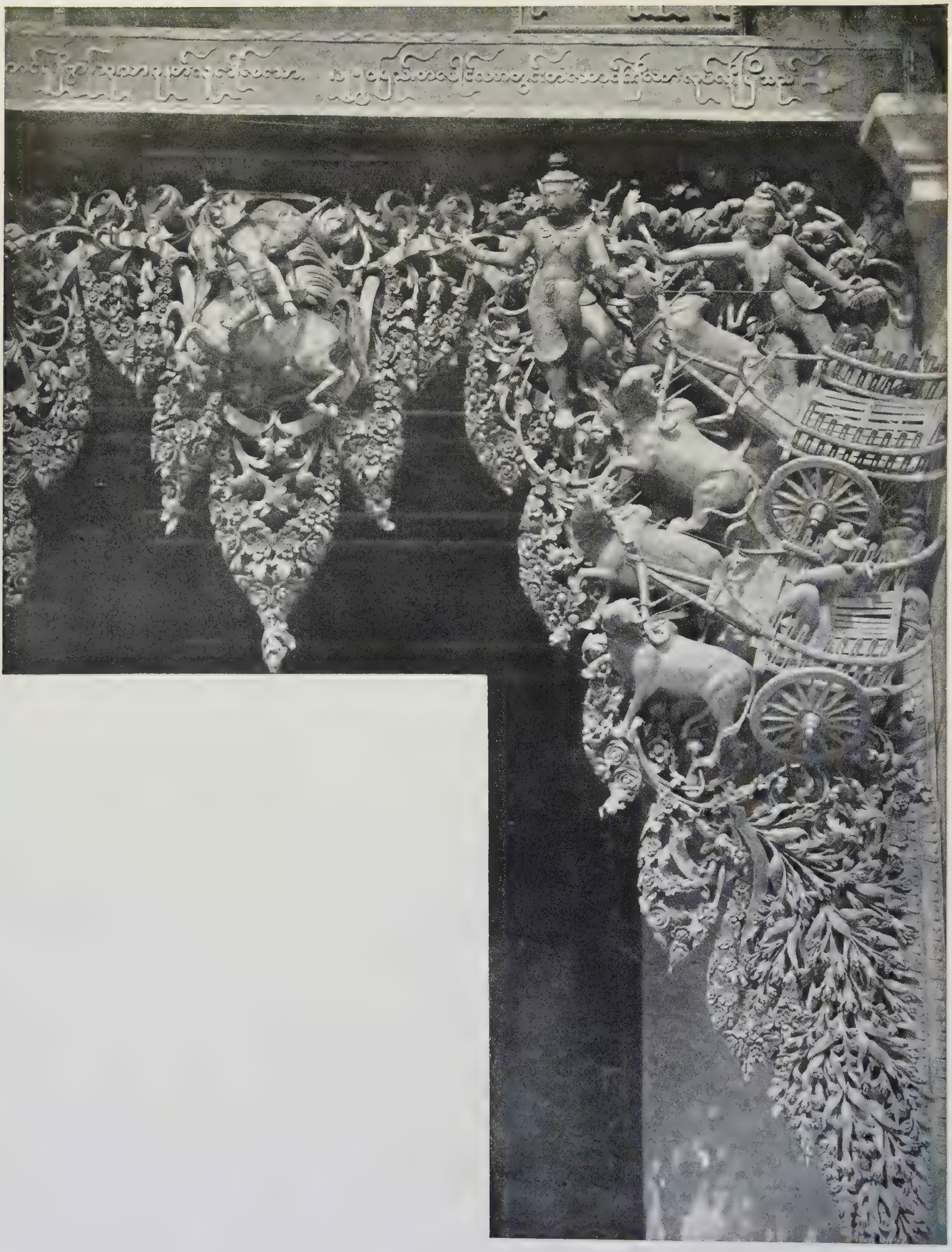
Buddhists, it must be remembered, find their reward in building pagodas, not in preserving those that are already built. With the few exceptions of the great national pagodas, which are kept up under the guardianship of trustees, these structures are left to the governance of time, and that is why the whole of Burma is full of ruins, falling to pieces and overgrown with weeds, while new pagodas cover the ground like giant mushrooms in their whitewashed squatness. Each generation of Buddhists must declare again its belief in the cycle of change, and it is this, coupled with the fact that a pagoda is not so much a temple for a god as a monument to a man's piety, that makes them anxious to prove their worthiness by the erection of more and more pagodas.

The pagodas and shrines around the Shwe Dagon are mostly of an incredible tawdriness and trivial vulgarity. Unlike the great exemplar, they are ornate in carving and design, full of atrocious woodwork and crude coloured glass, and they look more like elaborately decorated Christmas trees than anything else. In them the simpering figure of Buddha—for not in one statue out



SYMBOLS OF MAN'S IMMEMORIAL BELIEF IN FAIRIES, A FAITH OLDER THAN BUDDHISM

The figures in this strange group at the base of one of the innumerable sacred poles on the platform of the Shwe Dagon Pagoda, represent nats or fairies—spirits of the air, mountain, and fire—which play a big part in the spiritual life of the people of Burma. On all occasions, before taking any action, a man consults and seeks to propitiate one or more of the thirty-seven nats.



LOVING LABOUR OF MASTER CRAFTSMEN

An example of the exquisite wood carvings which adorn the Shwe Dagon Pagoda. Upon this gorgeous golden shrine, which contains actual relics of Gautama and is the most universally visited of all such pagodas in Indo-China, pious worshippers for centuries have lavished gifts beyond price.

of a thousand has the sculptor caught any hint of the benign, calm power of the founder—in one of his three traditional attitudes, seated, standing, or recumbent, is multiplied to a bewildering extent. The figures appear usually to be made of alabaster, and some shrines contain a whole army of them. It is just as if you were observing an inferior wax-work show. Others of the shrines, again, are guarded by outlandish nats, those singular protective spirits which have been superimposed upon Buddhism —Burmese Buddhism—from far-off heathen times.

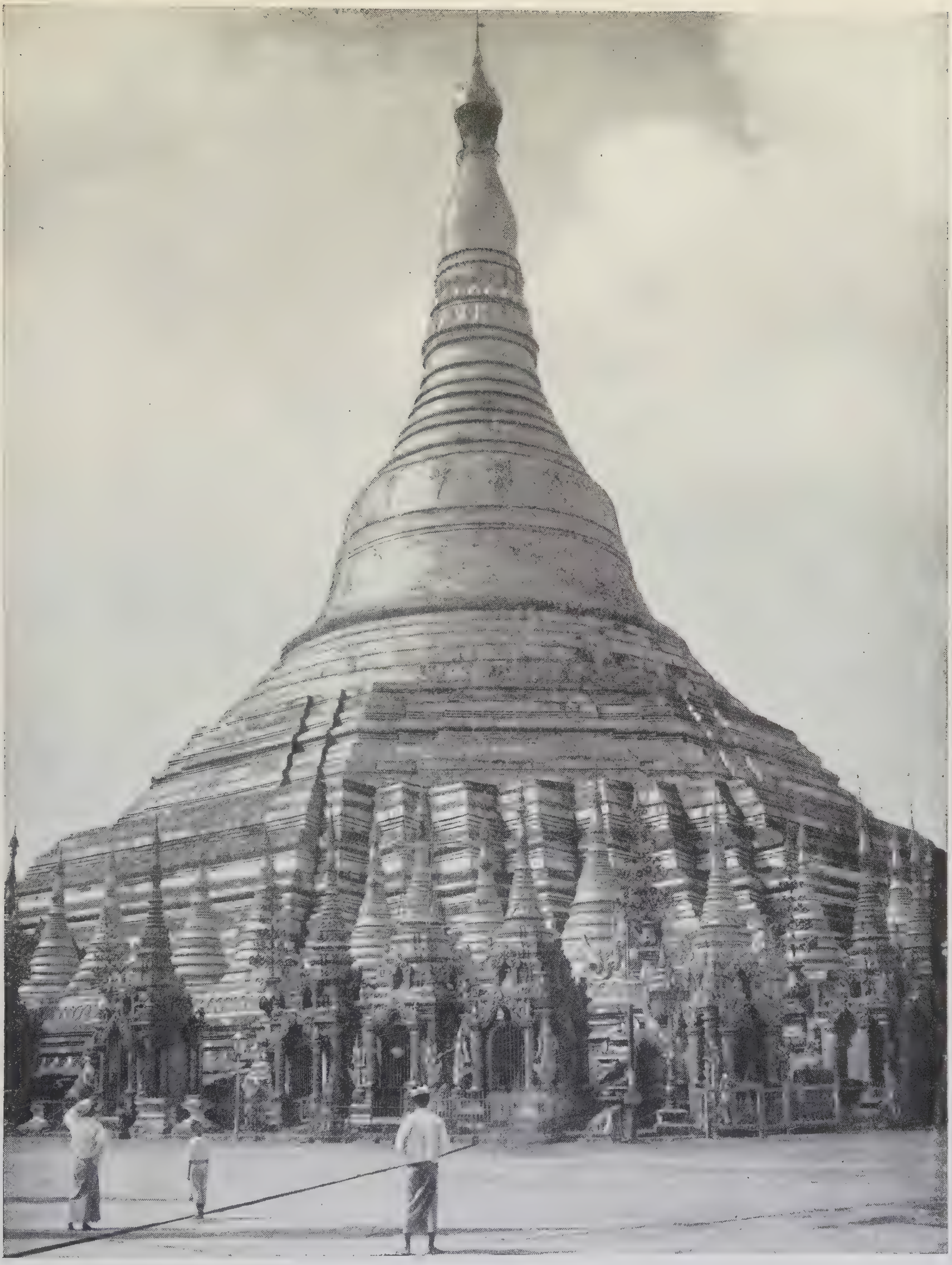
Everywhere one sees dirt and neglect. The Oriental indifference to cleanliness is painfully evident. Gazing around, one asks oneself whether the whole effect, after all, is not rather that of a fair than of a graveyard. Buddhists will not destroy life, and a few dreadful dogs, in the last stages of decrepitude and actual dissolution, are dragging themselves about amidst the waste paper and the unwashed paths. No; Buddhists will not destroy life, but they will leave it to decay as they leave their pagodas to decay. It is a tenet of religion rather than a dictate of humanity. In fact, some will go so far as to fish and let their catch pant out their breath upon the shore, thus keeping the letter and evading the spirit.

But here, as all over the East, there is endless fascination in the multitudinous life that hems you in, that life which is so secret, so full of activities and thoughts unguessed at by Europeans, so tortuous in its burrow-like existence. The devout, as we have seen, travel to the Shwe Dagon from the far corners of the Buddhist world. They come unheralded; they look, and they pass on to the uttermost parts of Asia. Men in outlandish garb, men with sadness in their eyes, men who glance at you with silent contempt. Indeed, one must feel at times an intruder in these sacred spots. Buddhism is a religion neither anxious for converts nor intolerant of other creeds; but of recent years the Burmese, or a section of them, have come more and more to resent the custom of treating their pagodas as interesting sights for tourists. At the Shwe Dagon there is no trouble for the European if he behaves with due decorum, but there is always the offchance that some fanatical priest may take the law into his own hands and attack a stranger in that he has defiled holy ground with shoes upon his feet.

The dependent shrines and pagodas stand in serried rows, and if you would see the view from the edge of the platform, you must make your way through them as best you can. Then, indeed, you will be rewarded by the vast serenity of the spread landscape. In this direction stretches Rangoon, with the winding Irrawaddy beyond; in this, an enormous plain with hills and lakes in the foreground. The Shwe Dagon was here when nothing but the jungle and the river was visible, when all was but a wilderness, and when the unrestful energy of man had not yet changed the face of the earth; and sometimes one cannot but wonder whether it will not outlast the transient conquest, and whether Rangoon itself, with its 350,000 inhabitants, will not be finally a mere dream of the past in the ages-long existence of the enduring pagoda.

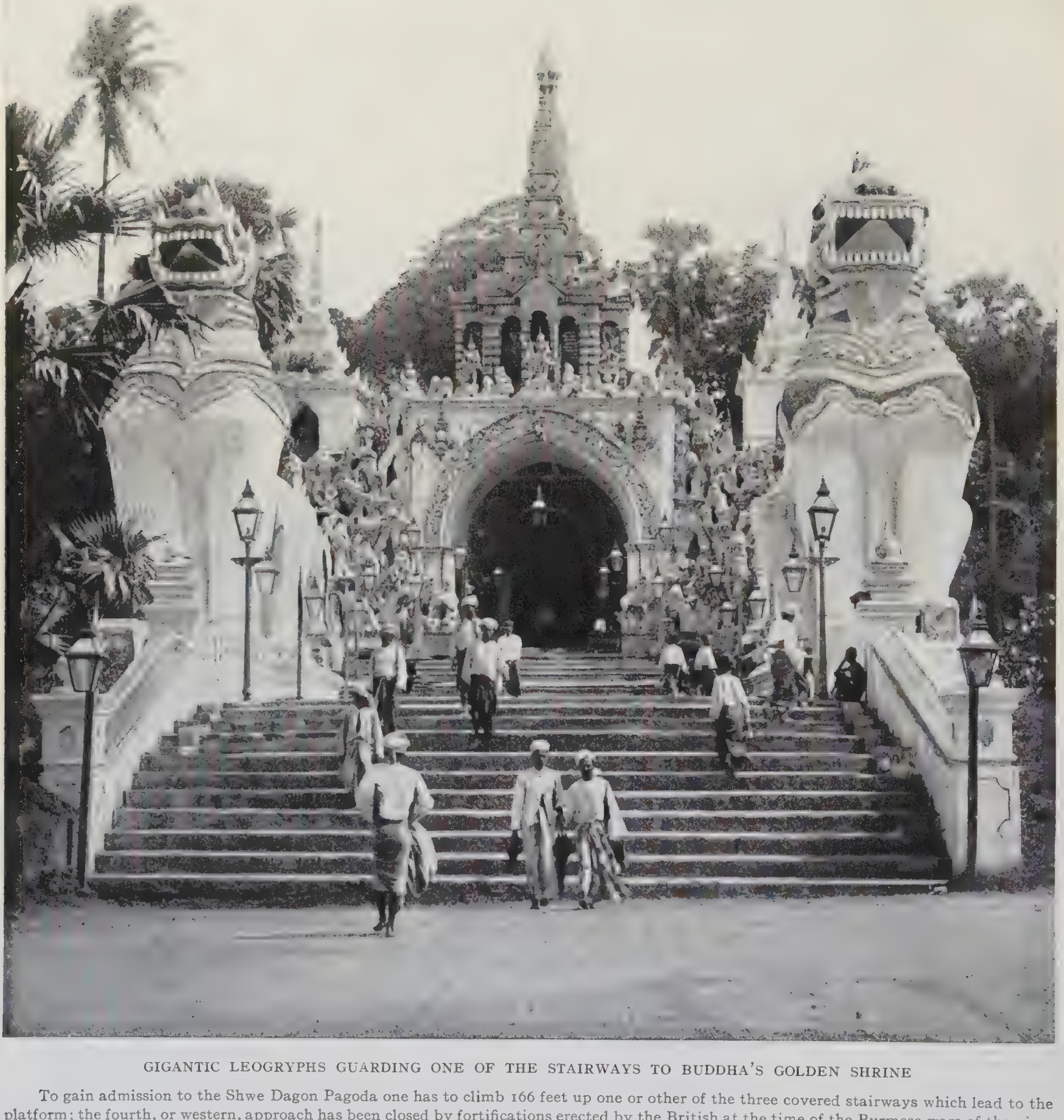
But it is time to descend the steps, where naphtha-flares are blazing in the darkening twilight. People are going up and down as before; probably at no hour of the day or night is the platform deserted, although the crowds below have thinned, and the players of the ball-game, who use their feet instead of their hands with uncanny skill, have left the upper region. As you descend, Burmese children dance ahead, pressing lotus blossoms upon you; but this charming custom is induced, like most modern things, by a hope of reward. The air is cooler and, as it were, more scented, and moving lights appear over the shrouded roads, glimmering here and there among the trees. Above you the gold of the Shwe Dagon has taken on a wonderful lemon tint, giving it an incredible, unsubstantial fairiness, and presently they will switch on the electric light, and the whole vast dome will glitter and wink as though it were alive. The sky is of a deep blue, inset with stars, and the night vibrates with stridulating insects and croaking frogs.

There is one night of the year when the Shwe Dagon wakes from its silence and vociferates aloud the glory of Buddhism. This is the night of Tazaundaing, the Feast of Lights, which falls, according to its date, some time within November. Then, indeed, the platform knows a pious revelry. Rest-houses and image-houses are lit up, thousands of candles burn in the shrines, and a crowd, so enormous that the great platform can scarce hold it, slowly perambulates to the ringing of bells and the carrying



BUILT TO CONTAIN THE EIGHT HAIRS WHICH BUDDHA BESTOWED ON SOME BURMESE MERCHANTS

The Shwe Dagon Pagoda, at Rangoon, traditionally founded in 588 B.C., has been little altered since the sixteenth century of our era, and is the most gorgeous shrine in the world. After a climb of 166 feet up long flights of covered steps, the pilgrim or visitor comes upon the great platform from which the huge bell-shaped pagoda, 1,355 feet in circumference at its base, sweeps upward in a barbaric splendour of burnished gold to a height of 370 feet. The pagoda is a solid stupa of brick, gilded over from base to summit, which has been raised over the relic chamber, and is crowned with a golden hti, or "umbrella," supporting innumerable silver bells.



GIGANTIC LEOGRYPHS GUARDING ONE OF THE STAIRWAYS TO BUDDHA'S GOLDEN SHRINE

To gain admission to the Shwe Dagon Pagoda one has to climb 166 feet up one or other of the three covered stairways which lead to the platform; the fourth, or western, approach has been closed by fortifications erected by the British at the time of the Burmese wars of the nineteenth century. The arch which forms the actual entrance to the stairway seen here is wonderfully decorated with strange forms and figures, notably of nats, those singular protective spirits that are peculiar to Burmese Buddhism.

of religious insignia. It is an extraordinary crowd, which, reinforced ceaselessly from below, swells and swells with each passing minute. Exultant happiness rests on every face, and in that tight-packed throng there is nothing but good humour and mirthful joy. This is the triumphant annual vindication of the Buddhist faith, and watching that crowd one could not but feel that no other religion would suit the glad abandon of the Burmese character.

The Shwe Dagon towered into the night sky, a dark shadow above its tiers of light, and the tumult below gave to its huge bulk a curious majesty of repose. I remember that, as I turned back to look at it from the roadway beneath, the sight was impressive as never before. Up above, on the platform, lights in their myriads were shifting and gleaming, and the mingled sounds came blended to me as the murmur of a city heard afar. And there, shooting up into the gloom, rose the outline of the Shwe Dagon. It pierced the skies, immense and untroubled, and, as though oblivious of mankind, it seemed to await in silence the high destiny of future ages.

TEMPLES OF THE GODS. III

BAALBEK: SPLENDID IN ITS RUIN

By Richard Curle

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By Richard Curle

Author of "Wanderings, a Book of Travels and Reminiscence," etc.

ABOUT midway between Beirut and Damascus, at a dreary station in the plateau called Ryak, the railway for Aleppo branches northward. It is but half a dozen miles along this line that the ruins of Baalbek lie clustered in their mighty fragments. As you wander through them, it is like wandering through a wilderness of stone raised tier upon tier. The perfect and vast proportions of the ruins expand about you, and in their fallen grandeur they are probably more impressive to modern eyes than they must have been in the days of their glory.

What astonishes one at first sight about these ruins is, indeed, their tremendous extent. That is an emotion which no photograph can arouse, and which, in fact, cannot be conveyed adequately in words. Their total length is about 950 feet, and at their widest they are about 650 feet. They are a mixture of Roman work, Byzantine work, and work of a later period. The order of entering is as follows: A flight of steps, the Propylæa, an hexagonal forecourt, the Great Forecourt (with an altar in the middle of it), another flight of steps, the Temple of Jupiter-Baal, sometimes called the Temple of the Sun.

To the left, half-way between the Great Court and the Temple of Jupiter-Baal, lies the Temple of Bacchus, and grouped around this temple are the remains of various other buildings.

The Great Court measures 440 feet by 370 feet. In olden days it was bordered by covered halls, decorated with statues.

Some of these halls are still in a fairly good state of preservation, though weeds grow in the pavement-niches of the court, and your only companions are lizards and grazing animals.

It is this neglect which gives Baalbek so infinite an appeal. The spick and span ruins of the West, where every stone is carefully guarded, have a sort of adventitious vulgarity thrust upon them. But here you may witness the greatness of silent decay. Wild flowers and grass flourish unhindered amid the stones, bushes sprout through the crevices of the walls, everywhere nature is covering up with merciful oblivion the gaunt skeleton of the ruins. Thus there is something extraordinarily natural and soothing about Baalbek. If it gives you an emotion of tragic happenings, it also gives you an emotion of the deepest serenity. You can sit there for hours dreaming uninterruptedly of the past.

In the Temple of Jupiter-Baal but six columns out of fifty-four remain upright. The three last that fell, fell in the earthquake of 1759. This must have been a particularly splendid building, for the columns are sixty feet in height and their Corinthian capitals are twenty-two feet in circumference. In one of the side walls there are three great stones, raised twenty feet above the ground, that measure each sixty-four feet by thirteen feet. One may well wonder at the engineering skill of past ages that succeeded in getting these monsters, weighing twelve hundred tons apiece, into position. They were quarried about half a mile away, and there, lying still in the quarry, is an even larger stone, sixty-eight feet by fourteen feet, which may simply have proved too titanic to shift into position. Perhaps nothing brings back the past of Baalbek so intimately and vividly as the sight of this stone. It makes one feel somehow as though one had been present personally at the very building of the temples; it makes one see the human problems that faced the architects. That stone has been lying there, maybe, for nearly two thousand years; but looking at it, one suddenly realises that the men who quarried it and then failed to move it were men like ourselves.

But if the shifting of these stones presents a curious problem, the marble pillars of the temples present a still more curious one. It has been shown that these were probably brought from the interior of Egypt, and it has been calculated that three years must have been required for their journey. What a weird and

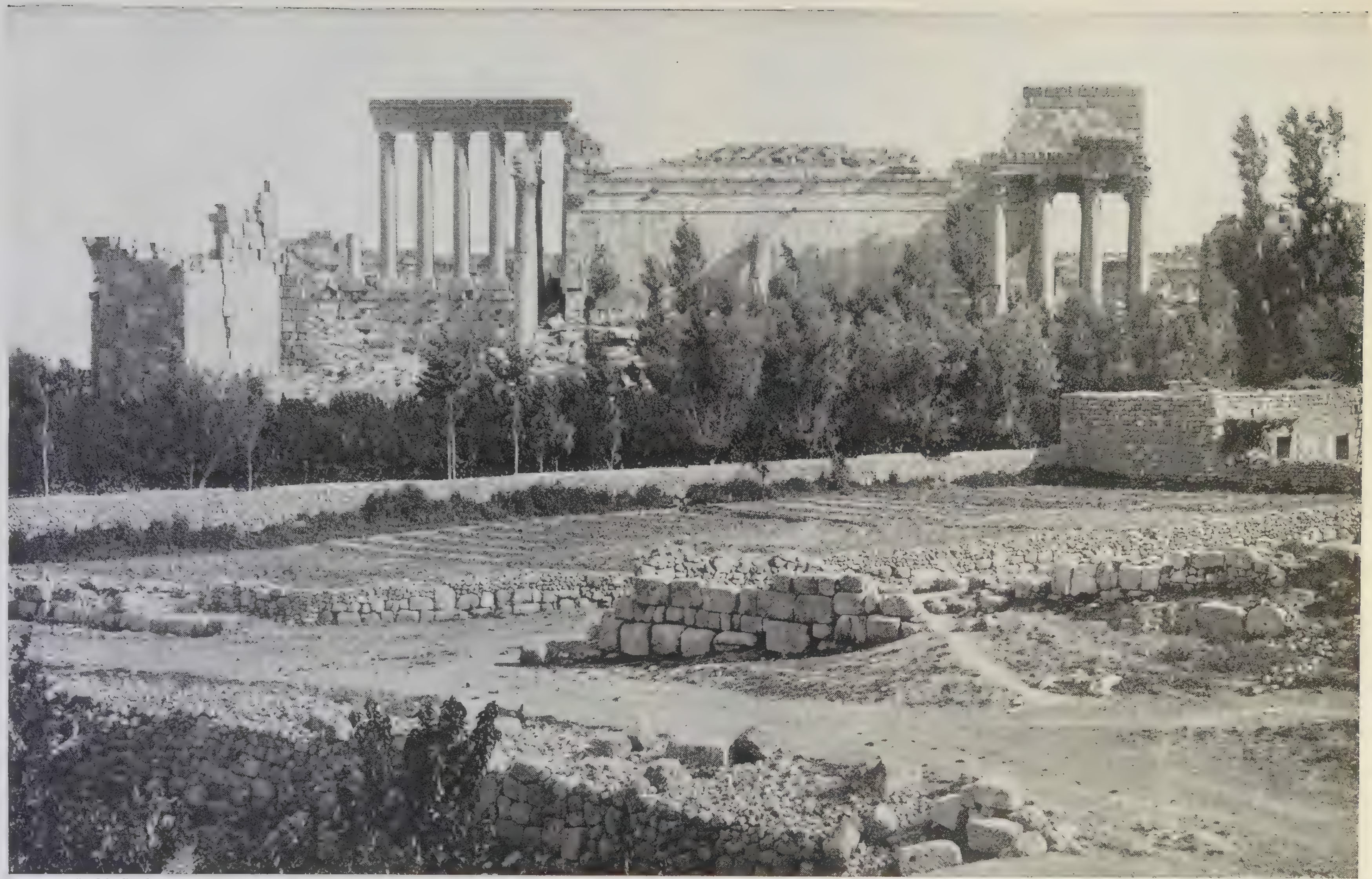


Photo by F. M. Good.

GENERAL VIEW OF THE TEMPLES OF BACCHUS AND JUPITER-BAAL ON THE ACROPOLIS AT BAALBEK

The observer in this photograph is looking towards the north and sees in the right foreground the south side of the Temple of Bacchus, while on the left and beyond uprear the six remaining columns of the great Temple of Jupiter-Baal, which extended to the right a greater distance than is covered by the photograph. The great temple was an immense structure with a massive forecourt on the east, reached by a wide and dignified staircase. The main part of the temple lay behind the smaller Temple of Bacchus, and was known as the Court of the Altar, a Christian basilica at a later date being built amid the ruins. Massive walls enclosed the whole group of buildings, and portions of these still remain.

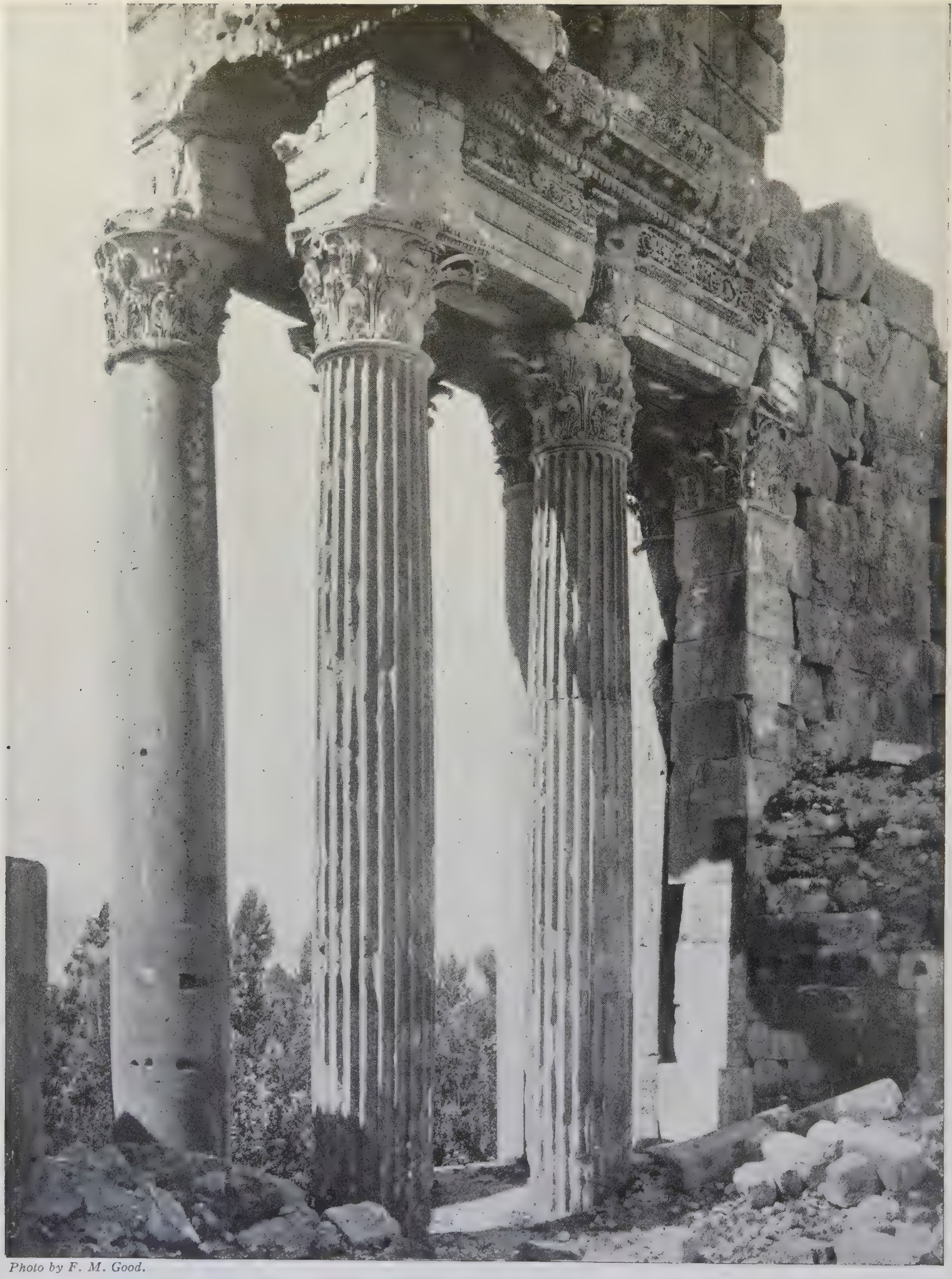
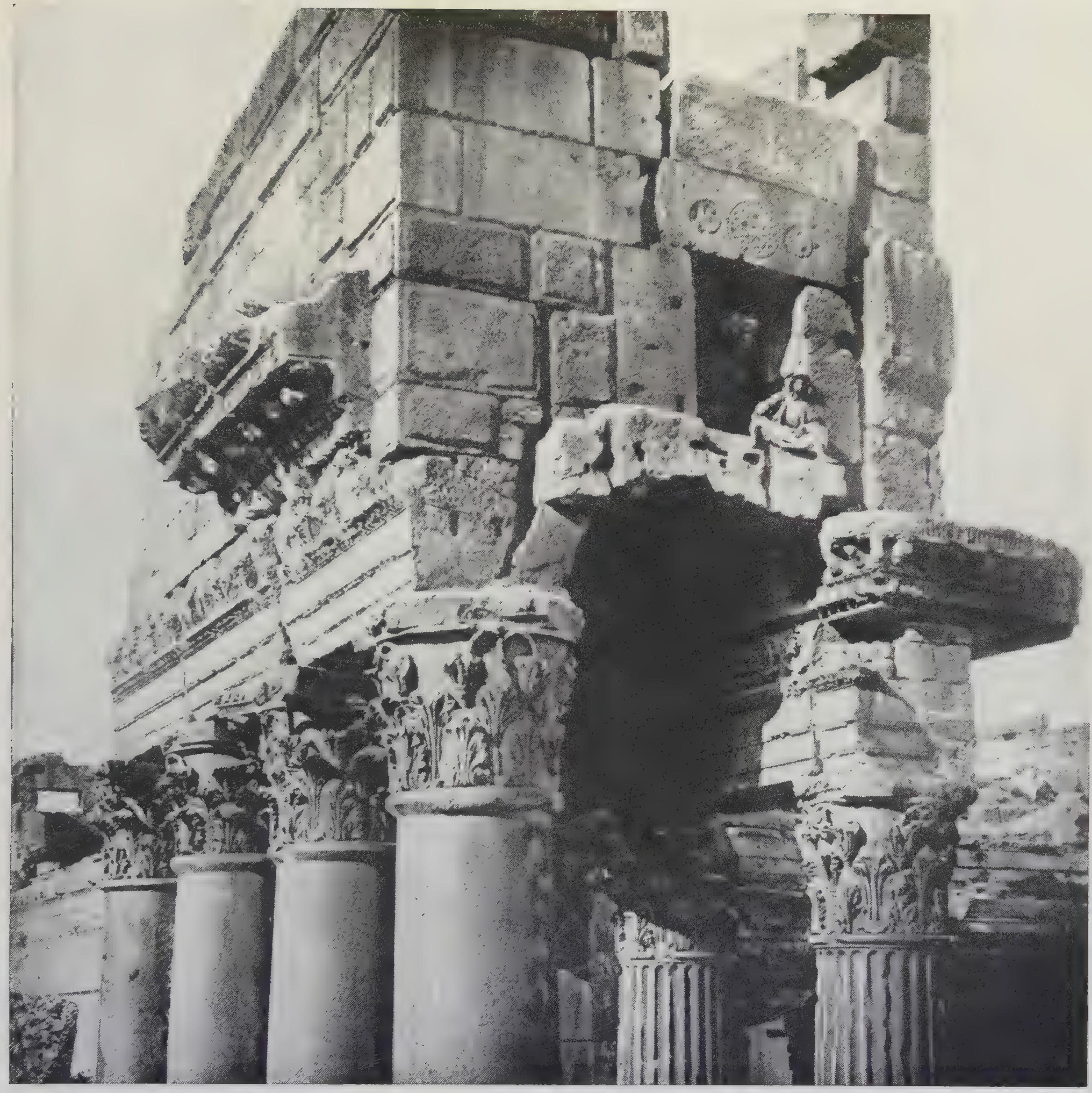


Photo by F. M. Good.

EAST END OF THE VESTIBULE OF THE TEMPLE OF BACCHUS AT BAALBEK

From this glimpse of the ruins we can gather some notion of the dignified beauty of the building in the day of its splendour. The leaf work throughout this temple was particularly beautiful, anticipating in the decorative nature of its treatment and the care of the chiselling the lovely Byzantine work of a later day. Huge masses of the ceiling have fallen in, and the Turks have ruined many of the columns by extracting the iron clamps for the sake of the metal.



CLOSER VIEW OF THE CORINTHIAN CAPITALS OF THE TEMPLE OF BACCHUS AT BAALBEK

This photograph has a particular value in enabling the reader to form some idea of the massiveness of the architecture of the Temple of Bacchus in Baalbek, the figure of the Arab seated on the stone roof of the portico giving an indication of the immense size of the tall and graceful columns which carry the architrave and frieze.

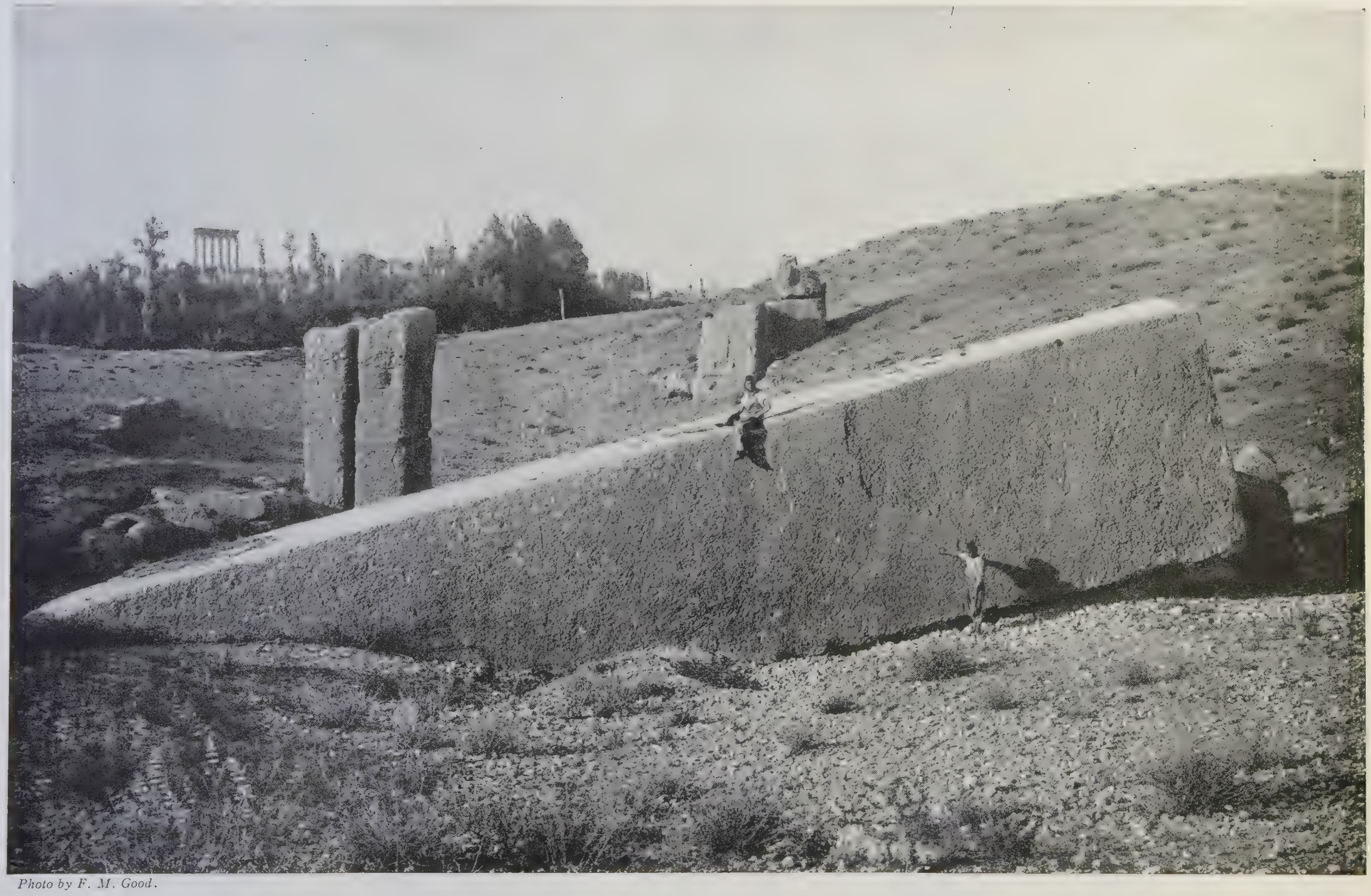


Photo by F. M. Good.

"THERE WERE GIANTS IN THOSE DAYS"—AN UNFINISHED MONOLITH IN THE QUARRIES AT BAALBEK

This enormous stone, measuring 68 feet long and roughly 14 feet square, exceeds in size any of the three great stones imbedded in the masonry of the outer walls of the Acropolis at Baalbek, and its position in the quarries, rough-hewn, within sight of the Temple of Jupiter-Baal, for which it may have been originally destined, would indicate that the architectural scheme of the temple group was not carried to completion. There can be few, if any, monoliths exceeding the dimensions of that here photographed.

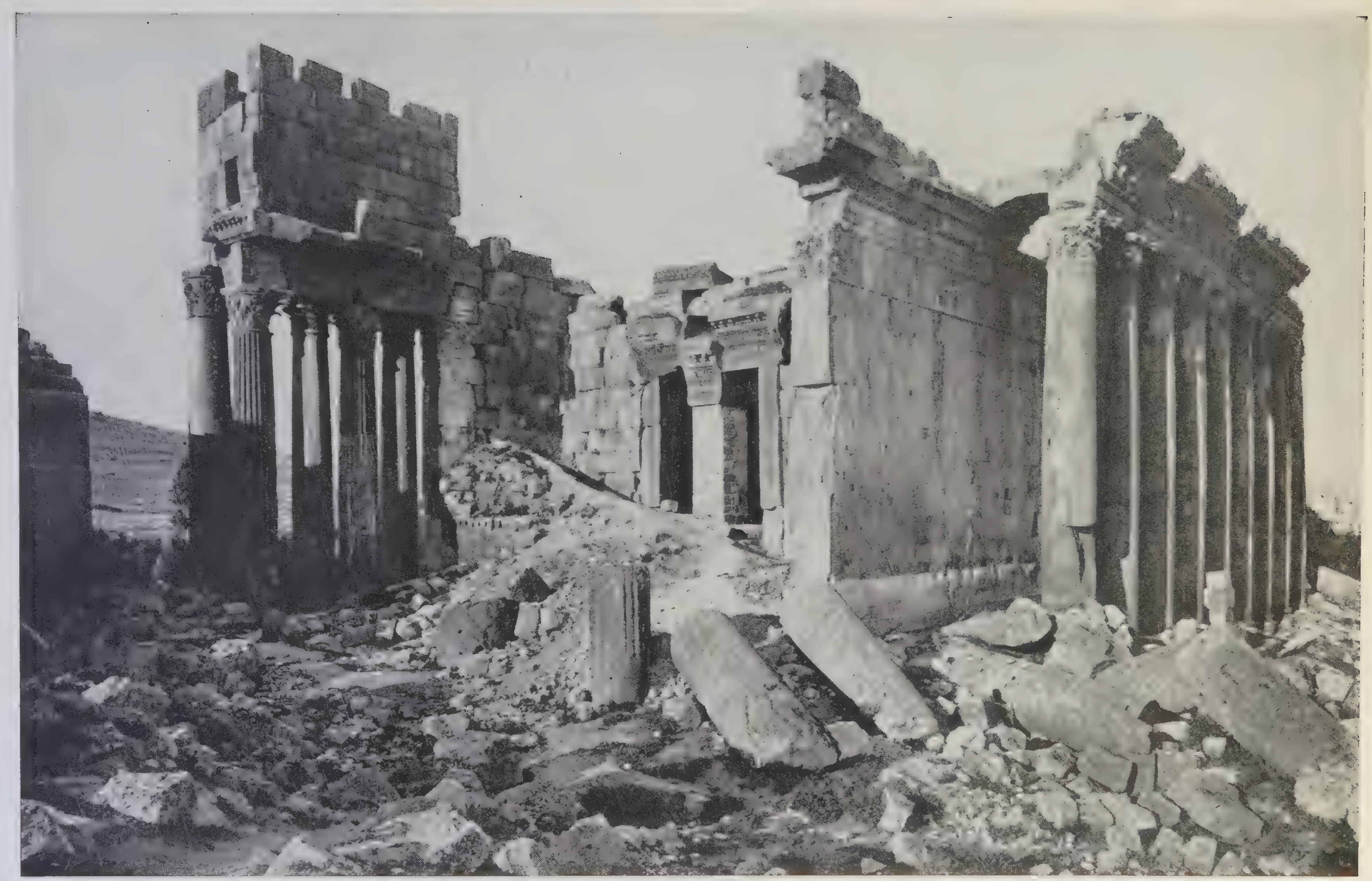


Photo by F. M. Good.

THE DESERTED SHRINE OF BACCHUS AS IT STOOD FOR MANY GENERATIONS AT BAALBEK

In this photograph we have a view of the ruins of the Temple of Bacchus looking from the north-east. Since the photograph was taken, the débris that had fallen in front of the great portal and is shown in the centre of the picture has been cleared away, the temporary pier supporting the main stone of the lintel of the great doorway being withdrawn and the stone replaced approximately in its original position. Originally there were fifteen of these fine unfluted columns on each side of the temple, and eight at the ends, the fluted columns being associated with them in forming the peristyle of the building.

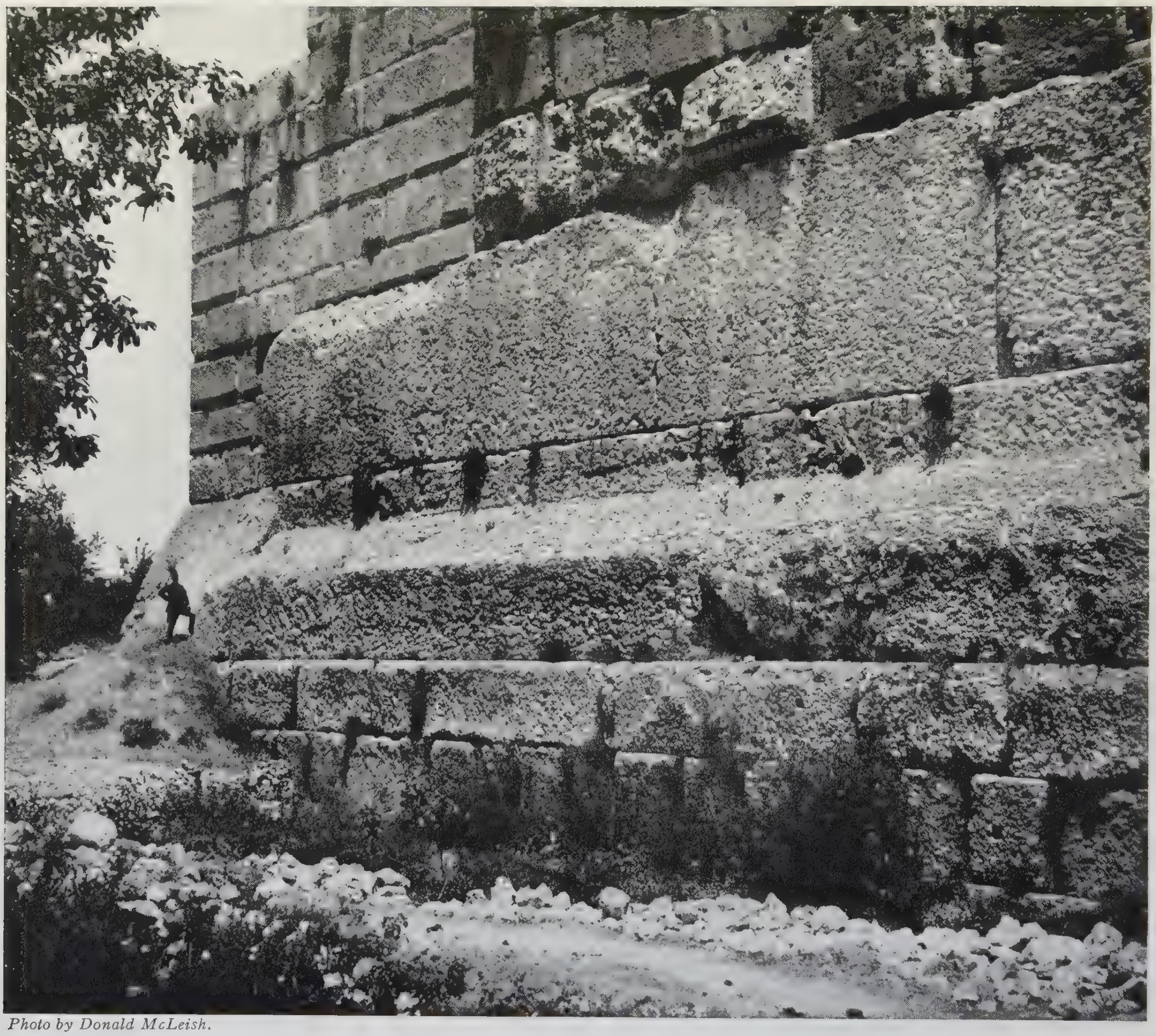


Photo by Donald McLeish.

THE TRILITHON AT BAALBEK: SOME OF THE MIGHTIEST STONES EVER MOVED BY BUILDERS

But for the figure of the Turk in the above photograph, it would be difficult to estimate the immensity of the stones employed in this, the outer wall of the Acropolis at Baalbek. Three great stones are contained within the middle course of the masonry, each measuring 63 feet long by 13 feet high and 10 feet thick. The means whereby they could be lifted and placed in position on the top of a sub-structure, already 23 feet high must have called for the exercise of immense power, and would puzzle the most expert builders of to-day. It has been thought that the name of the Trilithon, or "three-stone," applied to the great Temple of Jupiter-Baal may have originated from the use of these particular stones.

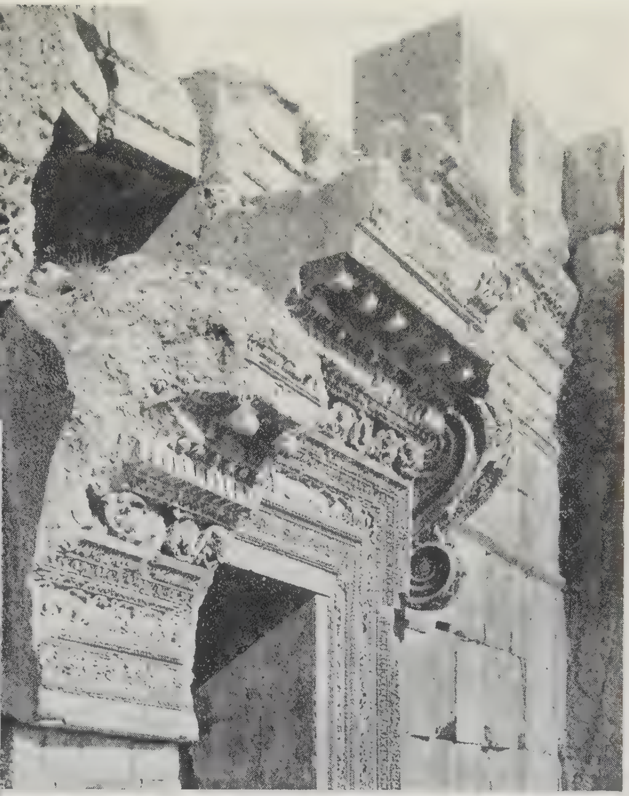


Photo by F. M. Good.

GREAT PORTAL OF THE TEMPLE OF BACCHUS

A nearer view is given here of the real gem of the Temple of Bacchus at Baalbek, with the middle stone of the lintel sunk from its original position, the photograph having been taken before the stone was replaced. Vines and garlands are richly carved, while satyrs and bacchantes gambol in the frieze along the lintel of the great door.

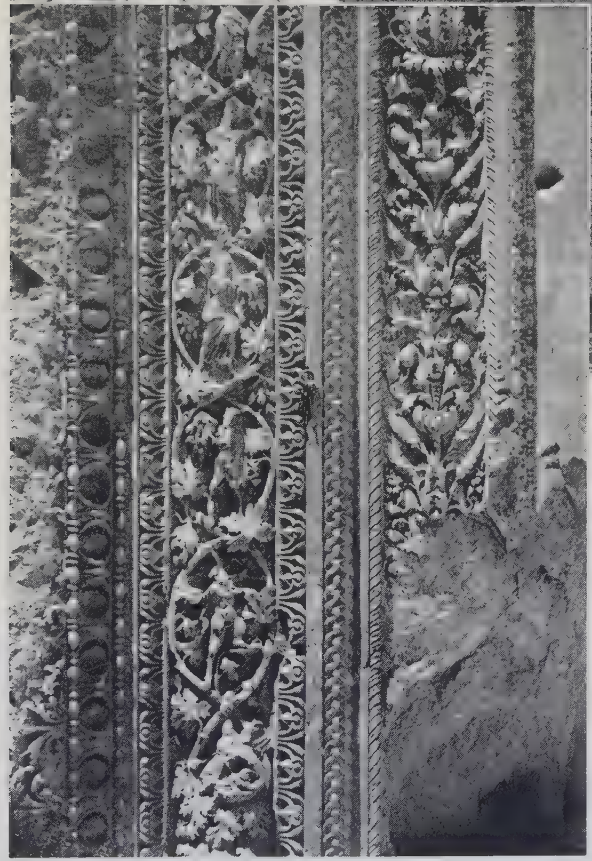


Photo by Donald McLeish.

NEAR VIEW OF THE FINE STONE CARVING

Fortunately much of the beautiful carving around the main portal of the Temple of Bacchus remains, despite the ravages of barbaric hands, and in this photograph we are able to distinguish more clearly the richness and confident beauty of the work.

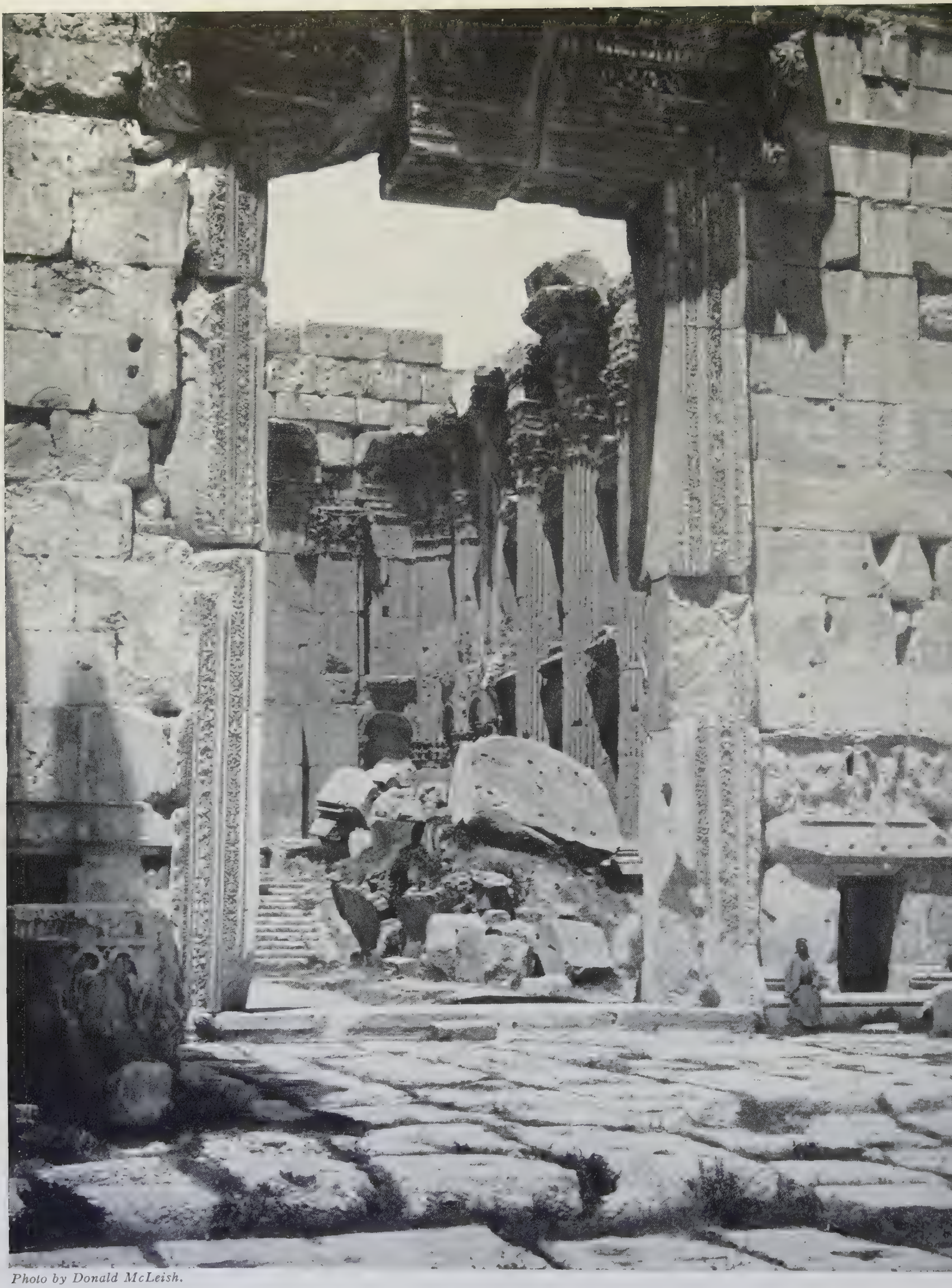


Photo by Donald McLeish.

THE SPLENDID MAIN PORTAL OF THE SHRINE OF BACCHUS AT BAALBEK

Even in the state of utter ruin into which the temple has fallen, such a picture as this calls up at once a mental vision of the architectur
splendours which made the shrine of Bacchus at Baalbek one of the most beautiful of its kind in all the world. Vine leaves, as befits the god
whom the temple was dedicated, are a noticeable motif in the carving, which is rich and luxuriant, but never oversteps the line into the florid an
over-decorated.

hazardous journey it must have been, and how sacred a place Baalbek must have appeared in the eyes of these early idolaters. The beginnings of its history are lost in the mist of legend; but though the buildings we see are mainly Roman, dating from the era of Antoninus Pius (A.D. 86-161), it is probable that the site knew former temples sacred to the worship of Baal as the controller of human destiny.

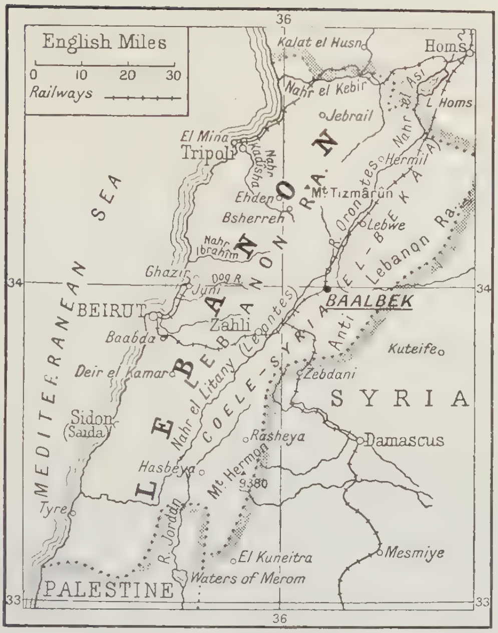
To the side of the Temple of Jupiter-Baal, as we have seen, lies the smaller but better preserved and more exquisite Temple of Bacchus. Here there are nineteen pillars still erect out of a total of forty-six. These are Corinthian pillars, and they are fifty-two feet in height. The ornamented cella of the portal is finely intact, and its beautiful design is one of the most fascinating things in Baalbek. But, indeed, even in this waste of shattered stone there are many out-of-the-way corners where one may come unexpectedly upon friezes and carved designs in a singular state of preservation. What is moving about Baalbek is its mingled vastness and delicacy. It combines grandeur of immensity with an artistic sense of proportion and with a marvellous felicity of carving.

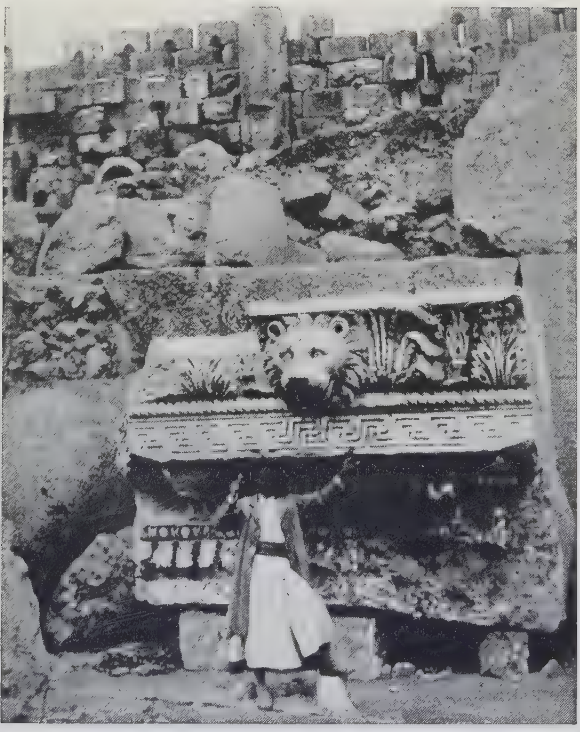
These vast ruins include terrace upon terrace and fragments of numerous strange erections. The two temples are but the crown of the setting, and in ancient days were hemmed about by a long formality of approach. One may suppose that many priests and servers dwelt within the precincts, and that when the whole building was extant it resembled a small town rather than a temple. As a religious centre of the Roman Empire it probably possessed considerable political significance, and no doubt it was a place of scheming as well as of worship. One may picture governors of provinces arriving in hot haste, emissaries from Rome, legionaries from the distant parts of Asia. The high priest would read the omens, and action would be decided upon. The temples of Baalbek in short never knew the cloistered life of the old Christian monasteries.

If we consider its history, we may be surprised that it has not all long since vanished into dust. Probably no building has been more disturbed by battle, by changing faiths, and by the fury of fanaticism. It was attacked in 635 by Abu Abaida after the conquest of Damascus. It was pillaged in 748. In 1090 it passed into the hands of the Seljuks, and in 1134 into the hands of Jenghiz Khan. In 1175 it was taken by Saladin, and in 1260 it was dismantled by Hulagu. In 1400 it was sacked by Timur, and in 1517 it was seized by the Turks, in whose hands—often only nominally—it remained until the settlement after the European War. Indeed, its final scene of war was when it was occupied by the British in October, 1918. It has been, in turn, in the possession of infidels, Christians—Theodosius (A.D. 346-395) built there a Christian basilica, the ruins of which were cleared away in 1899-1904—and Mahomedans. Each new religion ravaged the memorials of the former, and each new war for its possession took toll upon its mighty architecture. Earthquakes, too, have done their worst. It has survived because it was built on a colossal scale. Baalbek was first known of in Europe in the sixteenth century; now it is certainly one of the most famous ruins in the world.

It is all the more wonderful to look at because of its desolate surroundings and the air of stillness and neglect that hangs over its courts and temples. At its feet an Arab village, squalid and mean as only an Arab village can be, and with a population of about 5,000, serves only to heighten the solemn grandeur of the noble remains. Baalbek faces across the plateau—Baalbek is, itself, 3,850 feet above the sea—the long range of the Lebanon, and at night, especially, it has a tragic dignity of reserve. The pregnant silence of history seems to hover over it, and standing there amid the ruins one felt the very whisper of its turbulent past. Delightful orchards surround Baalbek, white with their spring blossom at the season of my visit, and the soft gurgle of the irrigation canals was the only sound that broke the immemorial silence.

Yes, it was easy at such an hour to recreate the past, and to feel its invisible tentacles around one. In those far-off centuries, when all was in pristine order and the Roman gods were worshipped in the temples, together, probably, with a remnant of Baal worship, the sight that met a traveller's eye must have been one of unparalleled magnificence. In the middle of that huge plain, lying between the Lebanon and the Anti-Lebanon, there arose a great sweep of tiered buildings, that must have stood forth in their shining newness like some splendid monument built





FRAGMENT OF A ONCE SPLENDID CORNICE

Fallen section of cornice in the Temple of Bacchus at Baalbek, from which some idea may be gained of the commanding beauty of the decorative art of the ancient builders.

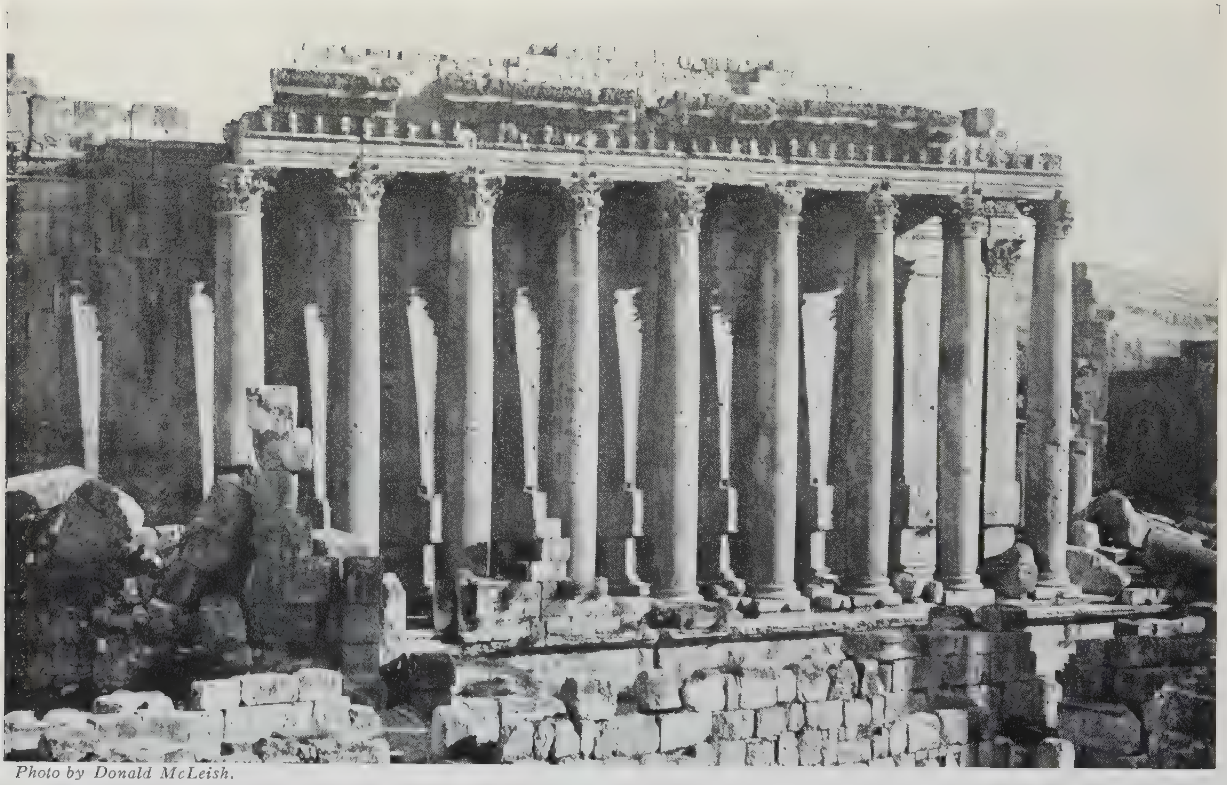


Photo by Donald McLeish.

HOW THE NORTH SIDE OF THE TEMPLE OF BACCHUS LOOKS TO-DAY

Relatively small when compared with the original dimensions of the Temple of Jupiter-Baal, the Temple of Bacchus is to-day one of the best preserved and most beautiful of the antique buildings of Syria. The date of its erection takes us back to the second century of our era, but it was possibly completed as to its decoration and enrichment by the Emperor Caracalla, between A.D. 211 and 217. About two years before his assassination, near Edessa, Caracalla visited both Syria and Egypt.

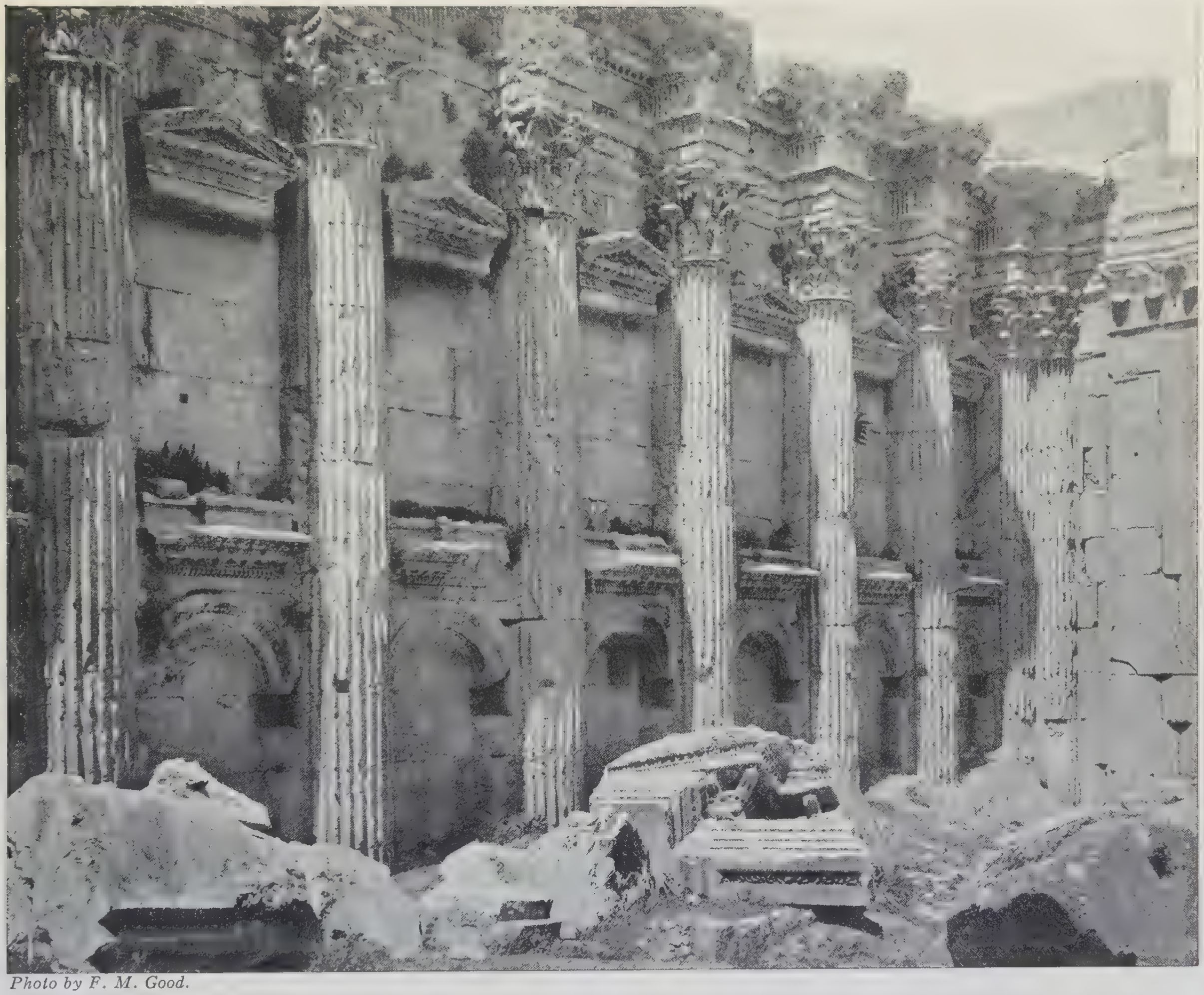


Photo by F. M. Good.

INTERIOR OF THE TEMPLE OF BACCHUS AT BAALBEK AS IT IS TO-DAY

This photograph of what is known as the cella or naos of the temple, meaning the part enclosed within the four walls exclusive of the portico or peristyle, shows how the side walls were divided into fields by fluted semi-columns. In the elaborately decorated niches stood some of the statues which once adorned the shrine of the deity known to the Greeks as Dionysus, god of wine and fruitfulness and promoter of civilisation, and to the Romans as Bacchus. The cella is about 87 feet long and 73 feet wide. On each side of the entrance are piers containing spiral staircases.

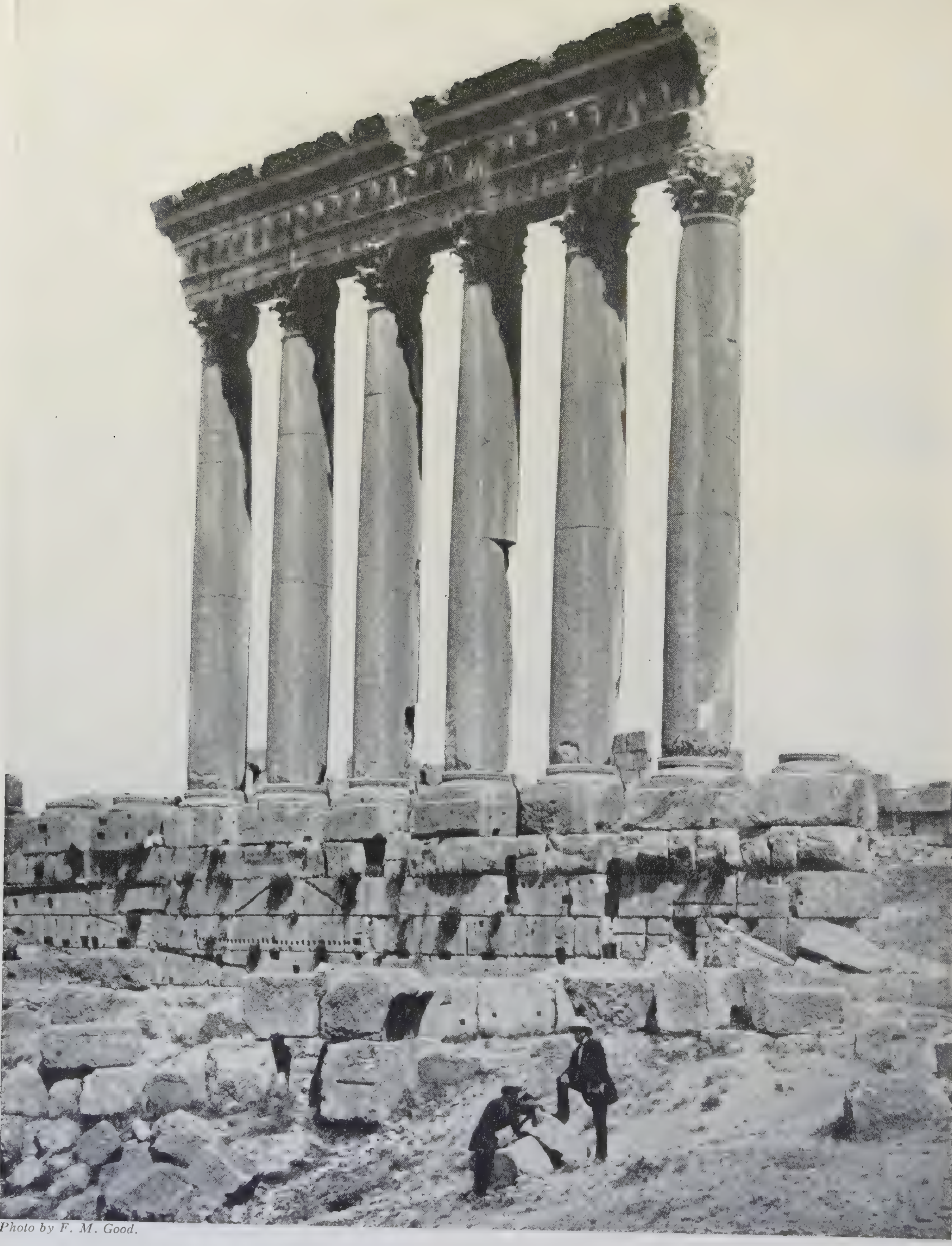


Photo by F. M. Good.

RUINS OF THE ONCE GLORIOUS TEMPLE OF THE JUPITER OF HELIOPOLIS

Baalbek is referred to in ancient Assyrian and Egyptian inscriptions as Balbiki, indicating it as a centre of Baal worship, and the Greeks, identifying Baal with their sun-god, Helios, named the place Heliopolis. When the Romans came into possession they accepted Helios as Jupiter, and so the great temple, of which the ruins are shown above, was dedicated to Jupiter of Heliopolis, whose worship spread into Italy itself. Antoninus Pius (A.D. 138–161) was the imperial initiator of these temples, whose broken stones can still awaken our wonder.

to outlast the ages. Who were the people that worshipped there, and why were these temples built so far from the customary haunts of men? Perhaps in those days an enormous town, constructed like the present Arab village of the little more than mud, encircled the temples. Those wanderers of the far-flung Roman Empire must surely have found in Baalbek—it is practically certain that they did—a site holy already to the local inhabitants. There, both as an act of worship and of conquest, they raised this tremendous shrine to their own gods, superstitiously not ignoring the spirit of the gods that were.

But if we consider Baalbek through the centuries, imagination is appalled at the scenes of violence and devastation that went on around its walls, and that undermined it gradually from age to age. Names famous and terrible in history float across its annals, and are swallowed into darkness. What massacres and sackings Baalbek has witnessed! If only stones could speak, how fantastic and gruesome would be the unfolded tale! I know that, as I strolled about the empty courts, whose ruin and decay were doubly strange in the breath of the green spring, I seemed almost physically conscious of a mourning spirit. Perhaps no place in the world has felt more heavily the hatred of man and the bitterness of religious strife. Now it is incredibly peaceful—peaceful in the grandeur of death. Baalbek is like a warrior whose fight is over and who, fearless and fervent to the end, rests finally and in full content from his labours.

At certain times of the year Baalbek is visited by many European and American tourists, and an hotel has been put up near by for this reception. I will never forget how, in the cold silence of the night, I went out on to an upper balcony and gazed upon the ruins in the moonlight. The pillars above the vast, vague mound rose clear into the sky, and away beyond them the range of the Lebanon, austere and dim, stretched indefinitely on either side. About the whole scene there was an extraordinary emotion of classical aloofness. And, indeed, what finally strikes one most about Baalbek is perhaps just this feeling of aloofness. Baalbek is so completely different from everything around it, so infinitely greater, so infinitely more dignified. It is as though from a giant past it had degenerated into a plaything of a race of pygmies; it is like a blind Samson shorn of its strength.

RECORDS OF THE TOMBS. IV

THE VALLEY OF THE TOMBS OF THE KINGS

By Arthur Weigall

THE VALLEY OF THE TOMBS OF THE KINGS

By Arthur Weigall

Late Inspector-General of Antiquities, Egyptian Government

FROM about 2160 to 1090 B.C. the city of Thebes was almost continuously the capital of Egypt. It was situated on the east bank of the Nile some 450 miles up-stream from Memphis (near the later Cairo), at a point where the desert recedes some miles back from the river on that bank, but on the west bank comes forward in a mighty range of hills to within a mile or so of the water. At the foot of these great hills which tower above the verdant fields beside the Nile, bounding the view like a wall of gold against the deep blue of the sky, many of the Pharaohs who lived during the earlier part of this period built themselves tombs in the form of brick pyramids or hewed sepulchres cut in the limestone of the hillside.

It was the Egyptian custom to bury a large amount of jewelry and rich funeral furniture with their illustrious dead, and there was always a great danger of robbery whenever the government became too weak or conditions too chaotic to ensure the proper policing of the royal necropolis; and thus when the country fell into a disordered state, during the dark period between 1700 and 1550 B.C., many of these Pharaonic tombs were pillaged and the objects of value stolen. When, therefore, the Pharaohs of the beginning of the eighteenth dynasty had firmly established themselves at Thebes, and had reorganised the kingdom, it became necessary for them to consider a new method of burial which would secure some measure of safety for their remains in the years to come.

Behind the first barrier of cliffs and hills there was a wild and desolate valley, where once some prehistoric torrent had rushed down from the heights of the Sahara. If a man climbed by a jackal track over the cliffs which faced Thebes he could drop down into this silent ravine on the other side: it was just like scrambling over a huge wall. Or, by going northwards for a mile or two, he could enter the valley at its insignificant mouth and follow its winding, pathless course, scrambling over boulders and up the smooth rocks of forgotten waterfalls until he was completely shut in by the towering cliffs or rugged hillslopes which echoed to his footfall. The ravine ended in a cul-de-sac, a magnificent amphitheatre surrounded by precipices or steep hillsides, dominated to the south by a mountain which rose against the blue sky like a mighty pyramid.

There was not a blade of grass nor a trace of scrub in this desert valley. The sun beat down on its lifeless rocks all through the morning, and in the afternoon the valley lay in deep shadow, utterly silent except for the sighing of the wind and the occasional cry of a jackal. Although only screened from the teeming life of the Nile valley by a wall of cliffs, it seemed to be infinitely remote and unearthly—a sterile, echoing region of the Underworld or a hollow in the mountains of the moon.

In the reign of Thothmes (or Thutmose) I., the third Pharaoh of the eighteenth dynasty, there lived a man named Anena, who was overseer of the Granary of Amon. He appears to have been a close friend of the king, and it would seem that to him came the idea of burying his sovereign, when he died, in this lonely valley behind the cliffs, for he says in the brief biography recorded on the walls of his mortuary chapel: "I arranged for the hewing of a rock tomb for his majesty, alone, no one seeing, no one hearing." The tomb was cut into the base of a cliff at the south end of the ravine, and in order that it might be the better hidden, its entrance was small and roughly hewn—a mere hole, just enough to admit a man upright. A flight of steps led down to a square room cut out of the rock, and thence a second flight led on to the burial-hall, the roof of which was supported by one central column. The walls of this hall were smoothed over with plaster, and a small sarcophagus of quartzite-sandstone was dragged down and placed here for the reception of the king's coffin.

When the Pharaoh died in 1501 B.C. he was buried here in absolute secrecy, and it is to be supposed that the workmen who made the sepulchre and the priests who conducted the funeral were sworn to silence by the most terrible oaths. The mouth of the tomb was filled in with stones, and boulders were placed over the surface so that the site might have a natural and undisturbed appearance, while the chippings from the interior were dumped at some distance, and were likewise covered with rocks and natural-looking stones and gravel.

In earlier times the religious services for the benefit of the souls of the illustrious dead used to be conducted in chapels built at the east side of their tombs, and here the offerings of food and drink for their sustenance were deposited; but now, since the king's body was hidden away in this desert ravine so as to protect it from robbery, these services could not be held upon the spot. A special mortuary temple was therefore built on the edge of the fields, at a place now called Medinet Habu, being separated from the sepulchre by the great wall of the hills and a stretch of desert ground. The dead monarch's soul, or ka, would therefore have to travel more than a mile down to this temple in order to obtain the good things placed there for it each day, instead of being able to receive them at the tomb itself, as the souls of his predecessors had done, but this disadvantage was apparently considered worth enduring in order to obtain the desired immunity from pillage.

There is some doubt as to the position of the sepulchre of the next Pharaoh, Thothmes II., but it is likely that an unidentified tomb a few yards from that of Thothmes I., now called No. 42, was made for him. Queen Hatshepsut, his sister, however, decided to be buried in another and more remote valley which passes in among the desert hills to the south, and thus at this time it must have been expected that the body of each sovereign would be hidden away in some desolate spot widely removed from the others, and there was no thought as yet of their being one particular valley which should serve as a royal necropolis.

Hatshepsut, however, later changed her mind, and, abandoning this remote burial-place, caused a new tomb to be made for herself in the valley where her father, Thothmes I., lay. This sepulchre was cut into the east side of the cliffs at a point immediately behind the site of her famous mortuary temple, now known as Deir el-Bahri, but then called Zeser-zesru, "The Holy of Holies." In this temple, which faced the Nile valley and the city of Thebes on the opposite bank, her soul was to receive its offerings; but her body was to lie deep in the hills, in a chamber at the bottom of a long passage passing under the cliffs from the valley behind. She seems to have been so pleased with this new tomb of hers that she decided to re-bury her father, Thothmes I., with her; and though we cannot now tell whether she actually disinterred him, she certainly caused a sarcophagus, inscribed with his name, to be placed in her sepulchre.

The fate of Hatshepsut is not known, but it would seem that her brother, the great warrior, Thothmes III., took the throne from her. This king caused his tomb to be made in an almost inaccessible chimney in the cliffs at the south-west corner of this same wild ravine; and, as in the case of the earlier tombs, the entrance was small and rough and capable of being completely hidden. A flight of steps led down to a sloping passage and another staircase; but here he caused a deep shaft or well to be hewn out of the rock, probably for the purpose of carrying off any rainwater which might penetrate through the filling of the entrance, since the place chosen for the tomb, in this rocky chimney, was very liable to become the bed of a torrent upon the rare occasions of a downpour.

The well also served as a deterrent to robbers, for the entrance to the further chambers and passages on the opposite side was blocked up and covered with plaster, so that only a blank wall was visible. The robbers, if they were without tackle, would thus abandon their godless work here, or, if they had ropes, would descend the well, and, finding it empty, would think that the tomb had never been used.

Beyond the well there was a pillared hall, upon the walls of which a long list of nearly 750 gods and demigods was inscribed. In the floor there was a flight of steps leading down to a magnificent oval-shaped burial-hall; but this staircase was placed so that it could be filled up to the top and thus concealed. In the burial-hall stood the stone sarcophagus, and on the walls were texts and illustrations from the "Book of That Which is in the Underworld," painted in outline like an enlargement of a roll of papyrus.

Thus, Thothmes I., perhaps Thothmes II., Hatshepsut, and Thothmes III. were all buried in the one valley; and though the exact location of each tomb was a profound secret, this desert ravine must now have been pretty generally known to be the royal burial-ground, and was no doubt talked about as such in awed whispers. Thothmes III., like the others, had built his mortuary temple on the other side of the barrier of cliffs, near the edge of the fields, far away from his hidden tomb; and thus all possible precautions had been taken to secure secrecy and to avoid robbery.

Then came Amenhotep II. (1447-1420 B.C.), who followed the now established custom and caused a tomb, much like that of his father, Thothmes III., to be made for him in this valley, but on its opposite side, at the foot of a towering cliff three or four hundred yards away. A similar well was made in it, and the same sort of concealed stairway led down from the first hall to the burial-hall below, where stood the quartzite-sandstone sarcophagus. More care, however, was now given to the decoration of this final chamber, though the texts and illustrations were still simply painted in outline.

The next Pharaoh was Thothmes IV. (1420-1411 B.C.), who placed his tomb close to that of Hatshepsut, the exact position of which had perhaps already passed from men's knowledge. The design of his sepulchre was very similar to that of his predecessor, but the sarcophagus was larger, and now the decorations on the walls of the burial-hall were of a more elaborate character, the figures being no longer shown in outline, but being completely painted.

The succeeding king was Amenhotep III. (1411-1375 B.C.) and it seemed to him that this valley was now too widely known as the royal necropolis to be safe from the much-feared robbers. There was, however, another ravine immediately behind it, now known as the Western Valley; and far up this rugged gorge, in virgin ground, the king caused his tomb to be excavated for him, amid the tumbled boulders which lay around the foot of a precipice. The chambers, passages, and well in this sepulchre followed the usual lines; and the sarcophagus was placed in the pillared hall at the bottom, surrounded by paintings of the gods and inscriptions from the sacred books. As in the case of his predecessors, his mortuary temple was erected on the edge of the fields, far from the valley, and the location of his tomb was kept secret.

Since the king was himself not going to use the main valley where his ancestors lay, he was not averse to allowing his wife, Queen Tiyi, and her parents, Yuaa (or Iuaa) and Tuau (or Tuaa), to be buried there, and small tombs were made for them. Nobody knows where previous queens—other than Hatshepsut—were interred; but it is possible that some of them were laid to rest in the tombs of their husbands. It was now the custom sometimes to allow an important vizier, or other high official, to be buried in a small pit in the valley, so as to be near his master; and sometimes, too, a pet monkey or dog would be given a little pit to himself.

Akhnaton (1375-1358 B.C.) was the next king, but for religious reasons he removed his residence from Thebes to Tell-el-Amarna, and he was buried at the latter place, as perhaps was Smenkhkara, his short-lived successor. Then came Tutankhamen, who brought the court back to Thebes, and carried the body of Akhnaton back with him, placing it to rest in Queen Tiyi's tomb in the royal valley. He then made for himself a sepulchre a few paces from this tomb; but during the period of the court's residence at Tell-el-Amarna the design for the chambers and passages had been forgotten or abandoned, and now Tutankhamen modelled his sepulchre on that of Queen Tiyi, which was probably the only one his architects had seen, the earlier tombs being all hidden and their exact location lost. A flight of steps led to a sloping passage which passed down into a compact series of small chambers, the actual burial-hall having some paintings on the walls which did not follow the older and forgotten tradition.

King Ay (or Ai) succeeded, but he seems to have thought that the royal valley was somewhat crowded, and he selected for his tomb a site in the Western Valley, but some distance farther along it than that of the tomb of Amenhotep III. The design was something like that of Queen Tiyi's tomb and Tutankhamen's, but it was made on a larger scale, and would have been a much more extensive affair if his early death had not ended the work. His sarcophagus of pink granite was much larger than those of the earlier Pharaohs.

Then followed a reactionary Pharaoh named Horemheb, who, being a usurper, caused his tomb to be made in the main valley, where he might feel himself in the company of the great Pharaohs of the past. In design it was an enlargement of that of King Ay, but it had some of the features of the earlier tombs, the plan of which had somehow become known to his architects again. Flights of steps and sloping passages led to a well, beyond which there was the old-fashioned hall, with the concealed staircase leading down through its floor to the large pillared hall where stood the sarcophagus of pink granite, not so big as Ay's, but more beautifully executed. Just before he died he ordered his architects to begin to sculpture the walls, instead of leaving them merely painted, as his predecessors had done; but the work was still unfinished at his death.

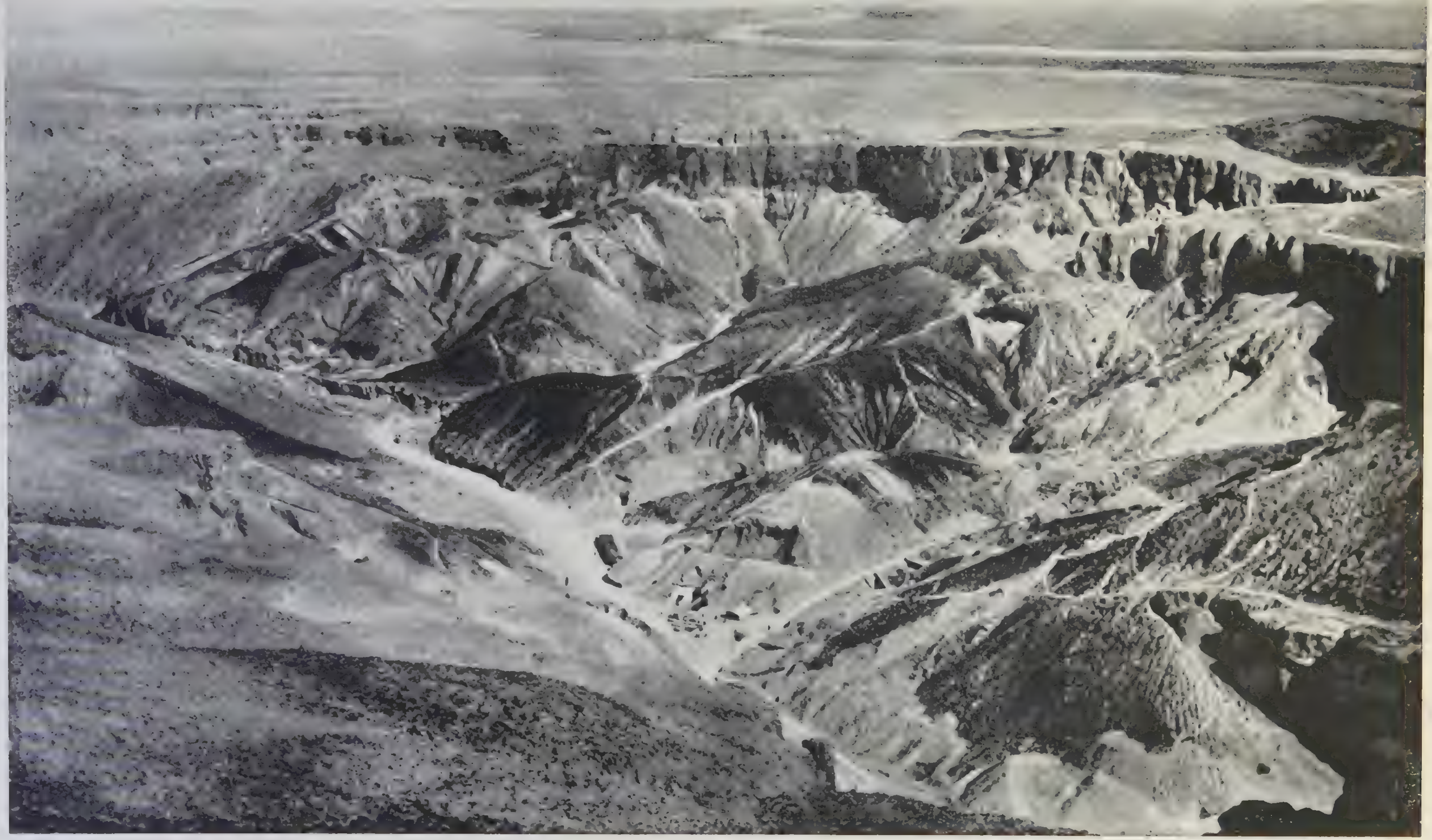
Here he was buried in 1315 B.C. But the next king, Rameses I., founder of the nineteenth dynasty, only reigned one year, and therefore had no time to complete his tomb, which was situated near by. The stairs and passages at the entrance were like those in the sepulchre of Horemheb, but the king had to be buried in a pink sarcophagus hastily placed in the first chamber, and the surrounding walls were painted, but not sculptured. This king caused his wife to be buried in another valley some distance to the south, and from that time onwards for several generations the queens were buried there, together with the princes of the blood royal.

The next Pharaoh, Seti I., made a huge tomb for himself a few yards from that of Rameses I., and caused it to be sculptured from end to end, the reliefs being afterwards brilliantly coloured. In plan it was very similar to the tomb of Horemheb, but the well was dispensed with, and the sarcophagus was, for the first time, made of alabaster. His mortuary temple was erected to the north of those of his predecessors, not far from the entrance of the gorge which wound its way among the hills up to the royal area; and it is possible that at about this period some sort of roadway was made leading up to the tombs. The tomb of Rameses II., the succeeding Pharaoh (1292-1225 B.C.), was excavated in the rock close to that of Queen Tiyi, the position of which was now probably forgotten; and that of the next king, Merenptah, was made some 200 yards away, his body being placed in a beautiful sarcophagus of pink granite, which was to have been enclosed in an outer sarcophagus of the same material, but this latter was so large that the workmen were unable to drag it into the position it was meant to occupy, and it was left lying in one of the passages.

The following king, Amenmeses (1215 B.C.), excavated a tomb for himself near by; but when, some fifteen years later, the Pharaoh Setnekht, founder of the twentieth dynasty, began a tomb for himself a few yards away, the position of this sepulchre of Amenmeses was already forgotten, and the new tomb was driven straight into it and had to be abandoned. Rameses III., the succeeding king, however, deviated the course of this forsaken tomb, and made it into a very presentable sepulchre for himself; while his mortuary temple was erected at Medinet Habu, close to that of Thothmes I. Queen Tausert, wife of Setnekht, being for some time sole ruler of Egypt, had a large tomb in this valley, and she allowed her vizier, known to us as the Chancellor Bey, to make an imposing sepulchre here for himself, which was an innovation.

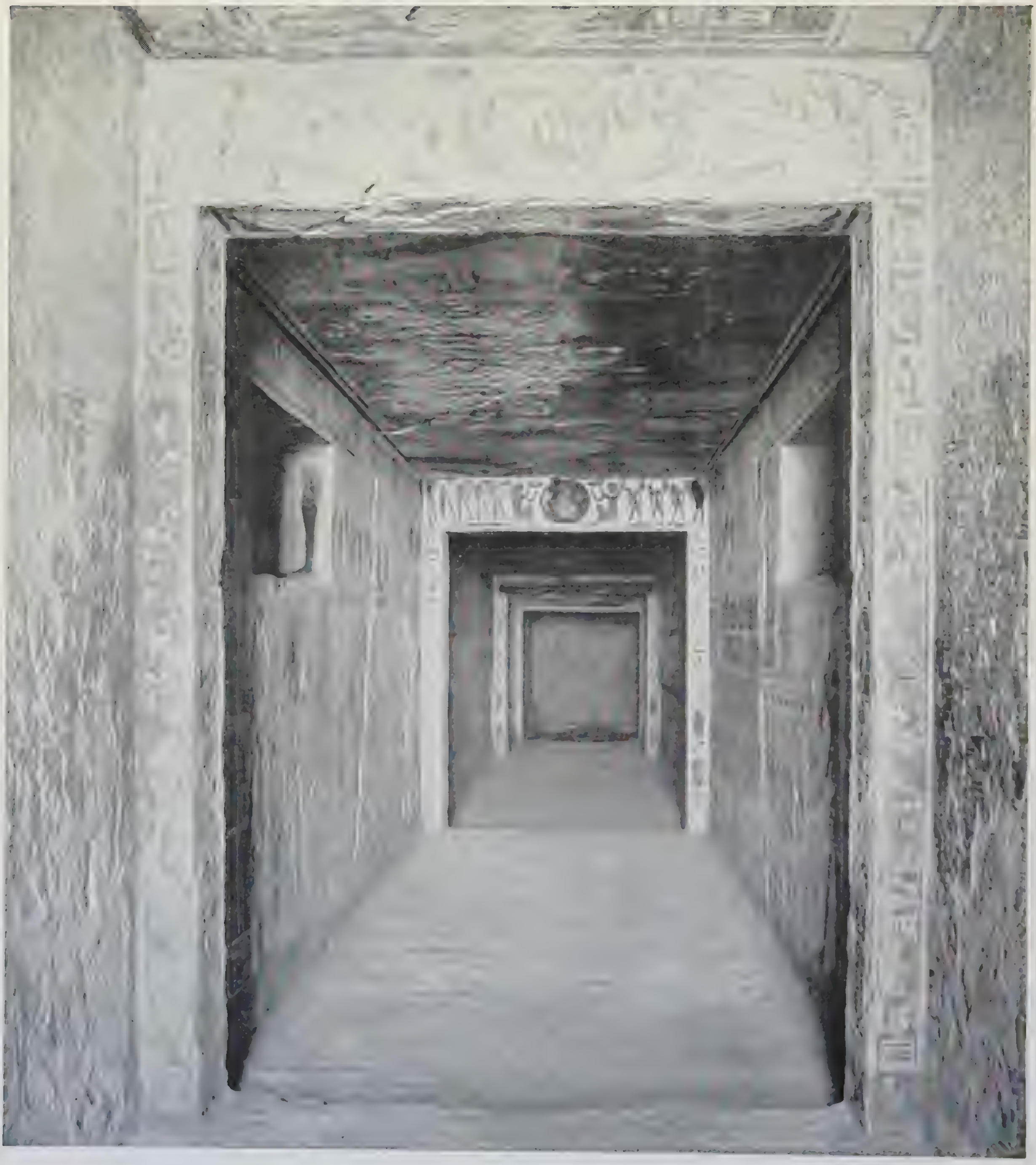
After the reign of Rameses III. the Pharaohs seem no longer to have taken much trouble to hide their tombs, and as they ceased to build mortuary temples for themselves at the edge of the cultivation, it is possible that the services on behalf of their souls were now performed at the mouths of the sepulchres themselves, for these mouths were now large and imposing, and the entrance passage was no longer a little rabbit-hole sloping at a steep angle, as in the case of the tombs of the earlier Pharaohs of the eighteenth dynasty, but was a large, level corridor of palatial proportions. Much bigger sarcophagi were now employed, as a protection against robbers, and each Pharaoh's body lay under several tons of granite.

But though these later tombs were no longer made in secret, the tombs of the earlier kings were well hidden; and it is obvious, for instance, that Rameses VI. (1157 B.C.) did not know of the existence of the tomb of Tutankhamen (1358 B.C.), for he cut his sepulchre into the rock immediately above it, the earlier tomb being hidden under tons of chippings dumped there from the excavation of the neighbouring tombs. Rameses XII. (1118-1090 B.C.), who ended the twentieth dynasty, was the last Pha-



VALLEY OF THE TOMBS OF THE KINGS: THE GREAT TREASURY OF EGYPT'S WONDERLAND

Approximating to a bird's-eye view, this photograph shows the conformation of the valley of the Biban el-Muluk, which glows in the noonday sun with all the colours of the furnace. In the centre is discernible a group of figures by the portal of one of the tombs, in the distance flows the sinuous Nile. The use of this silent, barren valley as a secret place of royal burial began in the time of Thothmes I., and for between 500 and 600 years, down to about 1000 B.C., here was the royal necropolis of Egypt.



IN THE HEART OF THE ROYAL VALLEY OF DEATH ENCOMPASSED BY THE SILENCE OF THE HILLS

Interior of one of the tombs in the Valley of the Kings. These "august habitations in the West" are not all royal tombs; some are of princes and high functionaries, as, for example, that of Maherpra; and some are mere mummy pits. Queens of the nineteenth and twentieth dynasties had tombs in the Valley of the Tombs of the Queens.

raoh to make a tomb for himself in this valley, which was now no longer the wild and lonely ravine of earlier times, but had become a crowded royal necropolis echoing to the voices and footsteps of priests and workmen.

Two centuries later, when the court had moved to Lower Egypt, and Thebes was no longer the capital, wholesale robberies were committed in the valley among such tombs as were not effectually concealed, and the royal mummies were dragged from their coffins and stripped of their jewels and other valuables. At length a devoted confederacy of priests or nobles undertook the removal of all the endangered mummies to a private tomb near Hatshepsut's mortuary temple, which would serve as a secret hiding-place; and here the royal coffins were ranged in a double row, the entrance being so effectually concealed that it remained lost and untouched until modern times.

At some other period another group of royal mummies was hidden in the tomb of Amenhotep II. But during the centuries which followed the robbers ransacked the abandoned valley, and, so far as we know, only three tombs—those of Queen Tiyi and Akhnaton, Yuaa and Tuau, and Tutankhamen—escaped pillage. The two latter had both been slightly robbed shortly after the burials, but the first-named remained intact.

In Greek and Roman times tourists used to visit the valley in considerable numbers, descending by torchlight into such of the tombs as lay open; and they were wont to scratch their names or scribble their comments upon the sculptured walls. It is interesting to notice that two of these sightseers, Dionysios and Poseidonax, hailed from Marseilles, while some came from other distant places. There is an inscription stating that one Apollophanes of Lycopolis visited the tombs in the seventh year of Antoninus; another visitor records a date in the reign of Augustus, and a few other dates are to be seen.

There is the record of a certain Jasios, who says: "I have seen the peculiarly excellent workmanship of these tombs, which is unutterable to us." A Roman official named Januarius states in Latin that he came with his daughter Januaria, and that he "saw and marvelled," and he says: "Valete omnes." A curious Christian prayer is: "O God Almighty, and Saint Kollouthos, and Saint Father-Patermouthis, and Saint Father-Ammonios the

Anchorite, intercede with God that He may grant life to Artemidora with Paphnuce for a little time. . . ."

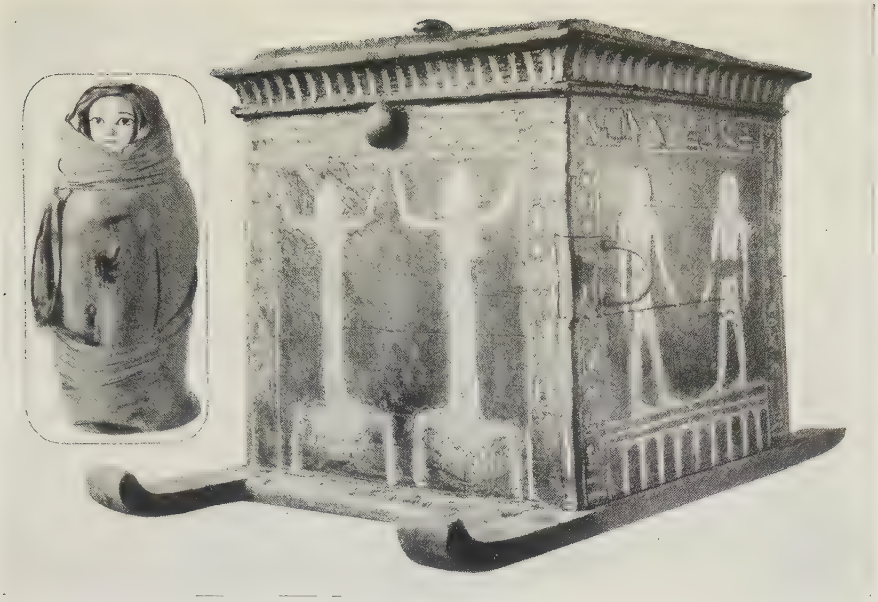
The following also is rather amusing: "I, Philastrios the Alexandrian, who have come to Thebes, and who have seen with my eyes the work of these tombs of astounding horror, have spent a delightful day."

When Strabo, the geographer, visited Egypt in 24 B. C. some forty tombs were known to exist, and Diodorus (57 B. C.) speaks of seventeen being open in his day, but says that forty-seven were recorded in the official register kept by the priests, which would mean that they counted in the various small pits in the valley. Napoleon's archæologists mention eleven; in 1835 twenty-one were open; and at the present day, counting the small pits, about sixty are known.

In 1881 the hiding-place wherein the ancient priests had secreted the bodies of many of the kings was found near Deir el-Bahri. A pit some forty feet deep led to a passage about 220 feet long, at the end of which there was a chamber in which the royal mummies lay. Here were the bodies of Thothmes II., Thothmes III., Seti I., Rameses II., Rameses III.—all from the royal valley, and a number of other kings of the periods before and after that during which the valley had been used as a royal necropolis. They are now in the Museum of Egyptian Antiquities at Cairo.

For the last five-and-twenty years extensive excavations have been conducted in the valley, which is now known as the Valley of the Tombs of the Kings, or, in Arabic, Bibân-el-Malûk. In 1899 Monsieur Loret, then Director-General of Antiquities in Egypt, discovered the tombs of Thothmes I., Thothmes III., and Amenhotep II., and in the last named he found the bodies of Thothmes IV., Amenhotep III., Merenptah, Rameses IV., Rameses V., and Rameses VI., which had been taken there by the priests as mentioned already, in order to save them from robbers. Large numbers of antiquities were found, but these tombs had all been much pillaged, and presented a spectacle of great devastation, the objects being broken up and scattered, and the bodies in most cases much damaged by irreverent handling.

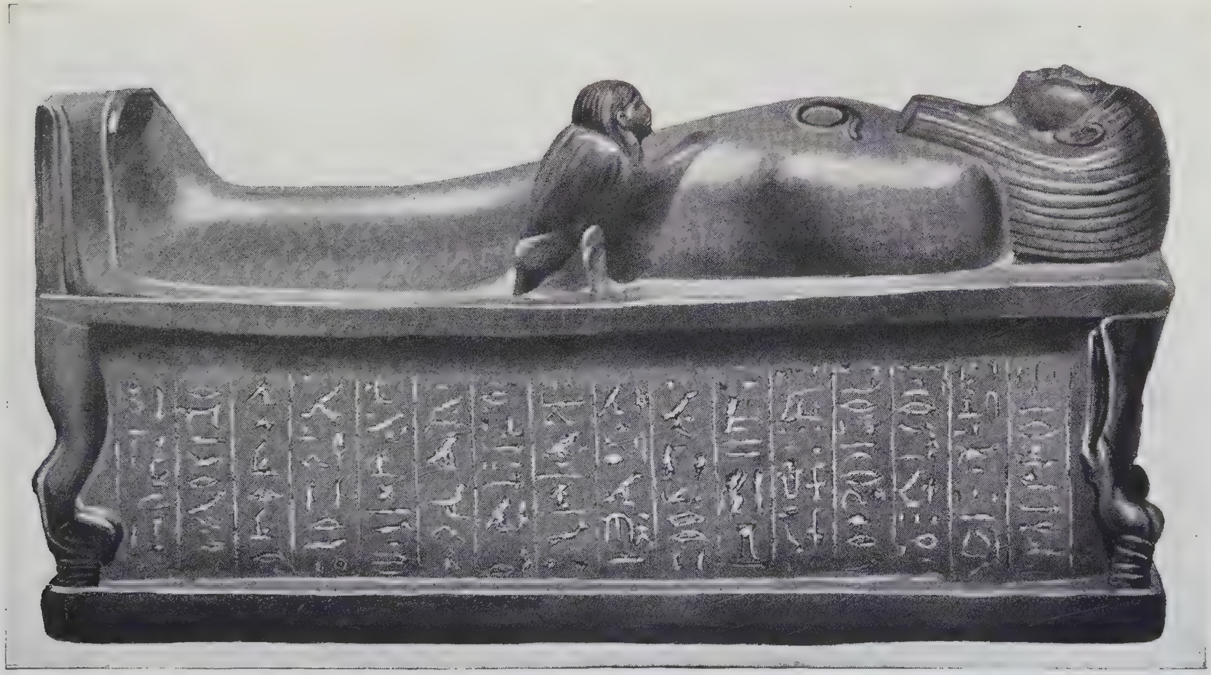
In 1902 Mr. Howard Carter, at the expense of Mr. Theo-



Museum of Egyptian Antiquities, Cairo.

CANOPIC COFFER AND JAR FROM A COURT NOBLEMAN'S TOMB

Found in the tomb of the lord Maherpra, fan-bearer at the court of Amenhotep III. Four such jars, containing stomach and large intestines, small intestines, lungs and heart, and liver and gall bladder, have on their covers heads of four genii, children of Horus, whose task was to protect the deceased from hunger and thirst. Small white coffins were sometimes used instead of jars. The fine casket has four compartments and is mounted on a processional sledge.



Museum of Egyptian Antiquities, Cairo.

THE SOUL IN THE FORM OF A HUMAN-HEADED FALCON REVISITING THE BODY

In ancient Egypt one of the wishes addressed to the deceased was that his soul might be able to rejoin his body at his will. The soul was represented in the form of a hawk or falcon with human head and hands. A monument belonging to the twentieth dynasty and now in the Cairo Musum shows the soulbird, or Ba, with an almost suppliant expression on its face, regarding the immobile face of a recumbent mummy as it places its hands over the region of the heart. When the Ba returned finally to the body it was believed that the dead would live again. The monument, of white limestone and black granite, is about 8 inches in length.

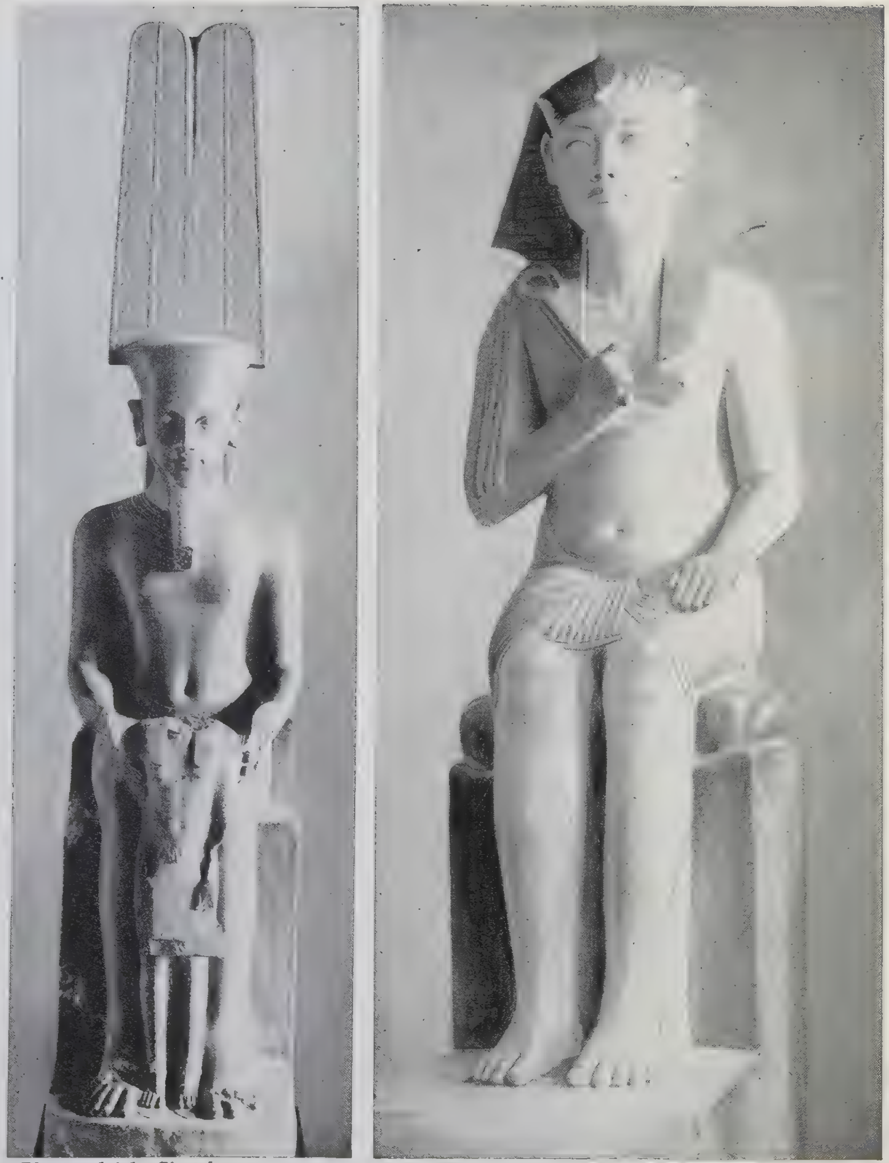
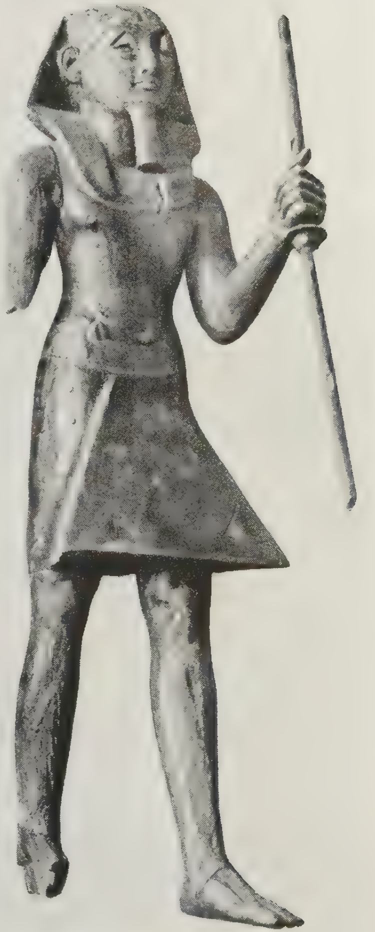


Photo on left by Giraudon.

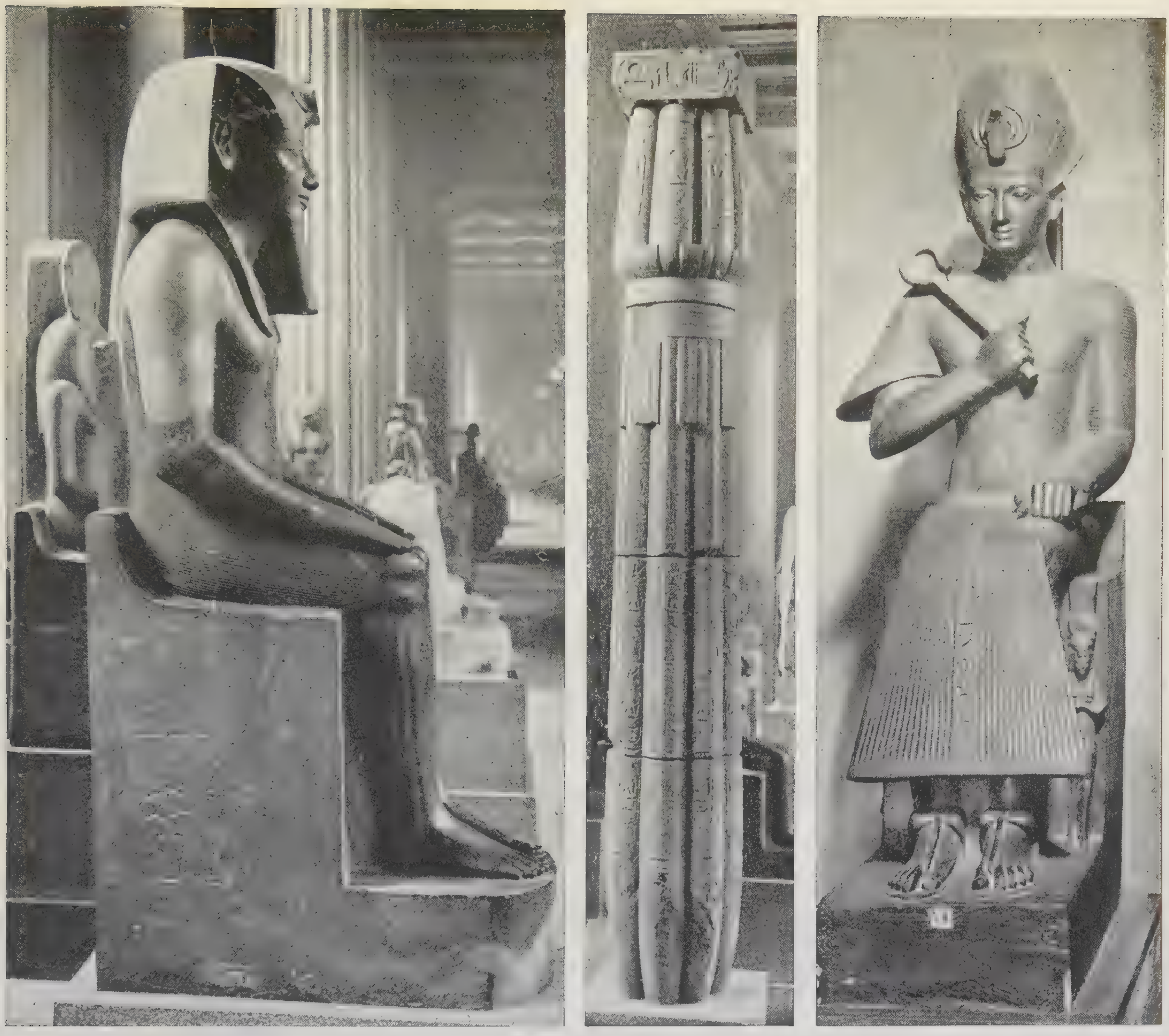
AMMON, GOD OF THE DEAD, TUTANKHAMEN AND AMENHOTEP IV.

Ammon is shown protecting the youthful (and headless) Tutankhamen, represented as a youth by the knees of the god. The statue, now one of the treasures of the Louvre, Paris, was discovered by the distinguished French Egyptologist, M. F. A. Mariette. The photograph on the right is of another Louvre treasure, a statue of Tutankhamen's father-in-law, Amenhotep IV., also known as Akhnaton (splendour of the Sun).

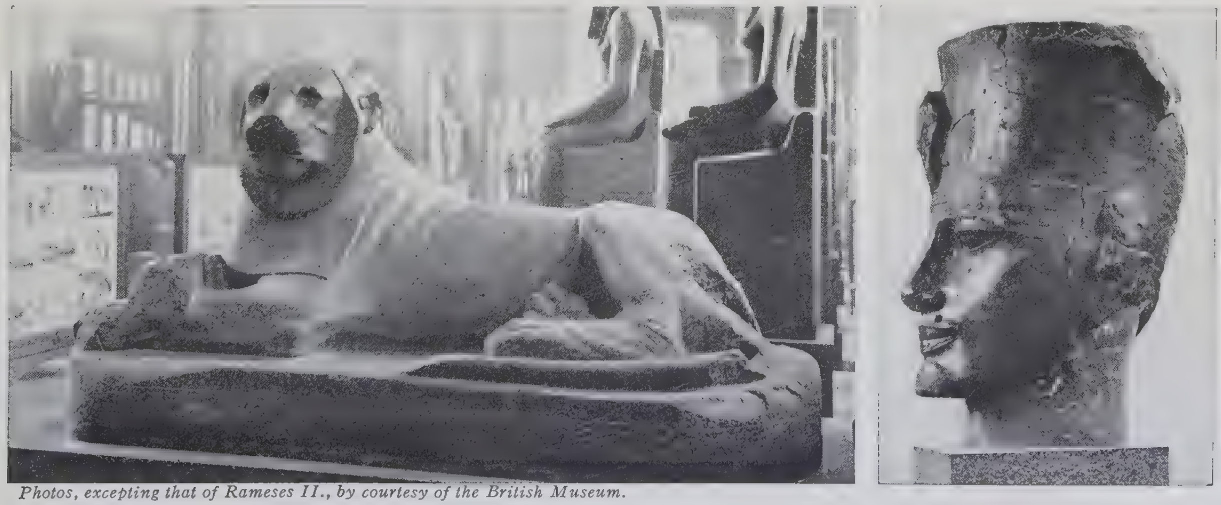


AMENHOTEP II.

Cedar statuette, about 2 feet 7 inches high, and representing the King marching and holding a lotus-ringed cane, was found in the tomb of Amenhotep II.



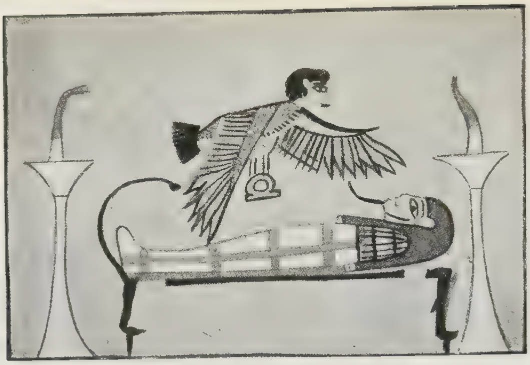
Seated statue, in black granite, of Amenhotep III., height, 7 feet 9 inches, found in Western Thebes, and now in the British Museum; grey granite "lily-bud" column, from a temple at Memphis, ascribed to Amenhotep III., 13 feet 11 inches in height, also in British Museum; and the finest portrait-statue known of Rameses II., now in the Egyptian Museum, Turin (photo by Anderson).



Photos, excepting that of Rameses II., by courtesy of the British Museum.

MASTERPIECES IN SCULPTURE MADE UNDER AMENHOTEP III., TUTANKHAMEN, AND RAMESES II.

The lion, in red granite, 7 feet in length and 3 feet 6 inches in height, is one of two found at Gebel Barkal, and is attributed to Tutankhamen, who restored the monuments of his father, Amenhotep III. Ruskin regarded the two lions as the finest embodiment of animal majesty surviving to modern times from any ancient people. That shown is in the British Museum, as is the sandstone head (right) of Amenhotep III., 3 feet 6 inches high, once part of a colossal statue at Thebes.



British Museum Papyrus, No. 10,470.

THE SOUL OF A SCRIBE

The soul of Ani visiting his mummy in the tomb. Ani was a Theban scribe in whose honour was made the finest extant copy of the Egyptian Book of the Dead.

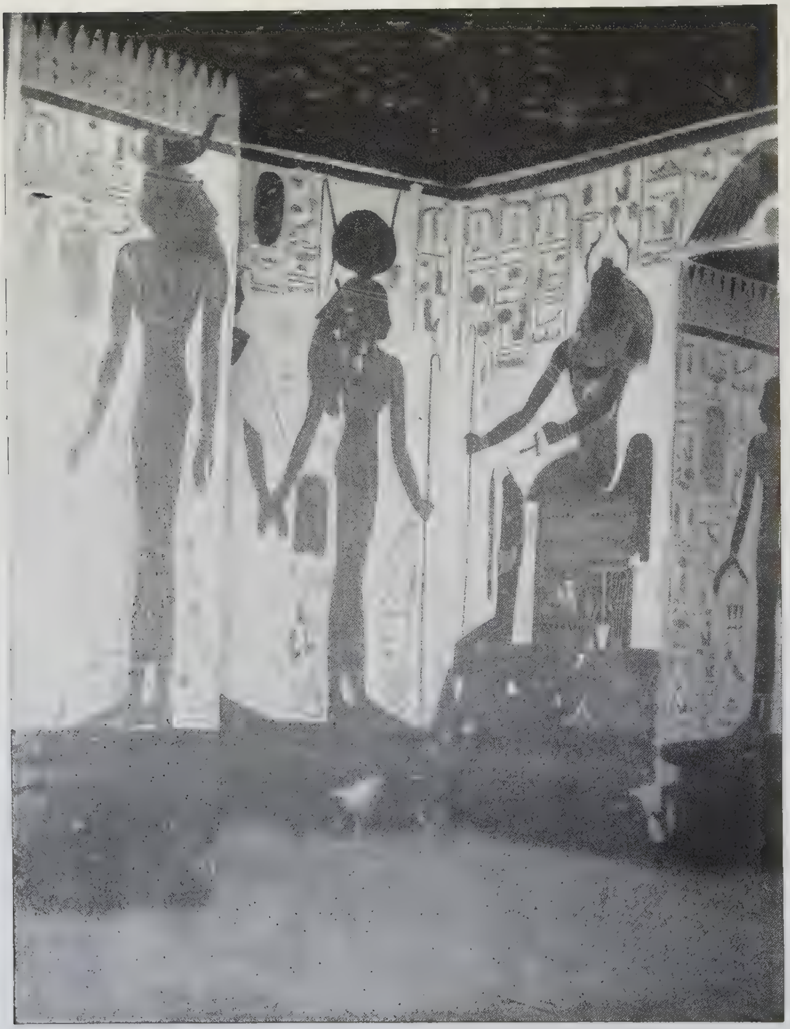
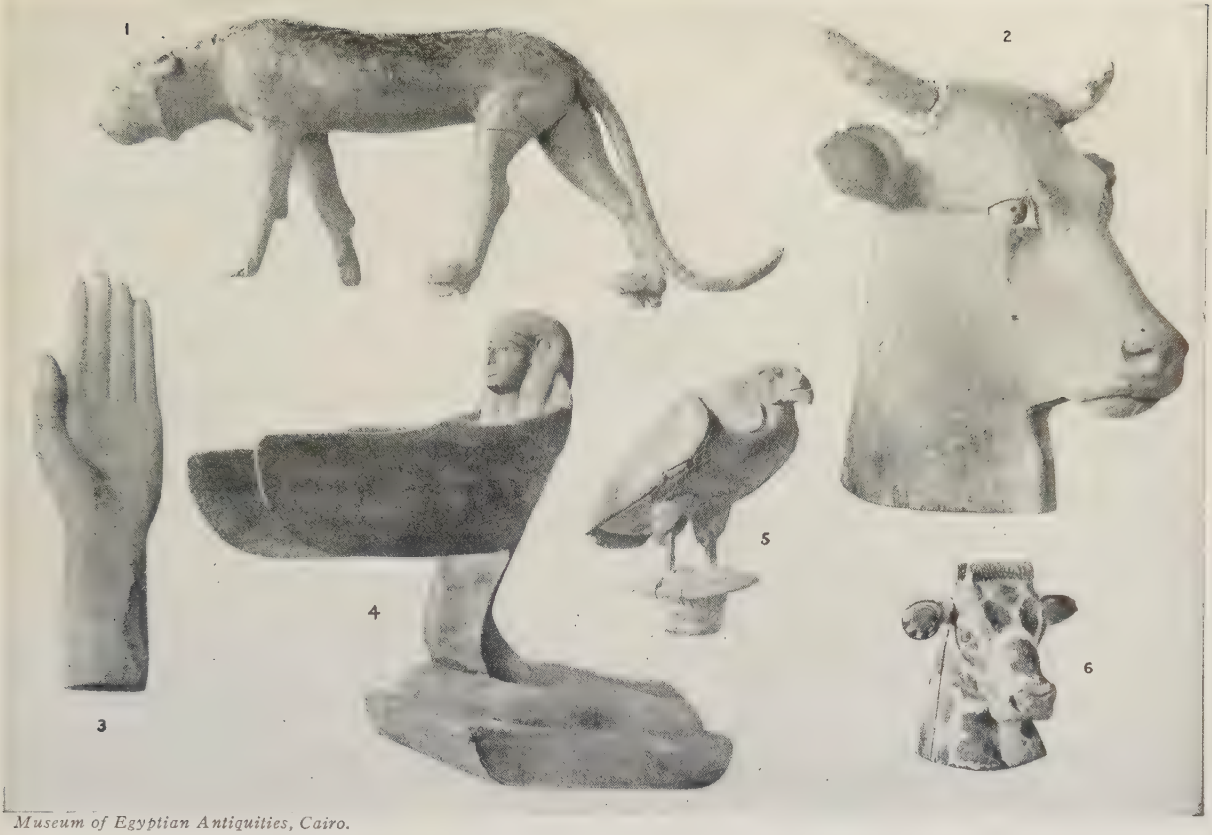


Photo by Will R. Rose, Chester.

INTERIOR OF THE TOMB OF QUEEN NEFERTARI

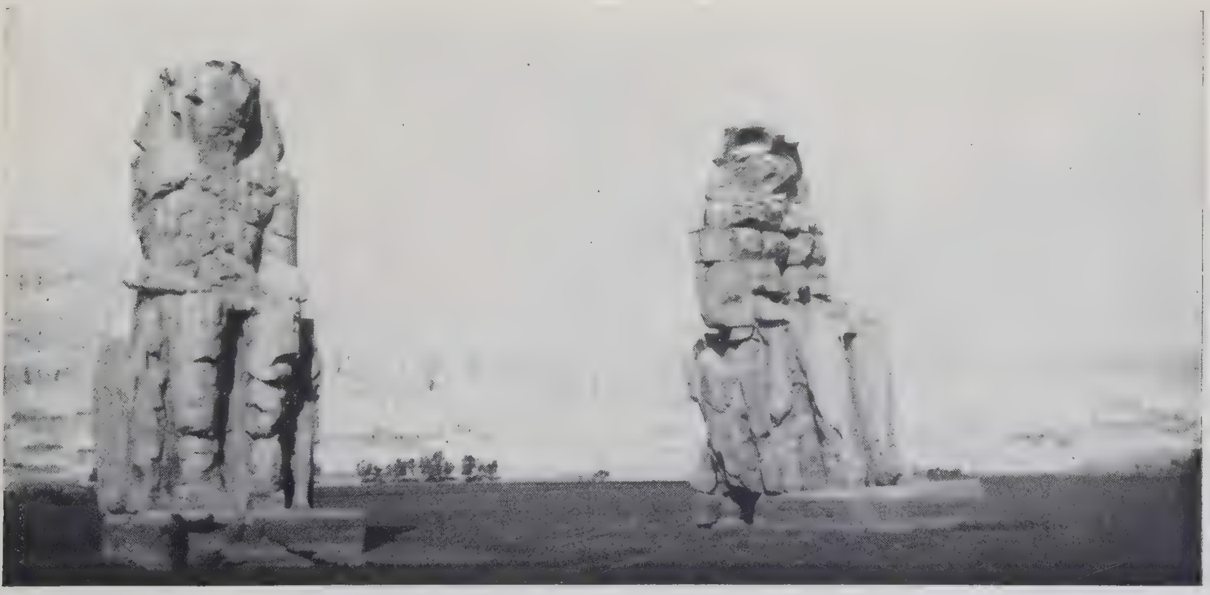
One of the most beautiful of the tombs in the picturesque Valley of the Tombs of the Queens is that of Queen Nefertari, wife of Rameses II. Its fine stucco-relief portraits of the queen were still extraordinarily bright when the tomb was discovered by Schiaparelli in 1904. The ceiling is painted a dark blue sprinkled with golden stars.



Museum of Egyptian Antiquities, Cairo.

MAGIC FIGURES CUNNINGLY CARVED TO SERVE A DEAD PHARAOH IN THE OTHER WORLD

Funerary statuettes found among other art treasures in the tomb of Amenhotep II. 1 represents a panther marching, and is a masterpiece of ancient art work, extraordinarily lifelike in pose; 2 and 6 are heads respectively of a cow and a calf in cedar wood; 3, an open left hand in acacia wood, is also beautifully moulded; 4 is a notable example in sycamore wood of the uræus or sacred cobra, winged, with human head; 5, a vulture, is also in sycamore, finely carved. All are effectively coloured.



STORIED SENTINELS OF THE WESTERN PLAIN OF "HUNDRED GATED THEBES"

View from the east of the great "Memnon" statues. To right and left and behind the Colossi are ruined tombs and temples of the bygone Pharaohs, and in the distance rise the Libyan hills that have yielded to the spade of the patient investigator some of the greatest wonders of the past. When the Nile is at flood its waters surround the statues; at other times, the fellahin cultivating the soil right up to their base, the Colossi rise, as it were, out of a field of emerald green.

dore M. Davis, excavated the tomb of Thothmes IV., and found many antiquities therein, mostly smashed up. In the following year he found the tomb of Queen Hatshepsut, but hardly anything had been left in it by the plunderers. In 1905 Mr. Quibell and the present writer, working at the expense of Mr. Davis, found the tomb of Yuaa and Tuau, the parents of Queen Tiyi, and here at last a burial was brought to light which had not been much damaged by thieves, though the bodies had been disturbed, and the jewelry had been taken away.

Here were wonderful chairs, beds, tables, chests, and so forth, which are fully described in the writer's "Glory of the Pharaohs." In 1907 Mr. Davis's excavations, under the present writer's supervision, led to the discovery of Queen Tiyi's tomb, in which the body of Akhnaton was found wrapped in sheets of gold. The same excavations laid bare the tomb of Horemheb in 1908, but this was found to have been badly plundered, and little was found.

About 1907 these excavations in the valley were taken over by the fifth Lord Carnarvon and Mr. Carter, who, as already described in these pages, were rewarded by the discovery of the tomb of Tutankhamen, the greatest "find" ever made in Egypt. Only a very small portion of this wonderful valley now remains to be examined, and perhaps there are no more tombs to be found.

One curious fact, however, should be mentioned. In the hiding-place at Deir el-Bahri were found the mummies of some of the kings of the twenty-first dynasty, who reigned after Rameses XII., the last king to be buried in the royal valley, so far as we know. These bodies were evidently brought from sepulchres at no great distance, but so far no trace of these tombs has been found, and therefore we may hope that in one of the desert valleys among the Thebian hills the royal necropolis of this dynasty will one day be discovered by the excavator.

Visitors from all over the world now go to Luxor, the modern town built upon the site of ancient Thebes, to see the ruins left by the Pharaohs; and, crossing the Nile to the west bank, they go up to the royal necropolis by the road made along the winding valley, or they walk over the cliffs by the bridle-path which passes across the hills above Hatshepsut's temple.

Seven of the most important tombs are lit by electricity, and sixteen are open to the public. The once desolate and lonely gorge, however, would hardly be recognised in the present well-kept and well-guarded tourist resort, with its tidy roads and neat walls and its many tombs, each protected from sacrilegious hands by iron gates.

THE GREAT MONUMENTS. I

THE COLOSSI OF "MEMNON"

By W. Francis Aitken

THE COLOSSI OF "MEMNON"

By W. Francis Aitken

TOWERING giants of the plain and the most prominent landmarks on the west bank of the Nile at Thebes, the so-called Colossi of "Memnon" stand facing the east, midway between Medinet Habu and the Ramesseum. With the waters of the Nile bathing their feet when the life-giving river is at flood, at other times with a carpet of vivid green, the green of growing crops, spread around them, they are best observed from a distance. Then one can more easily reconstruct what time and earthquake and man's hands have destroyed, especially if the hour chosen is at sunrise, or when the solar disk is sinking in the west; or, again, in the silence of the night, when moon and stars alone are visible in the firmament. Then, as one thinks of the vast storehouse of history in the temple ruins around and in the silent rock-tombs in the valleys of the distant hills, the Colossi appear sentient, individual, as if gazing across the Nile valley for some new divine manifestation to add to their already age-long experiences.

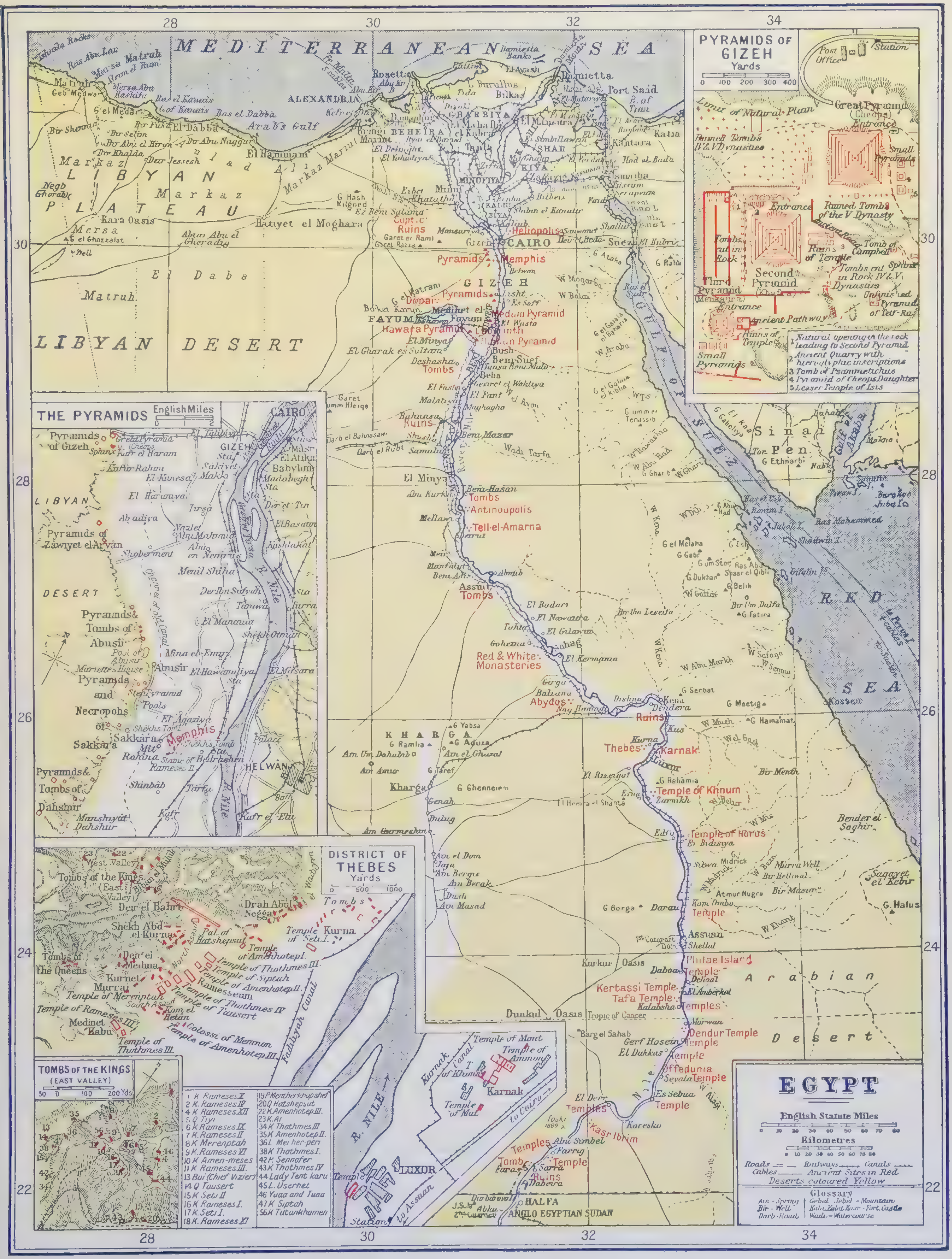
They were fashioned some three thousand years ago, under the direction of the chief architect and namesake of the Pharaoh Amenhotep III., to stand in front of the pylon of a temple. Carved from a conglomerate quarried in the red mountain, Gebel el-Ahmar, or in the sandstone hills of Edfu, and brought along the Nile in eight specially constructed ships, they mark the introduction of the huge statue in place of the obelisk in monumental and symbolical building. The record of their arrival at Thebes glows with contemporary enthusiasm. "They were wonderful for size and height, and they will last as long as heaven," says Amenhotep the architect.

When the Greeks and Romans came, the wonderful architecture around, including the Colossi, was attributed to the mythical Memnon, son of Eos or Aurora, who fell at Troy. One of the Colossi was a portrait statue of Amenhotep III., the other represented his Libyan consort Tiyi. The northern figure, that on the right of the photographs, was broken in two during the earthquake of about A. D. 27, referred to in the "Thebaid" of Statius (A. D. 61-96). Therefore this statue is said to have achieved its name of "the vocal Memnon" by emitting at sunrise a musical strain, which fancy likened to a lament. Witness is borne to the world-interest aroused by this sound phenomenon—which modern science attributes to the action of the sun's heat on cold stone—by numerous Greek and Latin inscriptions on the statue. The earliest of these belongs to A. D. 65; many were inscribed in the time of Hadrian, who visited the spot in A. D. 130 with his wife Sabina; some date from the days of Septimius Severus and Caracalla. Hadrian's visit is celebrated in verse, of which two lines run (as translated):

Sea-born Thetis, learn that Memnon never suffered pangs of dying.
Still, where Libyan mountains rise, sounds the voice of his loud crying——

The first author to refer to the "vocal Memnon" is Strabo, who came here with the governor Ælius Gallus, and was sceptical; but the legend was accepted by Pausanias and Juvenal. Septimius Severus (A. D. 193-211) repaired the statue with large blocks of sandstone placed horizontally in five layers to form body, head, and upper part of the arms. The work was done somewhat crudely, but so effectually that the plaint has never been heard since.

Originally, when each statue was adorned with the tiara of united Egypt, the Colossi stood nearly 70 feet high. Their present dimensions are as follows: Height of figure, 52 feet; pedestal, 13 feet; legs from sole to knee, 19½ feet; each foot, 10½feet; shoulder breadth, 20 feet; arm from elbow to finger-tip, 15½ feet; middle finger, 4½ feet. The Nile, which has swallowed up so much of that it once created, has deposited over 6 feet of soil around the base of the figures. The orna-



MAP OF EGYPT INDICATING THE SITES OF RUINS AND MONUMENTS

Specially drawn for "Wonders of the Past."

mentation includes representations of the Nile-god holding papyrus and lily, and figures of the mother and wife of Amenhotep III.; whose name is given in hieroglyphs.

The beautiful temple they were made to adorn has gone; so has the shrine that Merenptah built for himself with the white stone he took from the work of his great predecessor. But the Colossi, corollaries of the Sphinx, remain dominant, if scarred beyond recognition, among the wonders of Egypt's inscrutable past.

TEMPLES OF THE GODS. IV

THE GODS OF ANCIENT EGYPT

By W. M. Flinders Petrie, D.C.L., LL.D., F.R.S.

THE GODS OF ANCIENT EGYPT

By W. M. Flinders Petrie, D.C.L., LL.D., F.R.S.

Professor of Egyptology, University College, London

With 28 photographs of exhibits in the Museum of Egyptian Antiquities, Cairo

THE Egyptians had the reputation of being "most excessively attentive to the worship of the gods," as Herodotus says. Though this was their national character, it had a different form of expression in every tribe and city. The farther back we can trace the history, the more simple was the theology of each place, until we reach the idea that the origin was with "one tribe, one god." Even the best-known groups of gods, such as the Osiris family, fall apart when we get to primitive tradition, and only one divinity belonged to a single place or tribe. Thus, all the polytheism was the result of the mixture of families and tribes, when they formed a mythology which united the deities belonging to different sources. In this way, the polytheism is really the tribal history fossilised. There was no idea of a "jealous god," no one worship excluded another, each was considered true for its own place and people.

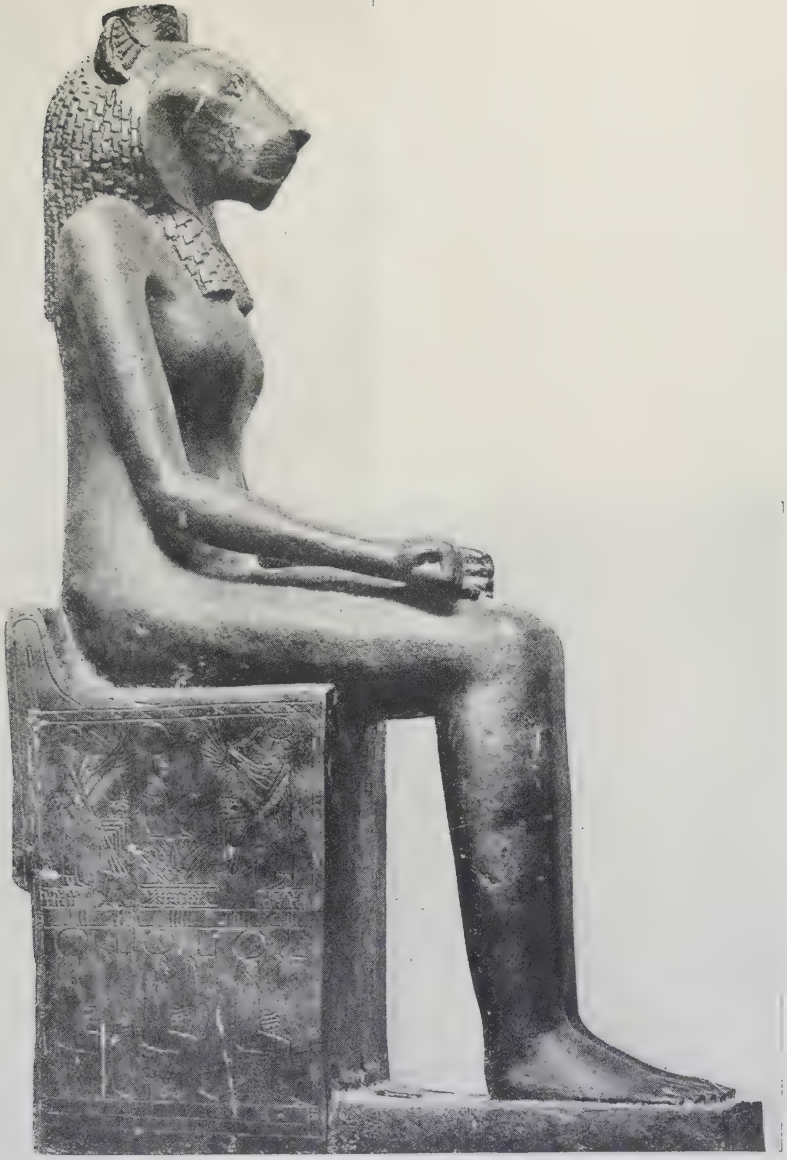
Thus, it was usual for an Egyptian to express his devotion simply to the "great god," meaning the god of his own city, who was to him the great one. The gods were powerful, but not omnipotent. They needed informing of the events on earth; they were not eternal, but might suffer pain, old age, and death, according to various legends.

The oldest structure of the people was that which resembled the African in beliefs and practices. There is a large body of customs, especially those concerning the dead, which are closely alike in ancient Egypt and modern Central Africa. In this stratum, probably preceding 10000 B. C., animal worship was usual; so strong was the primitive influence that this remained in practice down to the Roman age. The source of this was a sense of kinship of men and animals. Each tribe had its sacred species, and the life of the species was carefully preserved, except in the case of one example which was selected for worship, and was, after a given time, killed and sacramentally eaten by the tribe.

Thus, the baboon was worshipped at Hermopolis, the lioness in the Delta, the cat at Bubastis and near Beni Hasan. The bull was sacred in many cities, of a different breed and form in each place, Memphis, Heliopolis, Hermonthis, south of Thebes, Kanobos near Alexandria, and in the centre of the Delta. The cow was worshipped mainly at Atfih, opposite the Fayum. The ram was sacred at various places from end to end of the land. The hippopotamus, jackal, and ichneumon were also sacred. Among birds the falcon was supposed to represent the soul of the king, and was specially sacred in the south. The vulture was venerated as a mother-goddess, from her care for her young. The crocodile was much feared, and was kept tame and fed, to propitiate the species. The cobra serpent was a royal emblem, and worshipped as the goddess of the Central Delta and of harvest. Serpents were encouraged in houses, and looked on as beneficial; this has been well explained by their driving away rats which carried plague.

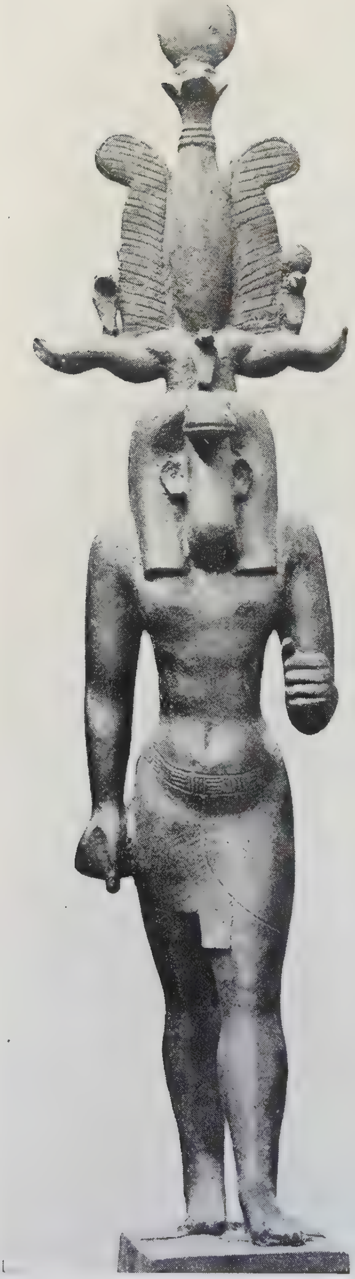
Later, when the tribes who worshipped human gods entered the country, they each unified their god with the animal god which they found where they settled. Thus were formed the animal-headed gods which are so curious in Egypt. The artistic skill of the combinations is such that they seem strangely convincing and natural. It is probable that, as in many races at present, the priest acting in the ceremonies wore an animal head as personifying the god. Thus, we see the head of a ram on Ammon, of a cow on Hathor and Isis, of a lion on Sekhmet, of a cat on Bastet, of a jackal on Anubis, of a crocodile on Sebek, of a hawk on Horus and Mentu, of an ibis on Thoth, and of a serpent on Nehebka.

There were personifications of the sky-goddess Nut, the earth-god Geb, and of the atmosphere Shu, which separates

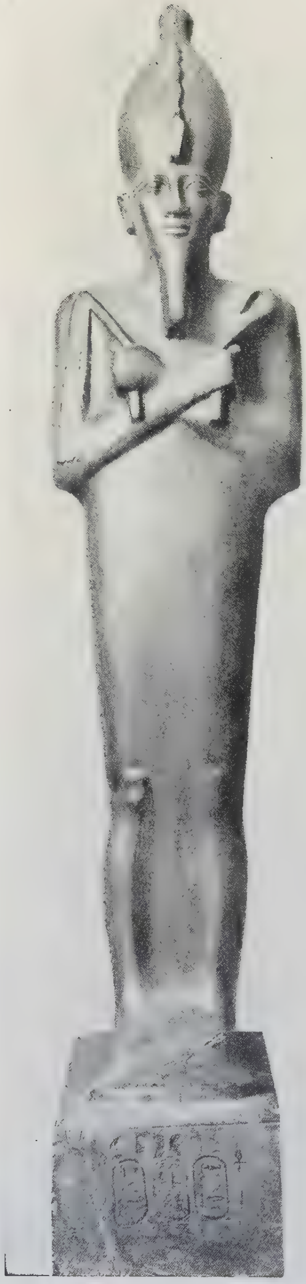


SEKHMET, GODDESS REPRESENTING THE POWER OF THE SUN

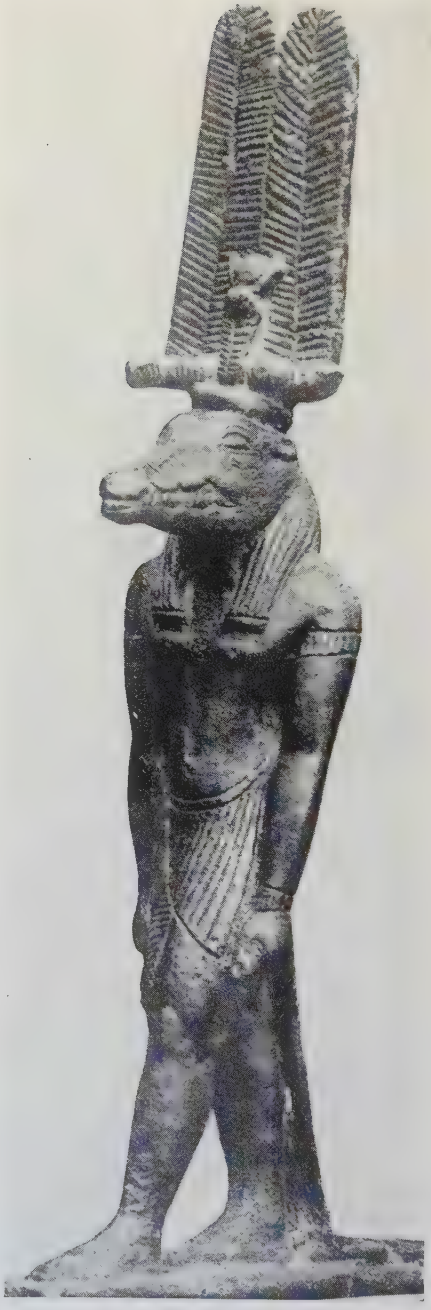
Another statue of the goddess Sekhmet. Second person of the triad at Memphis, she was worshipped as the wife of Ptah and mother of Imhotep.



SERPENT-GODDESS NEHEBKA

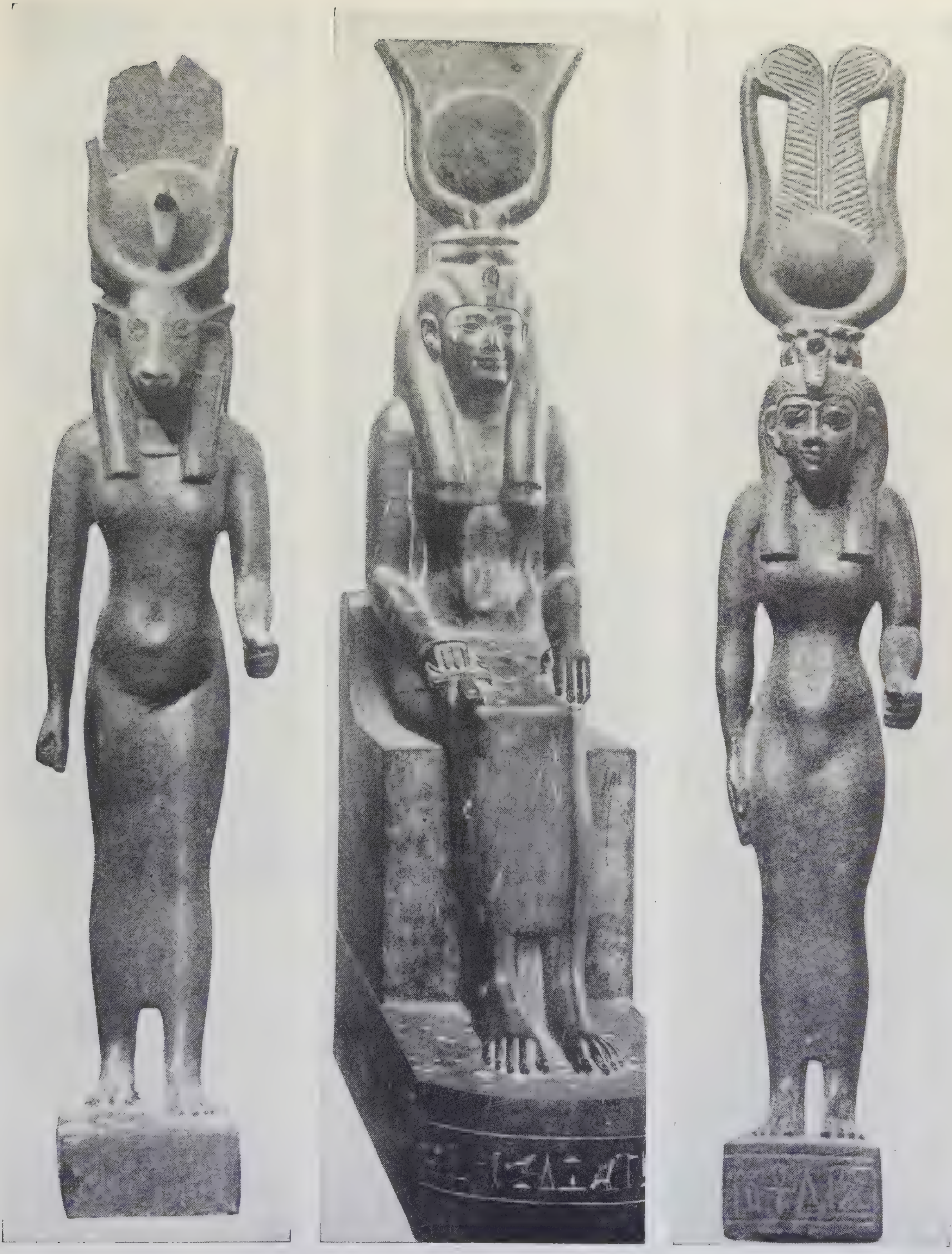


OSIRIS, "LORD OF THE WEST"



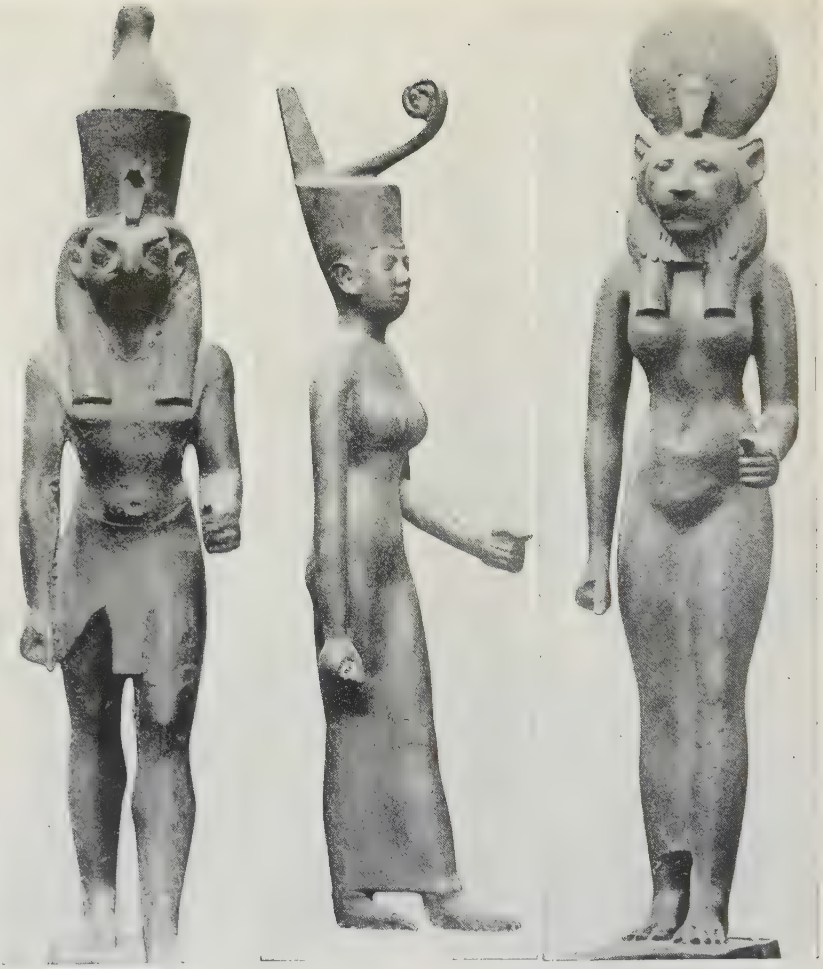
CROCODILE-HEADED GOD SEBEK

Nehebka was a serpent-goddess who performed many offices for the dead. Osiris was first of the dead to enter the Otherworld, and his name came to denote all who had followed the pathway to Paradise. Highest of all the powers and divine king of Egypt, Lord of the Underworld and dread judge of departed souls, Osiris is crowned with the conical white helmet of Upper Egypt, and holds flagellum and crook; apart from his arms and hands the statue represents him as a mummy. A water-god, Sebek is represented as a crocodile or with a crocodile's head; his temple in the Fayum is mentioned by Strabo.



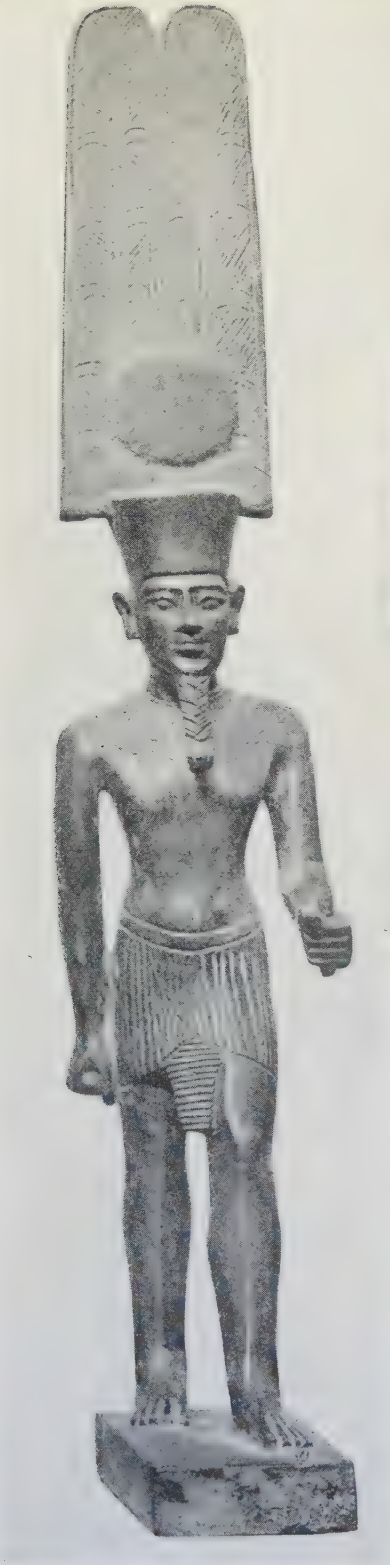
ISIS, THE MOON-GODDESS WHO ROBBED THE SUN-GOD OF HIS HEART

Three statues of Isis, who is shown with a cow's head and cow's horns, moon-disk, and step-shaped throne of her husband, Osiris. Originally goddess of the Delta simply, she is sometimes veiled. Osiris and Isis, the only divinities universally worshipped in Egypt, came to represent sun and moon. The cult of Isis spread to Greece and Rome, and Plutarch, in "De Iside et Osiride," tells their legendary story, which lingers in the myth that the tears shed by Isis for Osiris cause the annual flooding of the Nile.



HAWK-HEADED HORUS—THE GODDESS NEIT—SEKHMET STANDING

Horus, son of Osiris and Isis, and representing the rising sun, is here shown with the hawk's head. Neit, the goddess who was worshipped at Sais, has crossed arrows as symbols, and was identified with Athene and Minerva.



THE GOD AMMON

Ammon or Amen, the Hidden One, god of Thebes; as Ammon-Ra, a sun-god and national deity of Egypt; headdress, crown with two enormous feathers.

them. The earliest prayers are addressed to Nut, to receive the soul and preserve it among the polar stars that never set, yet there were never any temples or worship of these deities. They seem to have been the first gods in human form.

The principal human gods were the Osiris group, introduced from the West with the earliest civilisation, about 8000 B. C. Each deity belonged to a different tribe, for at first Horus was full grown, and Isis was a virgin goddess. As the tribes fused the Horus tribe was adopted by the Isis tribe, and so Horus became the infant son of Isis. On fusing with the Osiris tribe these gods became the family of Osiris. The geographical distribution points to their having come in from the West, being spread over the whole length of the land. Then Set and his wife Nebhat came from the East, being only found in the Eastern Delta, and where the desert roads from the Red Sea reach the Nile in the south. They were partly fused with, and partly hostile to, what is known as the Osiris group.

Osiris has many aspects, probably because he belonged to a tribe which had no other great god. He was the god of vegetation and growth; as the dead were believed to go to Osiris, he became the god of the future life, and his kingdom was to be the abode of the blessed. Even down to Roman times, the dead were stated to have "gone to Osiris" on the day of death. The admission to the kingdom of Osiris needed some qualification, so a judgment scene appears, much earlier than the idea of judgment in any other religion. Isis, originally independent, continued to be worshipped alone, and often appears alone in her temples erected in Italy and the West. She is usually represented as a mother with the infant Horus, from about 600 B. C. In the Roman world she was the patroness of sailors and the mystically beneficent goddess of all nature.

Horus was of many aspects. Originally a separate god, he became in the south fused with the falcon-god and the sun-god of Edfu, and frequently has a falcon head. The falcon being the royal bird, Horus became identified with the king. As being the conqueror of Set, who had murdered Osiris, he became the god of vengeance, armed with a spear. As united with the Isis tribe, he was the youthful, or infant, son of Isis. He was also the sky-god, and the sun and moon were his two eyes. He also became embodied in the three outer planets. In early Christian times Horus as the divine son became a type of Christ; and as trampling on noxious animals, he was transformed into Michael or S. George fighting a dragon. He is identified in these late forms by the falcon head.

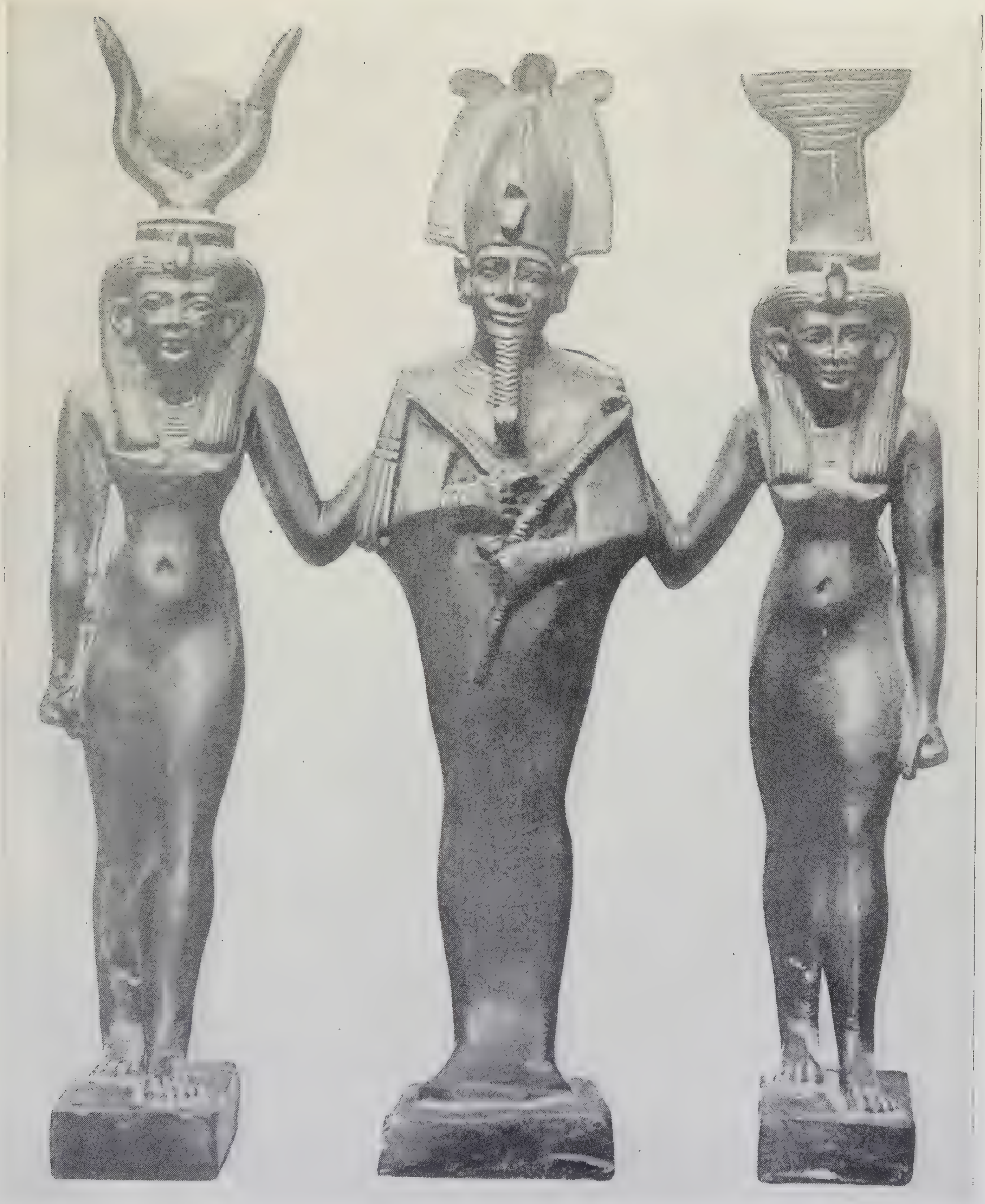
There were other curious types of Horus. He is seated on the lotus flower; this is a late form and may be due to Buddhist influence under the Persians, bringing in the idea of "the jewel in the lotus." Another form was seated on a lion throne, sometimes protected by Isis and Nebhat, one on each side as shown in illustration facing page 160.

Nebhat and Set came in from the Red Sea, and had an incongruous history in Egypt. Formally incorporated with the Osiris group, Set was always the enemy of Osiris. The final fight of Horus and Set is distinctly stated to be tribal history, the Set tribe being expelled. Yet the worship of Set was continually revived in Egypt; in the second, the sixth, the fifteenth, eighteenth, and nineteenth dynasties he was worshipped or was the patron god, and appears often on gnostic gems in Roman times. Nebhat never appears antagonistic to Osiris; she was accepted as the sister of Isis, and one of the commonest ideas was that of Isis and Nebhat mourning together for Osiris, and therefore stationed at the head and feet of the dead as weepers in all kinds of representations.

Another human group was Ammon (Amen), Mut, and Khensu of Thebes. Amen probably came from the West, being specially worshipped in the Oasis of Ammon. Mut, the mother-goddess, may have been already established at Karnak. Khensu, the "wanderer" moon-god, seems to be a late introduction, as he had to be combined with other gods already in possession, with the falcon Horus at Ombos, with the ibis Thoth at Edfu, and with Shu and Ra at Thebes.

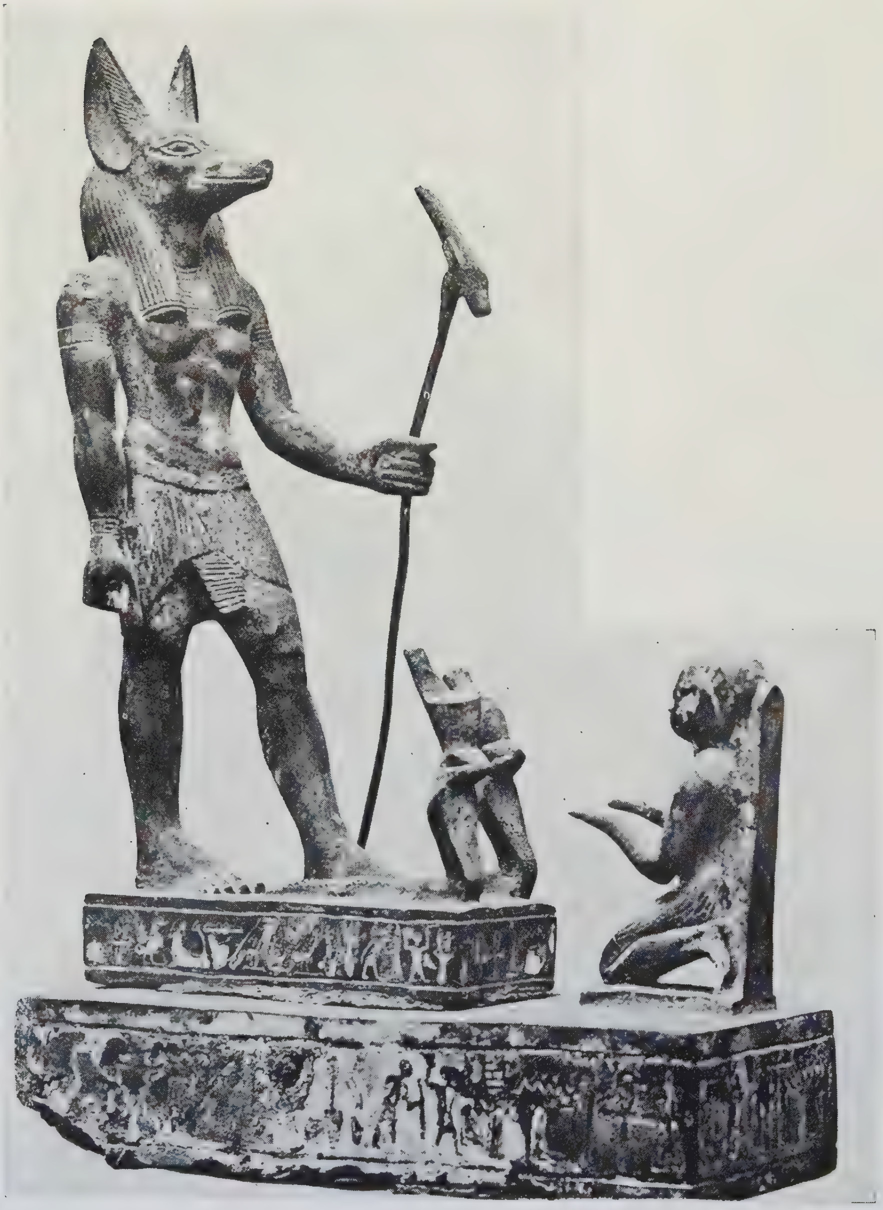
The Libyan goddess Neit was always entirely human. She was greatly worshipped in early times, and again under the Libyan twenty-sixth dynasty. Her attributes were the crossed arrows, sometimes over the parrying shield, in the form of a figure of 8.

Another class of gods were those of nature, which seem to be Eastern in origin, brought in by the second civilisation about



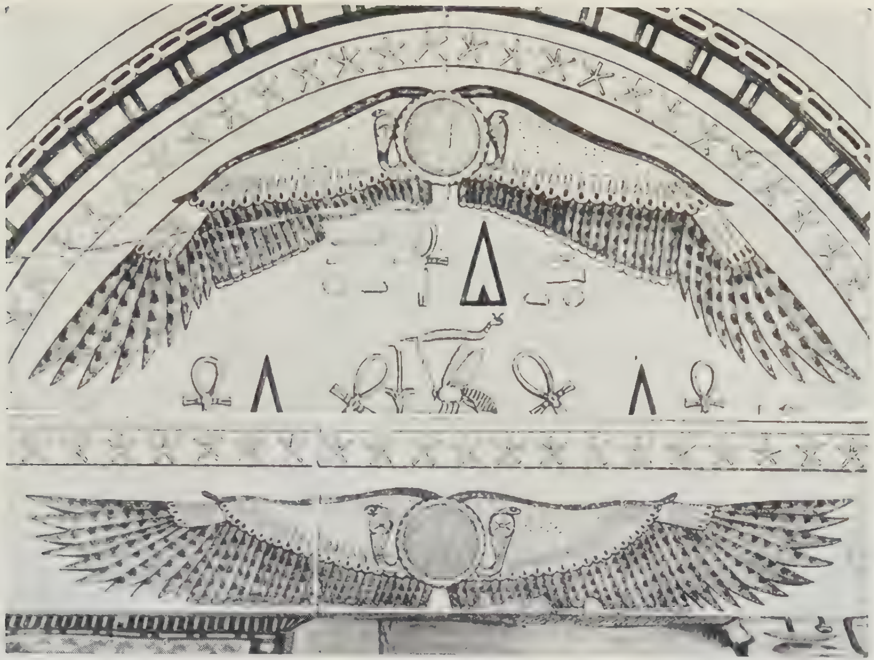
OSIRIS GROUP: ONE OF THE TRIADS OF THE EGYPTIAN PANTHEON

There were numerous triads in the Egyptian pantheon, due to tribal intercourse. From being a full-grown god, Horus became the infant son of Isis (who was at first a virgin goddess), and when linked with Osiris the two other deities became with him the Osiris family. The above triad consists of Osiris, Isis, and Nephthys, sister of Isis, the two last-named being associated in funerary scenes. Usually a triad was formed by assigning to the chief god a wife and son.



ANUBIS, THE JACKAL-HEADED GOD OF TWILIGHT

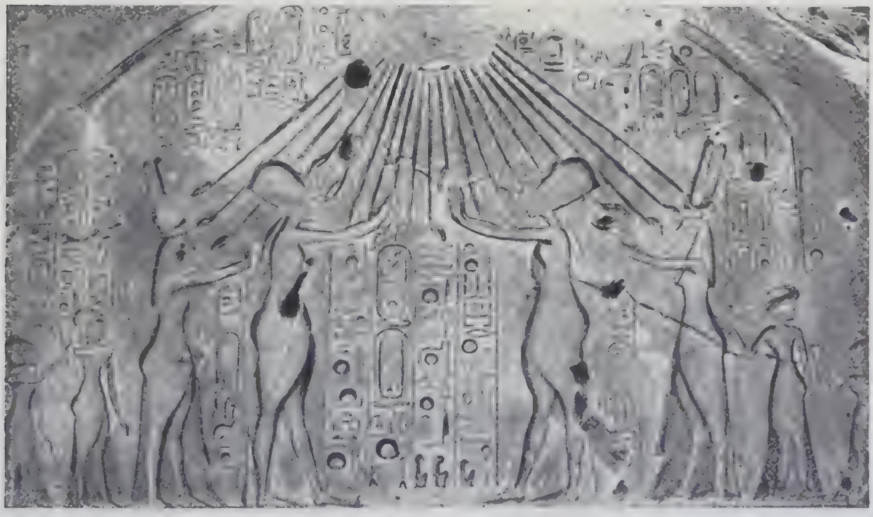
He is said to have invented and to watch over the rites of embalming and to conduct the souls of the departed to the realm of shades, where he weighs them and assigns to each its abode. His cult, which spread to Greece and Rome, where he was identified with Hermes, seems to have developed from simple jackal-worship.



Courtesy of Egypt Exploration Fund.

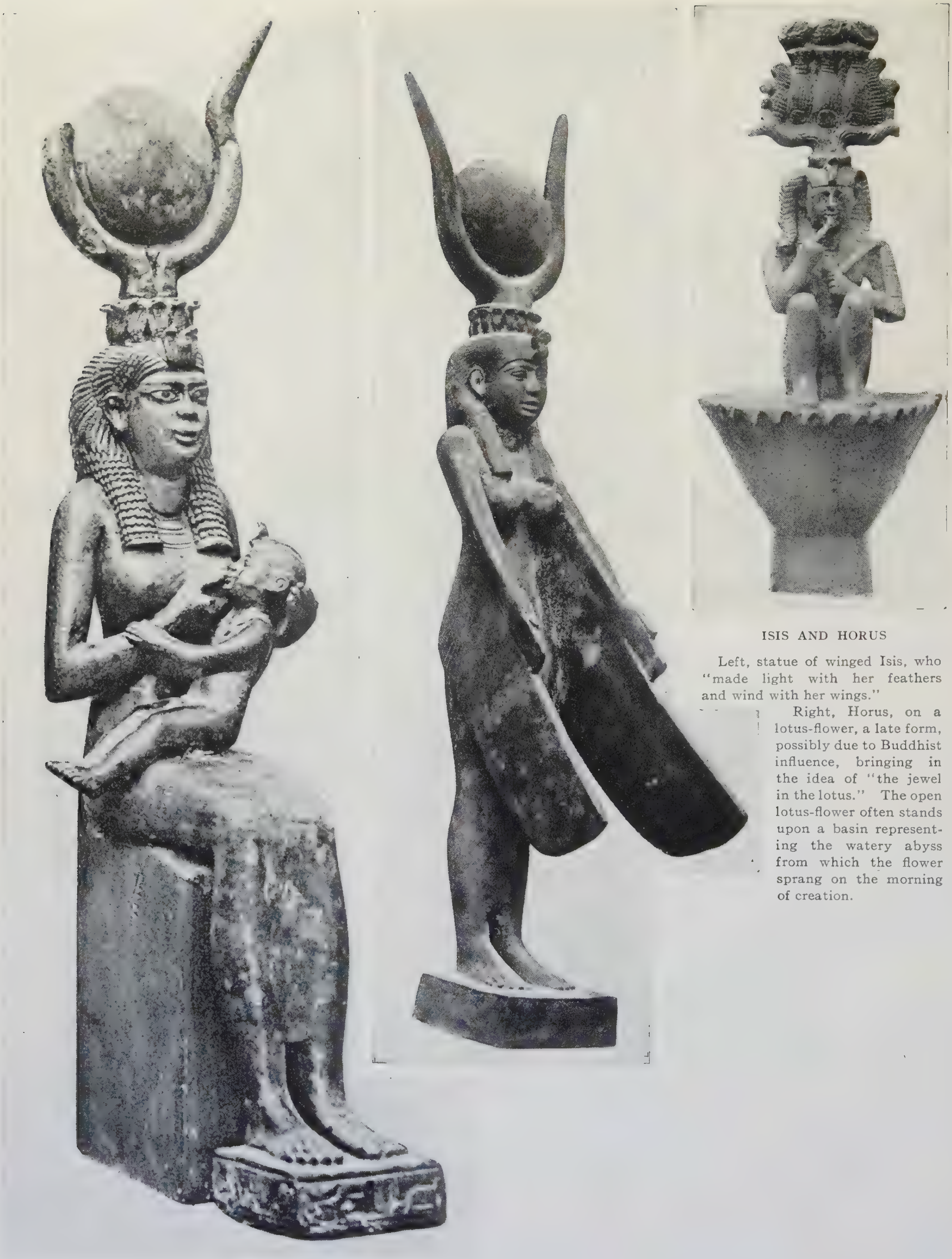
HORBEHUTET: RA AS THE WINGED SUN

Paintings from the end wall of the funerary chapel of Hatshepsut and her father, Thothmes I., at Deir el-Bahri. The upper curved form implies exceptional protection, the god being represented as creator, protector, and destroyer. On each side of the disk a uræus is shown. The symbol of the winged sun is familiar over most Egyptian gateways.



ADORATION OF THE RADIANT ENERGY OF THE SUN

Worship of the solar disk under the name of Aton or Aten began in the time of the mother of Amenhotep IV. The latter took the name of Akhnaton (splendour of Aton), and tried to make the worship of the sun's rays as the source of energy and life the national religion. The photograph is of a sculptured tablet on the rock at Tell-el-Amarna.



ISIS AND HORUS

Left, statue of winged Isis, who "made light with her feathers and wind with her wings."

Right, Horus, on a lotus-flower, a late form, possibly due to Buddhist influence, bringing in the idea of "the jewel in the lotus." The open lotus-flower often stands upon a basin representing the watery abyss from which the flower sprang on the morning of creation.

ISIS SUCKLING THE INFANT HORUS

Horus was of many aspects. He is shown here as one of the Isis tribe, typifying the morning sun. As such he received the title of his father, Osiris, ruled the world, and was welcomed with rapture and song.

7000 B. C. These were mainly sun-gods, Ra the most dominant, also Khepera (Khefere), the morning sun, and Aton (Atum), the setting sun. Ra was, however, the great god of Egypt, and it is probable that his worship was brought in by the second prehistoric civilisation, which appears to have been Syrian. The great centre of Ra was Heliopolis, the "City of the Sun," in Lower Egypt; but, as identified with the falcon of Hierakonpolis in the south, Ra appears under the name Behudet as the winged sun, so familiar over every Egyptian gateway. The name means simply the god of Edfu. Beside the wings for flight, the sun often has two uraeus serpents attached, and often two ram's horns. The wings are shown in forms also implying protection, the cobra is the power of judgment and destruction, the ram's horns of creation. Thus the whole signifies Ra as protector, destroyer, and creator. When identified with the falcon god, Ra usually has a falcon head and human figure. At Thebes, the worship of the local god Ammon was added to that of Ra, and the fused god Ammon Ra was the great deity of the nineteenth dynasty and onward.

This national god of the eighteenth dynasty was subverted, at about 1380 B.C., by the movement originating from Syria for a reformed adoration of the radiant energy of the sun. It is the most remarkable outburst of new ideas that was known, an untimely birth which could not survive in a world entirely unfit for it. The truth was to be the object of life; "Living in Truth" was the motto of the reformer Akhnaton. He could perceive the scientific truth that all force and life is dependent on the energy of the sun's rays, so each ray was represented ending in a hand that acted—giving the emblem of life, and the power of the crown to the king.

This, by a bold stroke of materialism, displaced the ancient gods, who were all proscribed, their names erased, and their monuments destroyed all over Egypt. It was necessary to get clear of all the entanglements of the old capital, so a new one was laid out where Akhnaton—"the splendour of Aton"—could follow the truth without restraint.

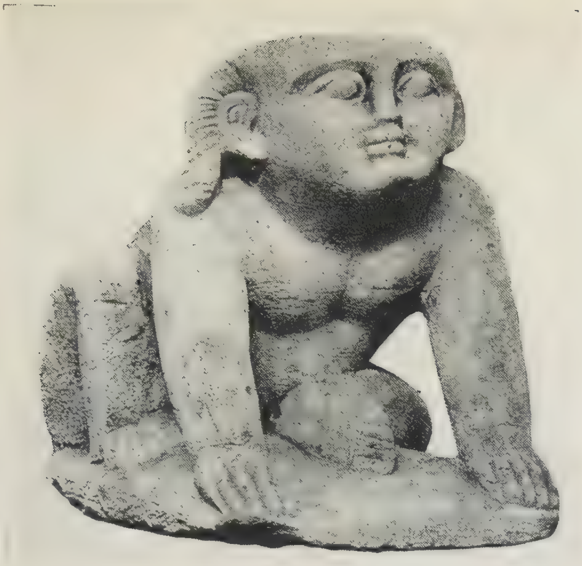
The art was to copy truth. In the best hands, it was astoundingly vital; left to the care of the old school, it became utterly caricatured. The love of nature, and expression of its beauty, was the truth, and it blossomed out over all the decoration and literature. The family life of the king was the truth, and is represented at every turn. The peace of humanity was the truth, but the bloody bandits of Syria would have none of it; "force was no remedy," so they were left to wreck the country by every man fighting for himself.

The world is still far from ready for such a leader as Akhnaton; he would have no chance in Europe at present, where truth and beauty are strangers to men. He died young; after him there was no energy to carry on the new gospel. Within thirty years the old gods triumphed, and the beautiful dream was over. This worship of the sun as the Aton certainly began in the life of Akhnaton's mother; the name was known still earlier in the sun worship of Heliopolis, and it is reasonably supposed to be the Syrian Adon, the Lord. It is the development of the idea of radiant energy, and the living in truth, which were the new motives of this vast change.

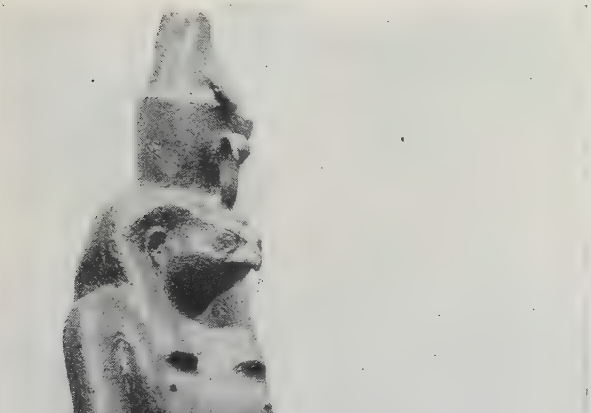
The moon was variously personified. Sometimes it is identified with Thoth, the god of measurement and time, as regulating time; otherwise it is Khensu "the wanderer." Most usually it is joined to Hathor, the mother-goddess, who is probably derived from Ishtar or Ashtaroth or Astarte, the Asiatic moon-goddess. Stars were also venerated, as Orion, known as Sahu.

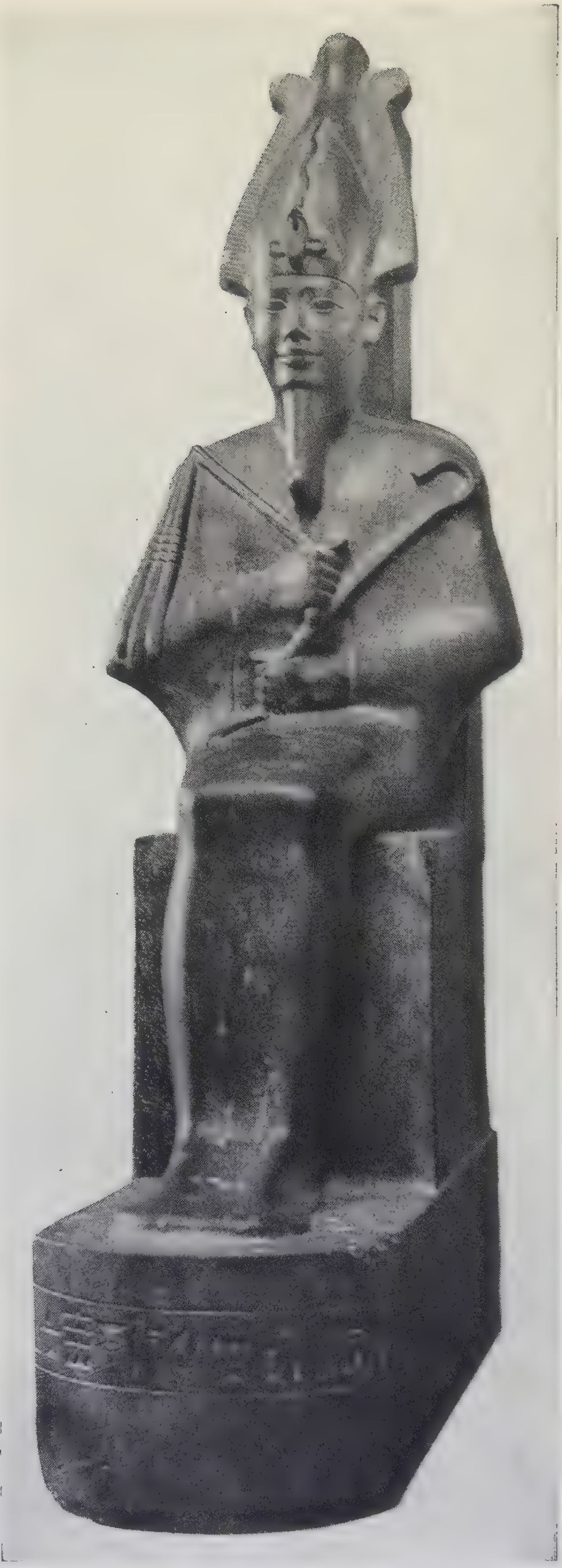
A third series of gods, representing abstract ideas, came into Egypt later, probably brought by the dynastic race, which was filtering in for some centuries before they conquered the land, about 5800 B.C. The greatest of these was Ptah the creator, who overlaid the worship of the bull Apis at Memphis. To unify matters, he was fused with Seker the god of the dead, and with Osiris, and worshipped in late times as Ptah-Seker-Osiris. He was of great importance at Memphis, but seldom worshipped elsewhere; the late date of his introduction is shown by there not being any primitive mythology attached to him, like Geb laying the world-egg, or Khnumu as a potter modelling man, or the Osiris legend.

Ptah was the constructor, and his high priest's title was the "great commander of workmen." There were two other gods associated with him at Memphis, Nefertem, who was a god of vegetation and growth, and Imhotep, who was a deified physi-



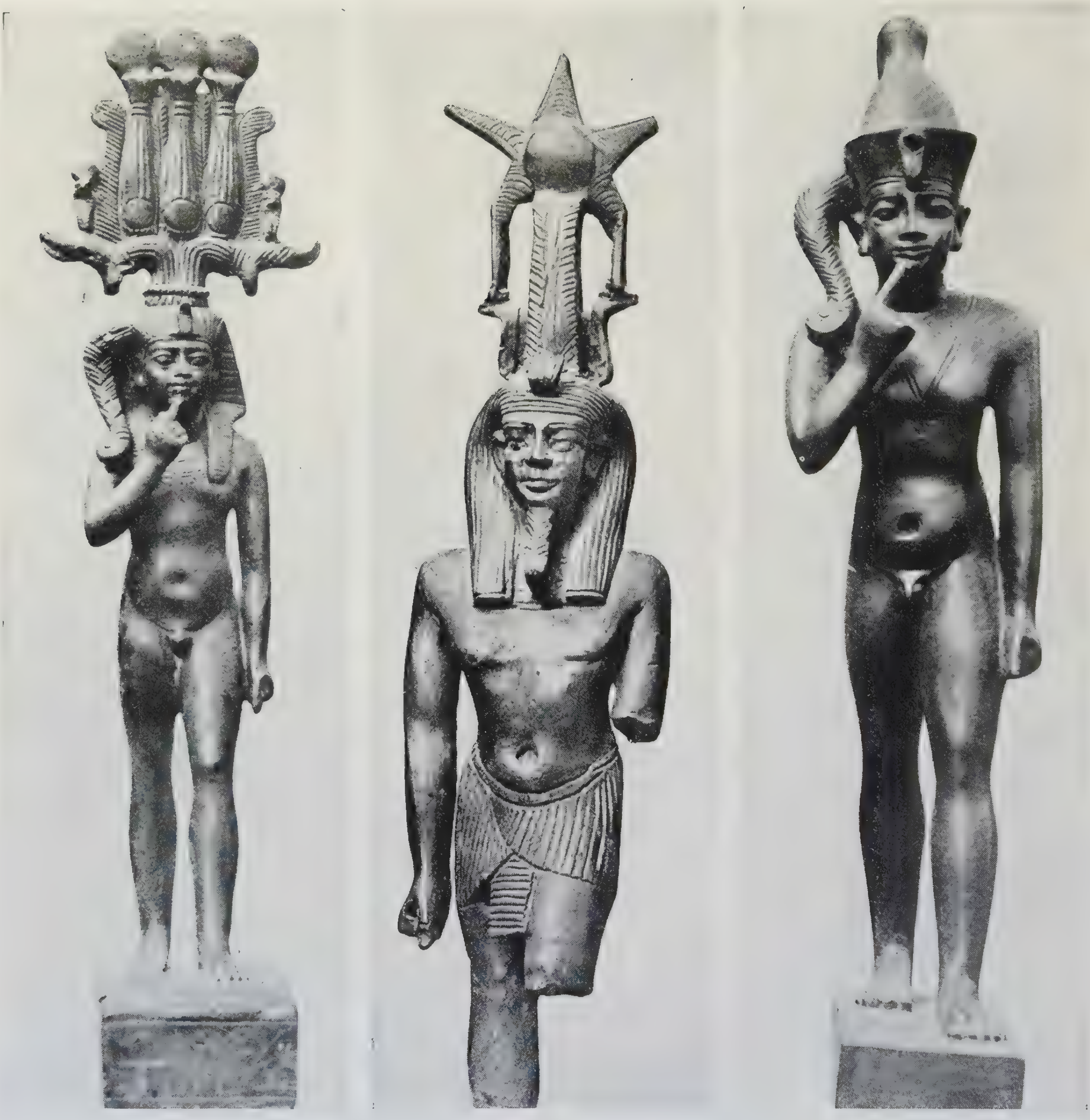
ANOTHER FORM OF THE INFANT HORUS





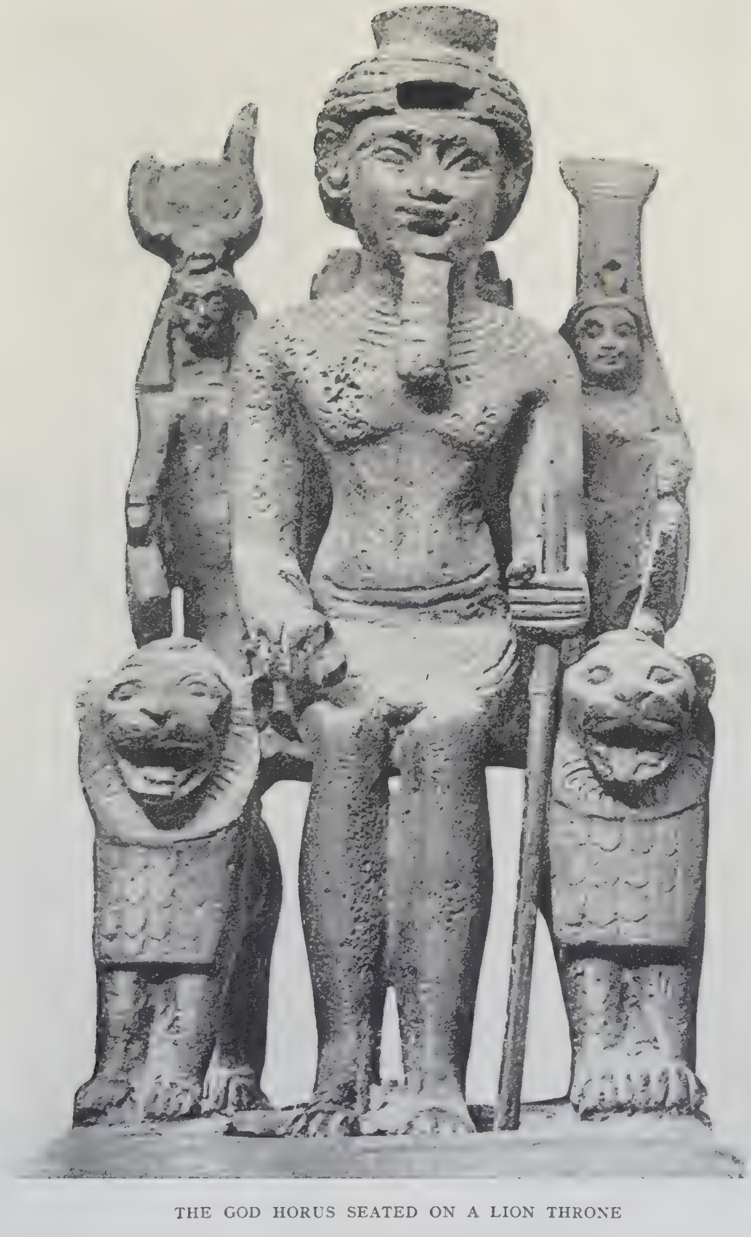
HORUS AND OSIRIS: FATHER AND SON IN EGYPTIAN MYTHOLOGY

The small figure shows the infant Horus crawling, possibly typifying the dawn. Beneath this figure the god is shown with the head of a falcon, a royal bird, and so identified with the king. In early Christian times Horus as the divine son became a type of Christ; later, as trampling on noxious animals, he was transformed into S. Michael or S. George. Right, figure of Osiris.



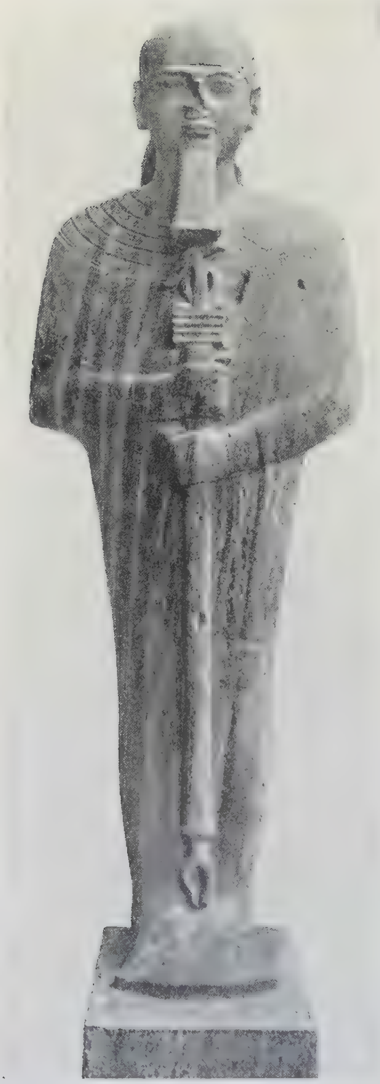
HORUS THE CHILD AND A STAR-GOD OF THE MYTH-STREWN FIRMAMENT

On the left is a further embodiment of Horus, this time as a young man, or the youthful sun, with a headdress surmounted with three papyrus heads, a side-lock of hair, and his finger to his mouth, the last-named feature being represented in the statue on the right, showing the god as Harpechrat, the Greek Harpocrates, whom, from a misapprehension of this attitude in the Egyptian statues, the Greeks and Romans regarded as a god of silence. In the centre is the star-god, Sahu, Orion.

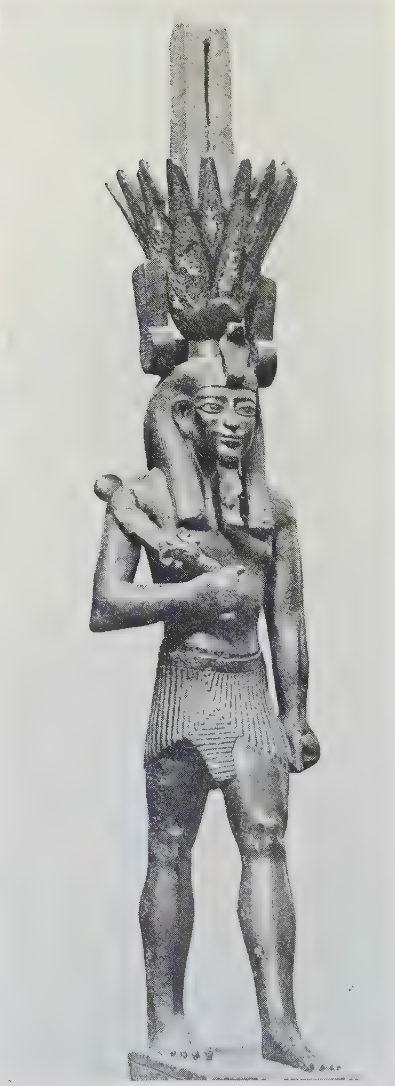


THE GOD HORUS SEATED ON A LION THRONE

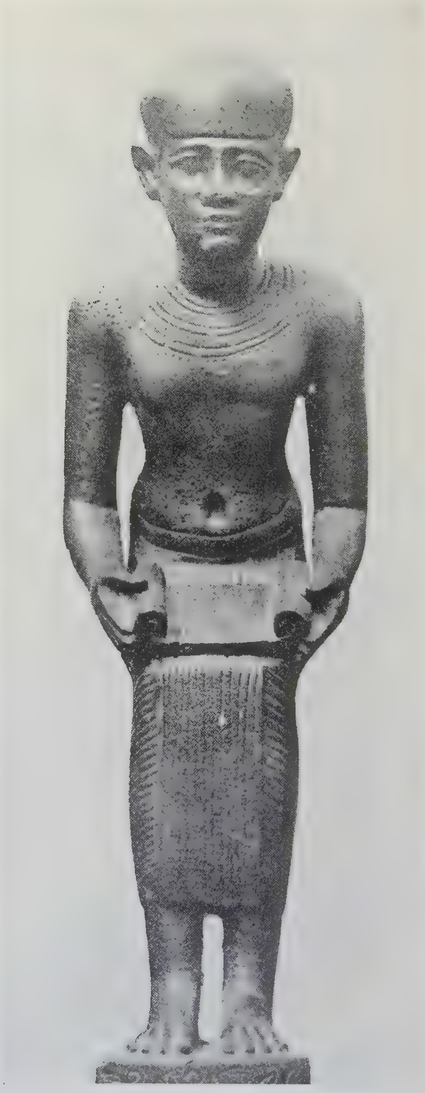
Here Horus, as the instrument of vengeance against Set, the murderer of his father, Osiris, is holding a spear and guarded on the one side by his mother, Isis, and on the other by Isis' sister, Nebhat, or Nephthys, who helped Isis in the quest for the body of the slain Osiris. Nephthys perhaps represents sunset.



PTAH, GOD OF MEMPHIS

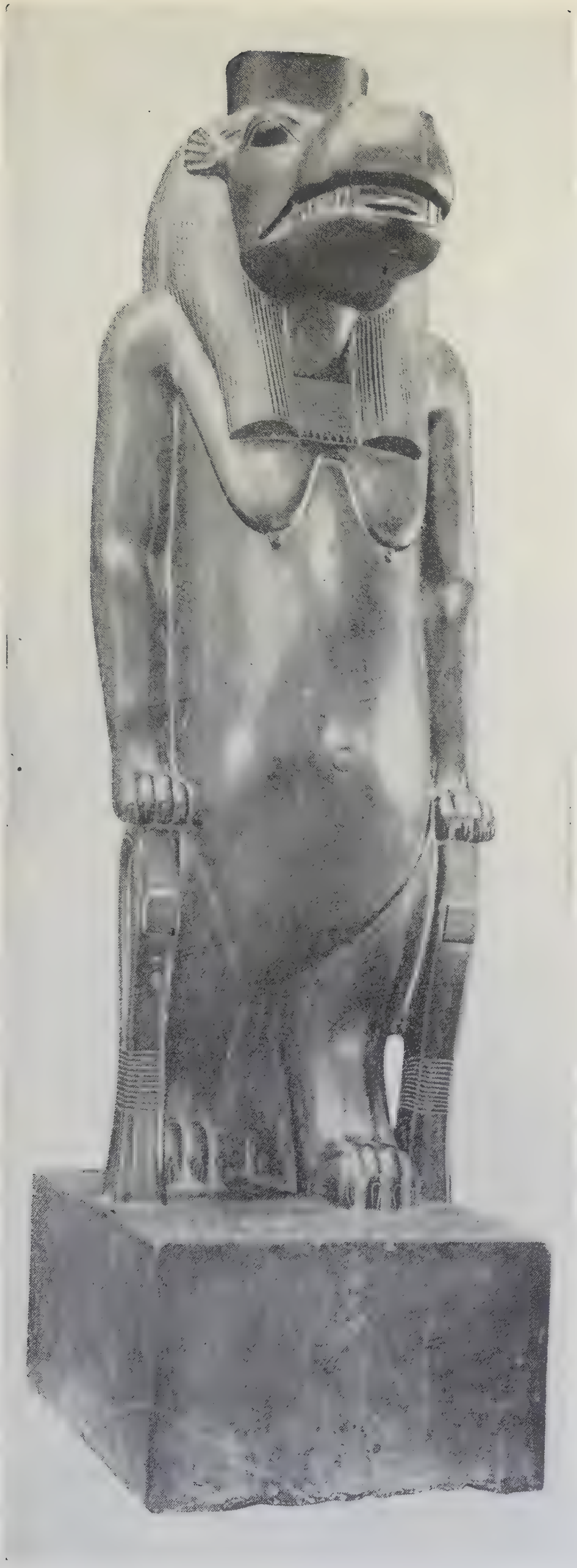


NEFERTEM

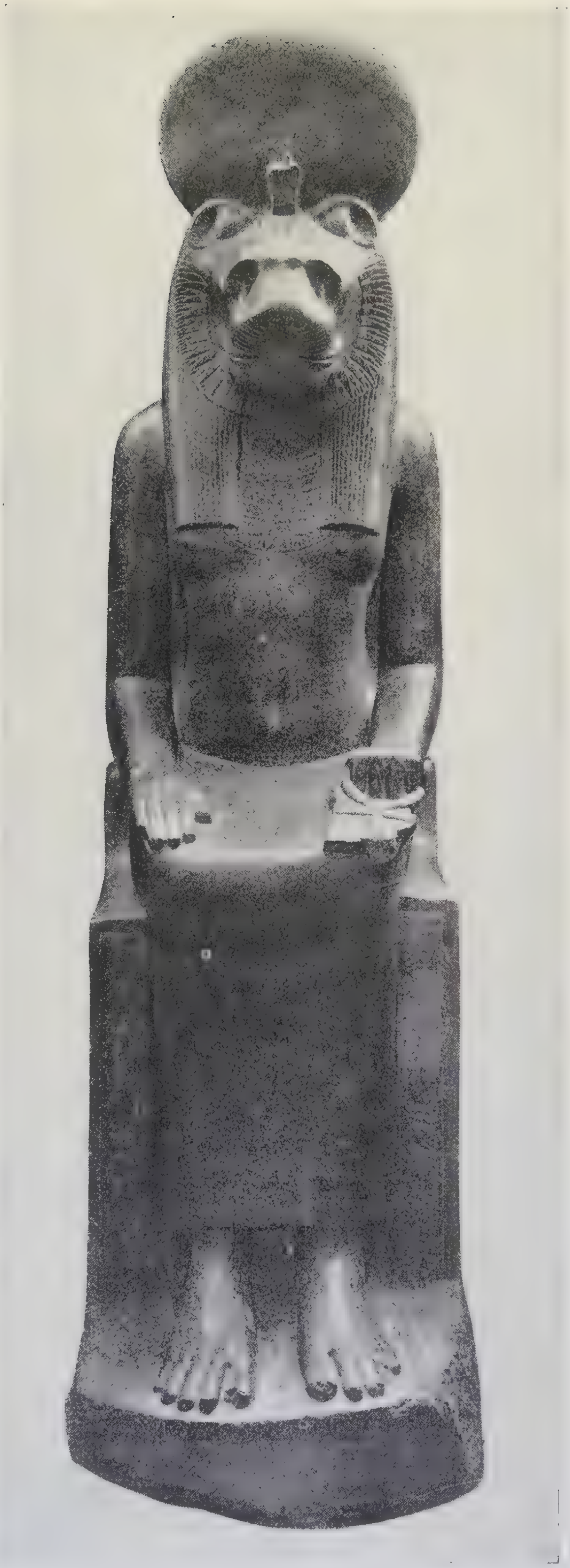


IMHOTEP, THE PHYSICIAN

Ptah, "the creator," chief of the triad of Memphis, is shown with a mummy-like body, close-fitting cap, tassel at the back of the neck, and holding a sceptre surmounted with symbols of power, life, and stability. His consort was Sekhmet, the third person of the triad being their son, Nefertem, represented with a lotus springing from his head. Nefertem's place is often taken by Imhotep, revered as a physician like Æsculapius, and represented as a young man, seated, holding a scroll of papyrus on his knees.



HIPPOPOTAMUS-HEADED GODDESS TAURT



LIONESS-HEADED GODDESS SEKHMET

Taurt, the Greek Thueris, wife of Set and goddess of childbirth, is shown leaning on the girdle tie symbolising the cleansing blood of Isis. Her statue, in green basalt, Saïte work, was discovered at Thebes in a chapel of white limestone dedicated to her in the name of Queen Nitocris. Sekhmet, or Sekhet, a goddess representing the power of the sun, is depicted with the head of a lioness or cat, linked with the solar disk and uræus, or sacred cobra, symbol of royalty.

cian, like Æsculapius. He is always represented as seated, holding a roll of manuscript open on his knees. Sekhmet the lion-goddess was the consort of Ptah.

Another group which was prominent among the abstract gods was the father-god Min and mother-goddess Hathor. There is no legend of their producing mankind; they were simply the principles of fatherhood and motherhood. They appear to have come from the south of the Red Sea, and, if so, were from a tribe fused with the dynastic people in their migration. Min became fused with Ammon-Ra at Thebes, and Hathor was identified with innumerable local goddesses all over the country, just as the later worship of the Madonna in Italy became fused with any number of local worships. Hathor especially became united with Isis, both being mother-deities. Other still more abstract ideas were deified, as Maat the goddess of truth, and Safekh (Seshet) the goddess of writing; but they never had temples.

Beside these gods of the four strata of population, there were some gods borrowed from abroad without being accompanied by their worshippers. The most accepted of these was Bes, the Sunday dancer in a leopard's skin, who became the emblem of jollity and domestic felicity. The Syrian gods Sutekh, Baal, Reshpu, Anaitis, Astarte, and Qedesh were all brought in. The most interesting of these are the Aryan gods which came from the Hittites, Anaitis or Anahita, and Oadu the wind-god.

Thus the religion, like the population of Egypt, was always being mixed by successive migrations of invaders. The old African ideas which underlay it all still survive in Central Africa. West, East, and North have all poured their races into Egypt every few centuries; they brought in their mythology and worship, and all these were fused together, as place and times and preference might lead.

Till the exclusive religions of Christianity, and then Islam, obtained possession, this mixture went on unchecked. Even still there is much of the old fragments of faith lingering, just as they linger in the West. Feeling is older than reason, and the basal instincts of the mind still unconsciously sway the thoughts, and creep out in daily acts, in defiance of the professed beliefs.

TEMPLES OF THE GODS. V

BORO BUDUR: THE SOUL OF JAVA

By T. Athol Joyce, M.A.

BORO BUDUR: THE SOUL OF JAVA

By T. Athol Joyce, M.A.

Deputy Keeper, Department of Ethnography, British Museum

With a special series of photographs by Mr. Geo. P. Lewis

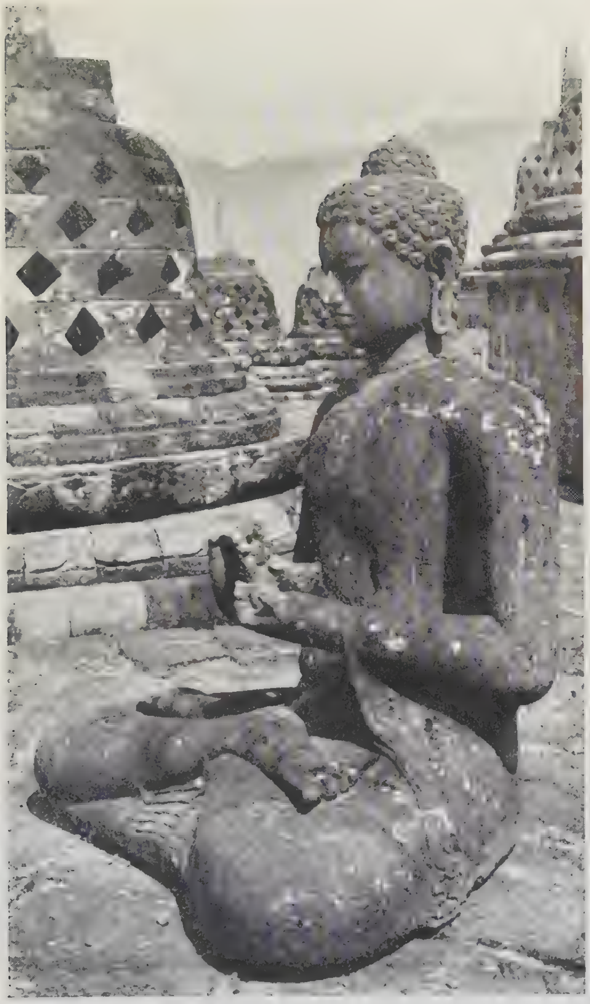
IN the Kedu residency of Central Java stands one of the finest and most elaborate monuments ever inspired by a great world-religion. A masterpiece of human art and craftsmanship in a setting of superb beauty. The Kedu plateau, rightly named the Garden of Java, is skirted by the peaks of four imposing volcanoes, which stand in virile contrast to the soft luxuriance of the plain. Beneath a vault of blue sky is stretched a plateau brilliant with every shade of green, from the emerald of young rice-crops to the almost-blue of tropical forest. Amid such surroundings the ancient builders selected their site, a low hill, as a foundation for the colossal pyramid-like structure which they reared in honour of some great saint. For the building is less a temple than a gigantic reliquary, since it is clear that the dagoba, or shrine, at the apex once enclosed relics of some personage of great holiness, perhaps even of Gautama Buddha himself.

Boro Budur, then, is Buddhist, and as such is evidence of the widespread appeal made by this Indian religion throughout the Orient, and also of the close connexion between religion and art, because the art of Boro Budur comes straight from its native source in Northern India.

Dates are dull, but necessary if a true perspective of old-world monuments is to be obtained. The death of Buddha is supposed to have taken place early in the fifth century before Christ. Indian influence is apparent in Java as early as the first or second century A.D. That influence, however, is Hindu rather than Buddhist. It was not until some two centuries before William the Conqueror invaded England that the Buddhist community in the island attained such numbers and power that they could commence, and carry to its achievement, so colossal a monument of their faith. Meanwhile the Buddhist doctrines had undergone great development, and an important schism had taken place. The so-called Northern School had elaborated the simple rules of life enunciated by the Founder into a metaphysical and mystical doctrine in which, not only a succession of earthly Buddhas, but a series of celestial counterparts (the so-called Dhyani-Buddhas), together with their spiritual emanations (the Dhyani-Bodhisattvas), had their place.

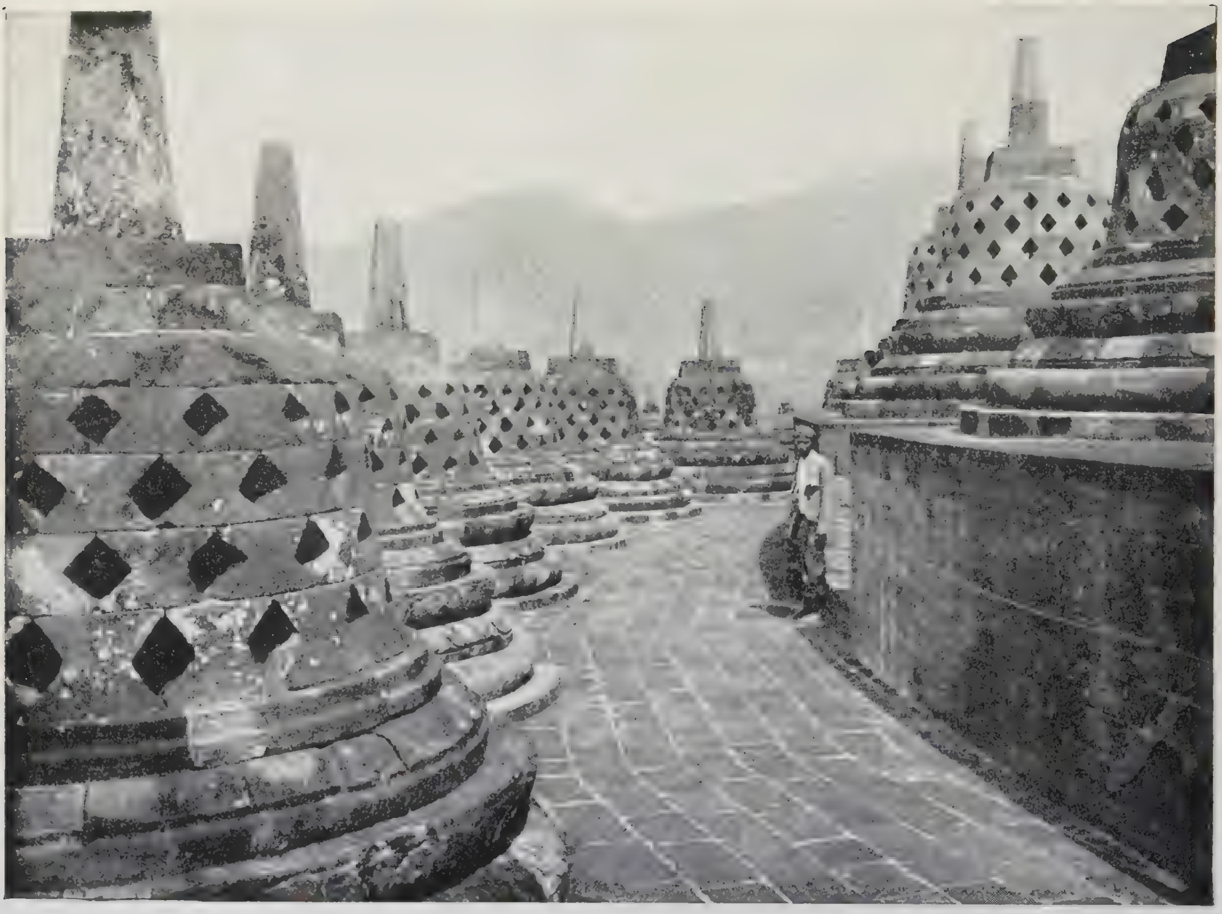
This school was destined later to be degraded by the incorporation of elements derived from the worship of Siva, the old Hindu god of destruction. Boro Budur, however, shows no signs of decline, and exhibits the art and doctrines of the Northern School in its highest form. The history of the Northern School affords a crucial instance of the fact that humankind as a whole needs something more than a rule of life. Mankind in bulk cannot live without gods, and so even to Buddhism, which was in a sense a revolt against gods and priestcraft, the gods came back. The smaller Southern School, which maintained the original teachings in simpler and purer form, persists in Ceylon, Burma, and Siam, but has never produced an architectural monument comparable with that of Boro Budur.

Boro Budur was begun about the year 850 A.D., but its construction must have been extended over many years, and indeed a close study of the remains suggested that the builders made more than one modification of their original plan. In broad outline the shrine is a stepped pyramid, built around a low hill as core, with a square base measuring no less than 520 feet each way. But the impression left upon the beholder is not that of, for instance, an Egyptian pyramid, nor even of one of the pyramidal temple-mounds of Central America. In the first place, the base line is not straight, nor are the lines of the succeeding courses; they are recessed backwards at intervals from the centre, so as to present a succession of cornices. This peculiarity produces that clever combination of horizontal and perpendicular lines which is so characteristic of Indian architecture.



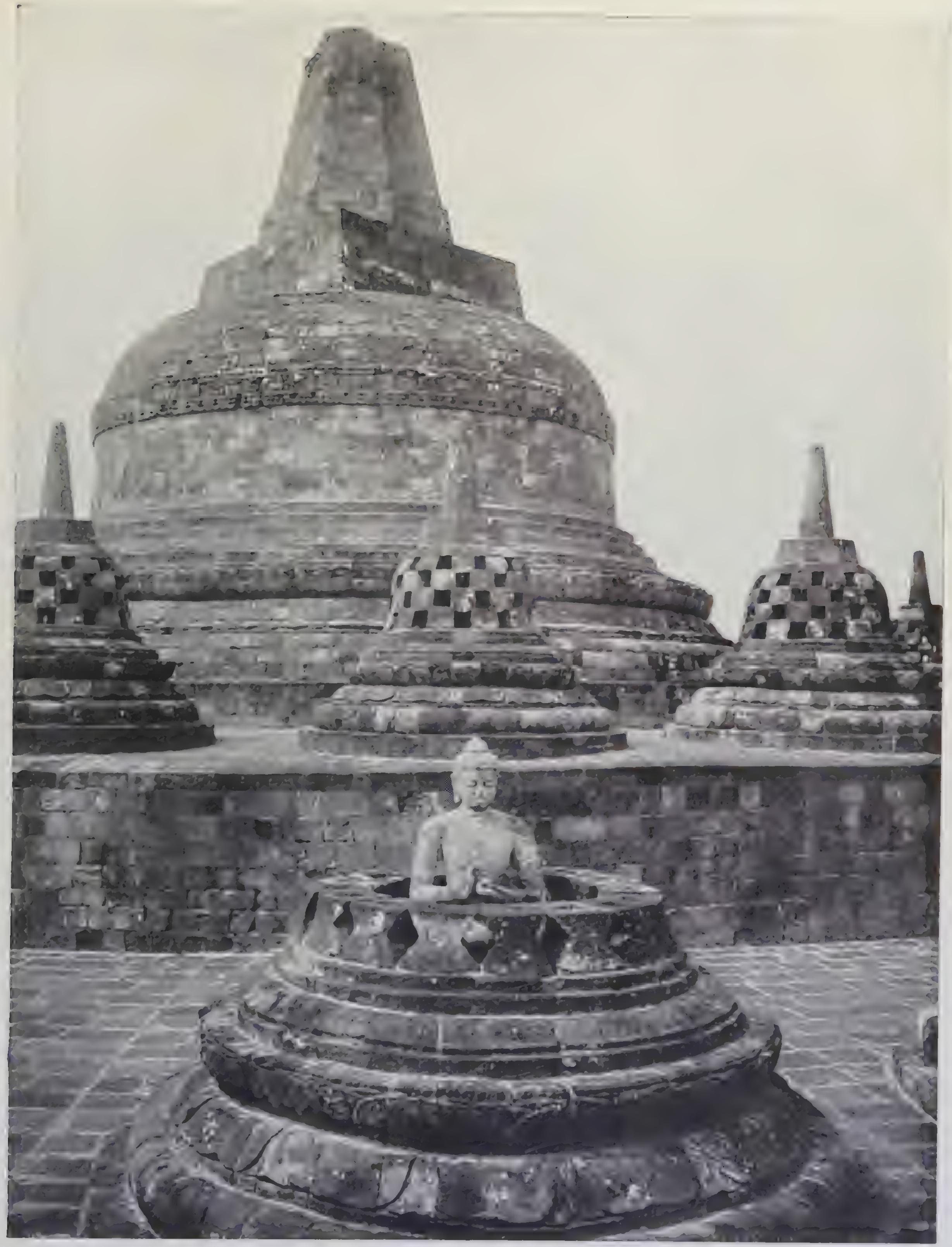
IN INSCRUTABLE CONTEMPLATION

Statue of the Buddha, moved from its proper niche—no one knows when—by some thoughtless or vandal hand, still wonderfully preserved amid the ruins of Boro Budur. This great Buddhist shrine in Central Java dates from the ninth century of our era, and is the most remarkable, perhaps, of all the buildings and monuments which remain to testify to the past glories of the now Dutch island.



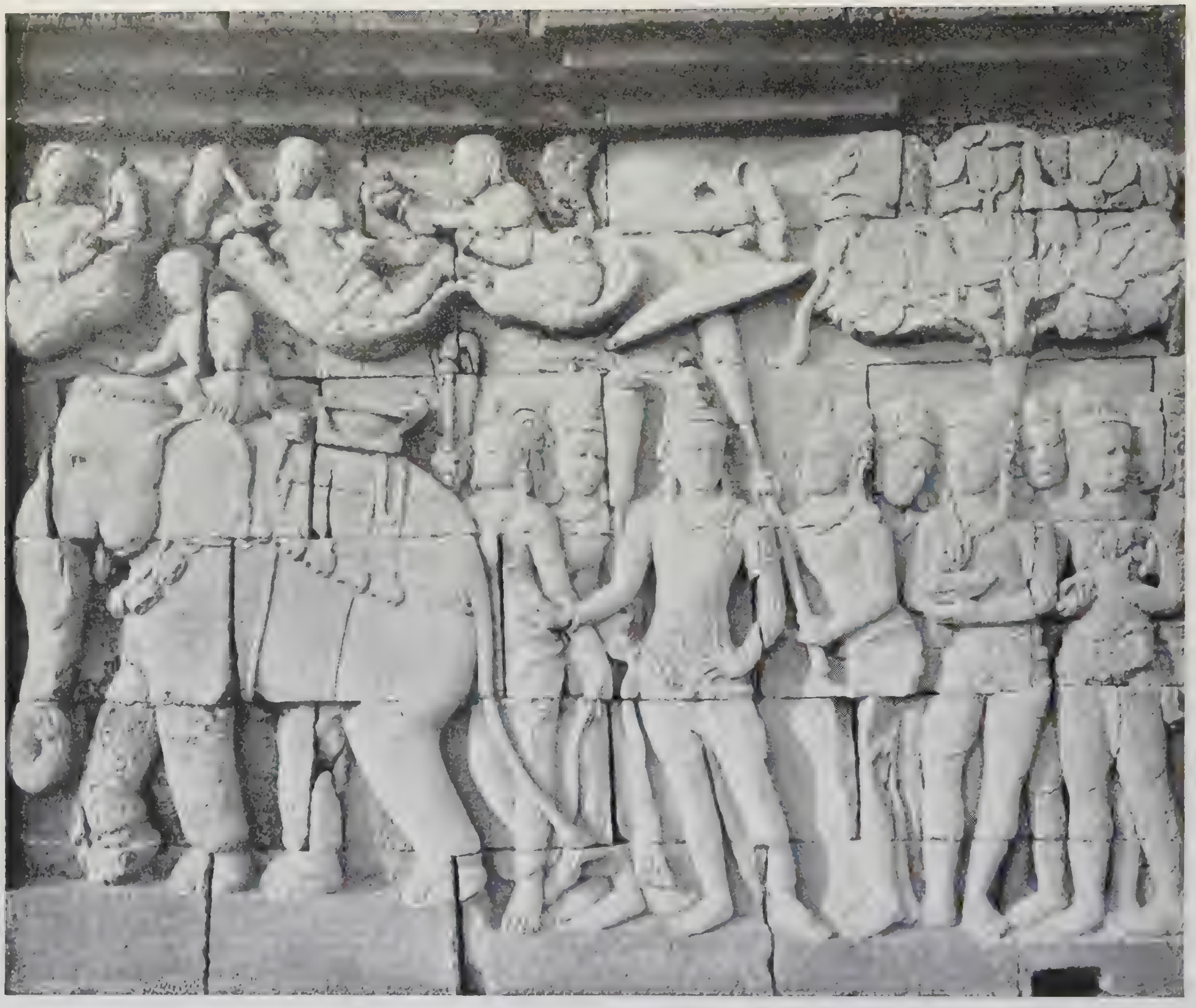
FOREST OF PINNACLES CROWNING JAVA'S FAMOUS BUDDHIST SHRINE

The lofty dagoba, 52 feet in diameter, built to enshrine the precious relic it contained, is surrounded by three concentric circles of bell-shaped cupolas, four to five feet high. These cupolas are surmounted with tapering keystones and conical pinnacles, and each holds, or at one time held, a statue of the Buddha. Many of the cupolas have been sadly damaged, and some destroyed, but once there were seventy-two of them—sixteen on the innermost circle, twenty-four on the middle circle, and thirty-two on the one outside.



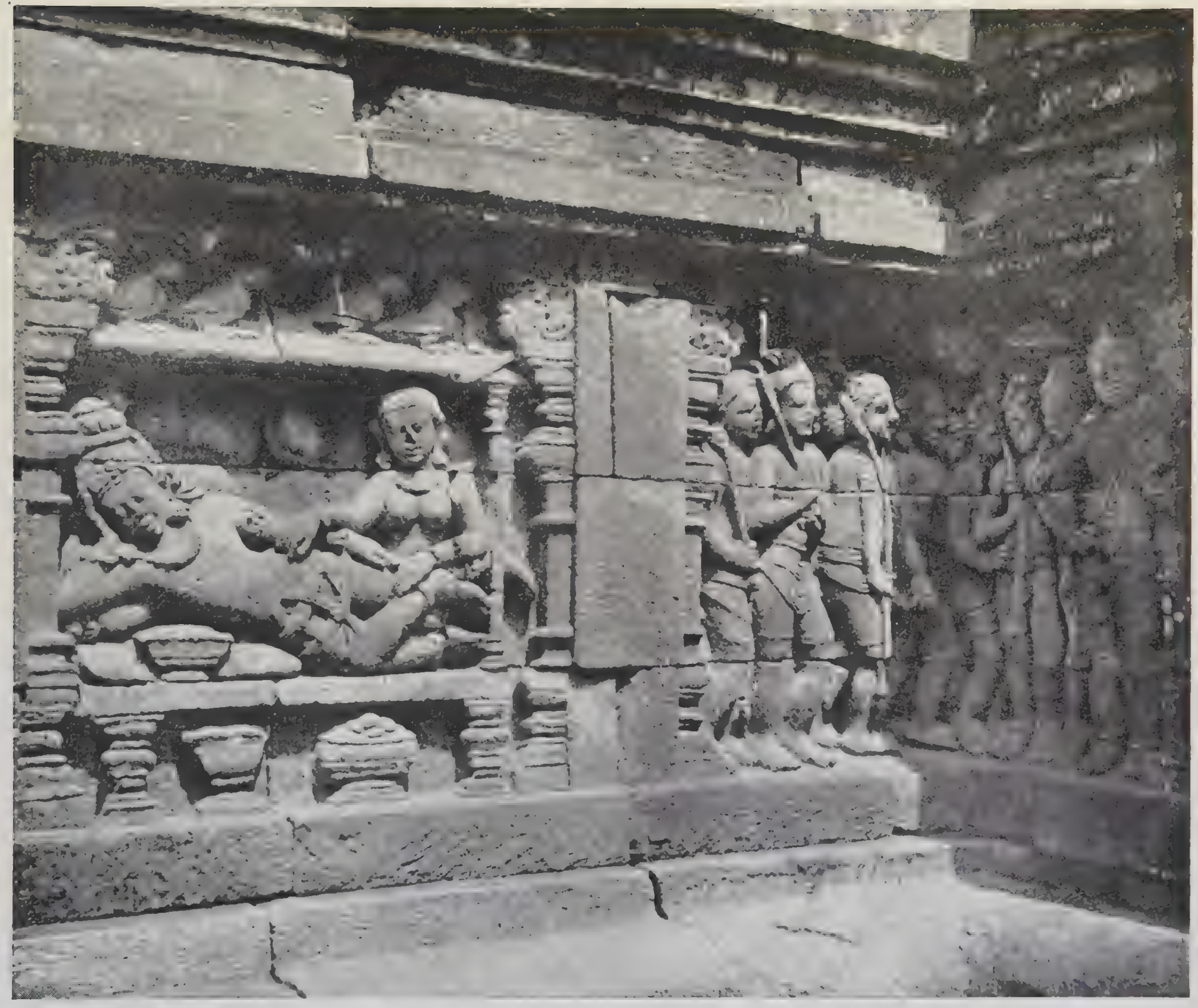
CONSECRATED TO RECEIVE A SACRED RELIC OF SOME BUDDHIST SAINT

The ashes of the Buddha were originally divided among eight towns, but some two centuries after Gautama's death, Asoka, the mighty emperor of India who ruled from c. 272 to 232 B.C., and has been called "the Constantine of Buddhism," opened seven of the depositories and distributed their contents far and wide, his idea being that all parts of the world might enjoy the possession of a relic. Asoka's action is said to have led to the construction of 84,000 Buddhist monuments, but there is not one among them to match this, Java's incomparable Boro Budur, with its two linear miles of reliefs.



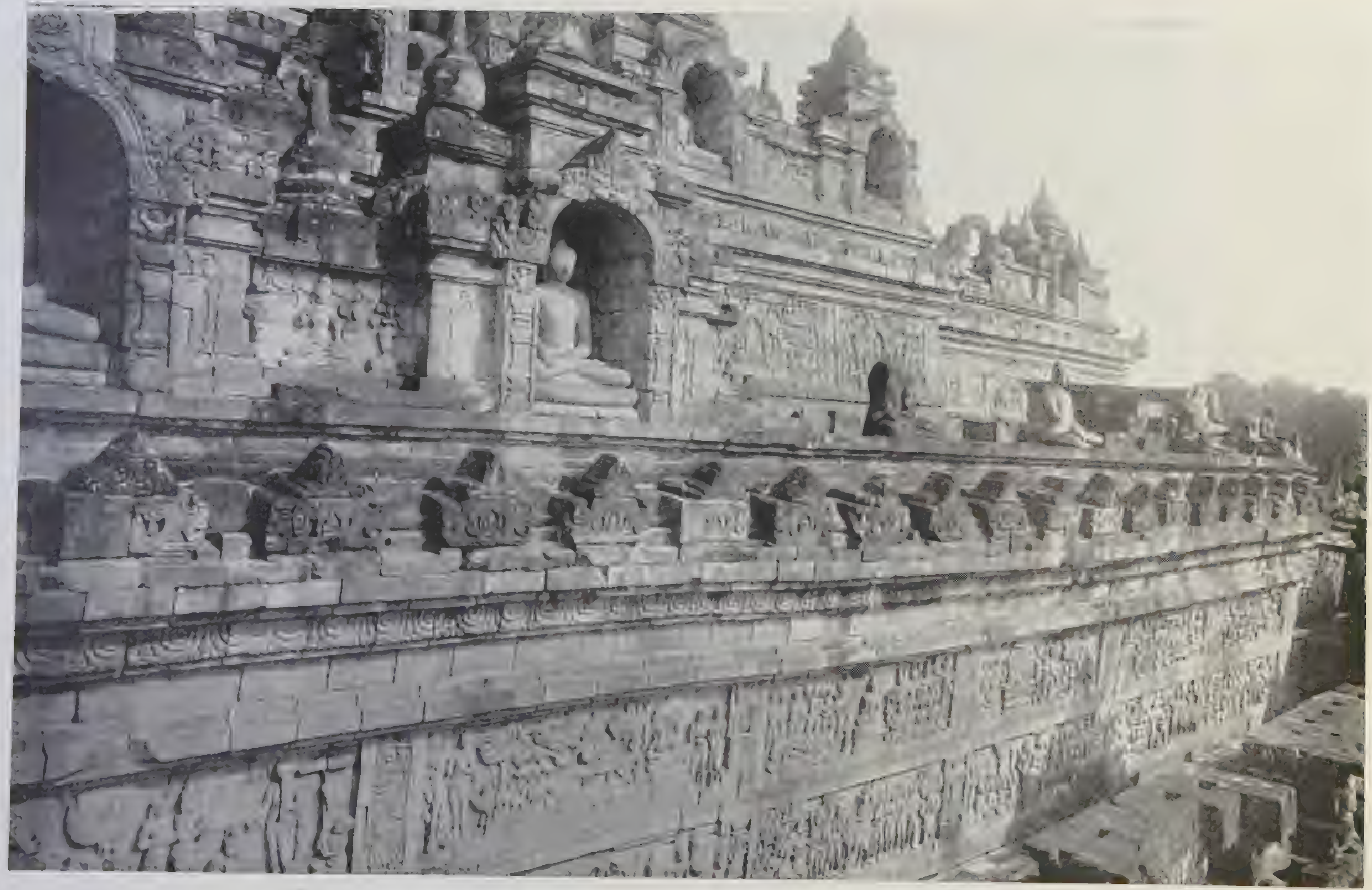
SUPERB RELIEFS ON BORO BUDUR'S SCULPTURED WALLS

The terrace walls of the great square structure which supports the actual shrine are adorned with a series of superb reliefs, unrivalled anywhere. These reliefs, which, for the most part, illustrate incidents in the life of the Buddha, number, or rather numbered, no fewer than 2,141—for many, alas! have been lost or so badly damaged as to be beyond hope of repair—and they extend along a distance of nearly two English linear miles. We know nothing of the master chisellers who fashioned them.



THE LORD BUDDHA RECEIVES TREATMENT AT THE HAND OF HIS MASSEUSE

An amazingly realistic relief of the series on the walls of the terraces of the Boro Budur. The series tells, with an almost incredible wealth of detail, the whole story of the Buddha's life, from the hour of his birth to the hour of his death, and is so arranged that the pilgrim approaching the venerable shrine which crowns the edifice may be gradually educated up to a proper appreciation of that supreme excellence which is the Buddhist ideal.



WHERE THE STORY OF ORIENTAL WISDOM IS MARVELLOUSLY GRAVEN IN VOLCANIC STONE

The camera here gives a striking presentation of a face of the superb structure which the men of Java, some eleven centuries ago, raised to support the noblest of all Buddhist shrines, and it shows how these master builders constructed the several and gloriously sculptured walled terraces which ascend towards the pinnacled summit and the central stupa. With the possible exception of the Taj Mahal, at Agra, on no other building in the world has such workmanship been lavished. On the outside walls above the terraces are niches for 432 statues of the Buddha. Some of these niches are shown in the photograph.

In the second place, the numerous niches and miniature dagobas which adorn the terraces are surmounted with pinnacles which accentuate the perpendicular lines of the shrine and obscure its triangular outline.

Another peculiarity lies in the change in the form of the terraces as the visitor climbs upwards, for the three topmost tiers are circular instead of square. A stairway leads up each face of the structure to the shrine at the summit, passing under arches crowned with the grim face of the Makara monster. Apart from the foundation terrace, which is an open platform, the four lower terraces are bordered by an exterior wall, and so form a series of narrow galleries to which the stairways give access. The view along these galleries is, of course, broken by the recessing of the walls, so that from every point of view the eye is held by the harmonious outline of jutting cornices and rising domes. The interior wall of the gallery, of which the upper portion is the outer wall of the gallery above, is covered with two classes of ornamentation, each fulfilling a definite function.

The upper portion is conceived on a large scale, because it is visible from a distance. Here we have a series of deep niches, each originally tenanted by a colossal figure of one of the Celestial Buddhas, sitting with interlocked legs (the so-called "adamantine position") wrapped in serene meditation. The simple, yet majestic, aloofness of these figures renders each one a masterpiece of Indian sculpture. Yet there are more than four hundred of them.

Their very perfection has contributed to their destruction. Boro Budur has suffered much from the casual plunderer, who, unable to cope with the entire image, has often succeeded in breaking off and carrying away one of these serene heads. These Buddhas in their niches constitute the most prominent feature of the decoration of the lower terraces as seen from the plain, but between them are sculptured panels, on a smaller scale and in lower relief, for the architects of those days covered every available square foot at their disposal with ornament; and all ornament had a ceremonial significance.

The lower portion of the inner walls is divided into panels adorned with sculpture on a lesser scale, because it was meant for the eyes of intimate observers who trod the galleries. These are carved in bold relief, models of technique and composition, and imbued with all that sensuous and rhythmic beauty of form which made so strong an appeal to the Indian artist. The scenes depicted are of almost infinite variety, and are evidently intended as illustrations to certain works of Indian literature. Here we have incidents from the life of Gautama Buddha, either in his last, or some previous, incarnation. The figure of Maitreya Buddha, the "Buddha of kindness," who has yet to come, is prominent in the reliefs of the third gallery.

In the fourth gallery are scenes which appear to deal with the Dhyani-Buddhas, those mysterious and supra-mundane counterparts of the earthly Messiah, and the paradises which they inhabit, together with their spiritual emanations, the Bodhisattvas. The whole is an amazing wealth of detail, which, when the eye becomes accustomed to the canons of Oriental art, stands out as a masterpiece of harmonious beauty.

The setting of these sculptures is perfect from the point of view of their intimate study. The monotony of a long series of reliefs, however beautiful in themselves, is broken by the recessing of the walls; while the cornices themselves are diversified by large gargoyles, which, in connexion with a cleverly-planned system of gutters, served to drain the terraces.

From the series of lower terraces rise the three upper, which are circular, and which, moreover, are not provided with an outer wall. Here the scheme is entirely different. The observer no longer walks in enclosed galleries, elaborately sculptured with religious scenes, but moves in freer air with, on the one side, the wonderful tropical panorama in full view, on the other, the mysterious shrine which still towers above. From the pavement of these last tiers rise small pinnacled domes in orderly series, each containing the figure of a seated Buddha, who may be dimly descried through the stone lattice-work of his shrine.

Finally, the summit, crowned with a plain dome, entirely without ornament, as if by this time the visitor had been elevated above all human art. Merely a surmounting pinnacle still pointing upwards.

There are signs that this dagoba, the innermost shrine of the whole structure, originally contained two chambers, an upper and a lower. But what is there within? Nothing—now.

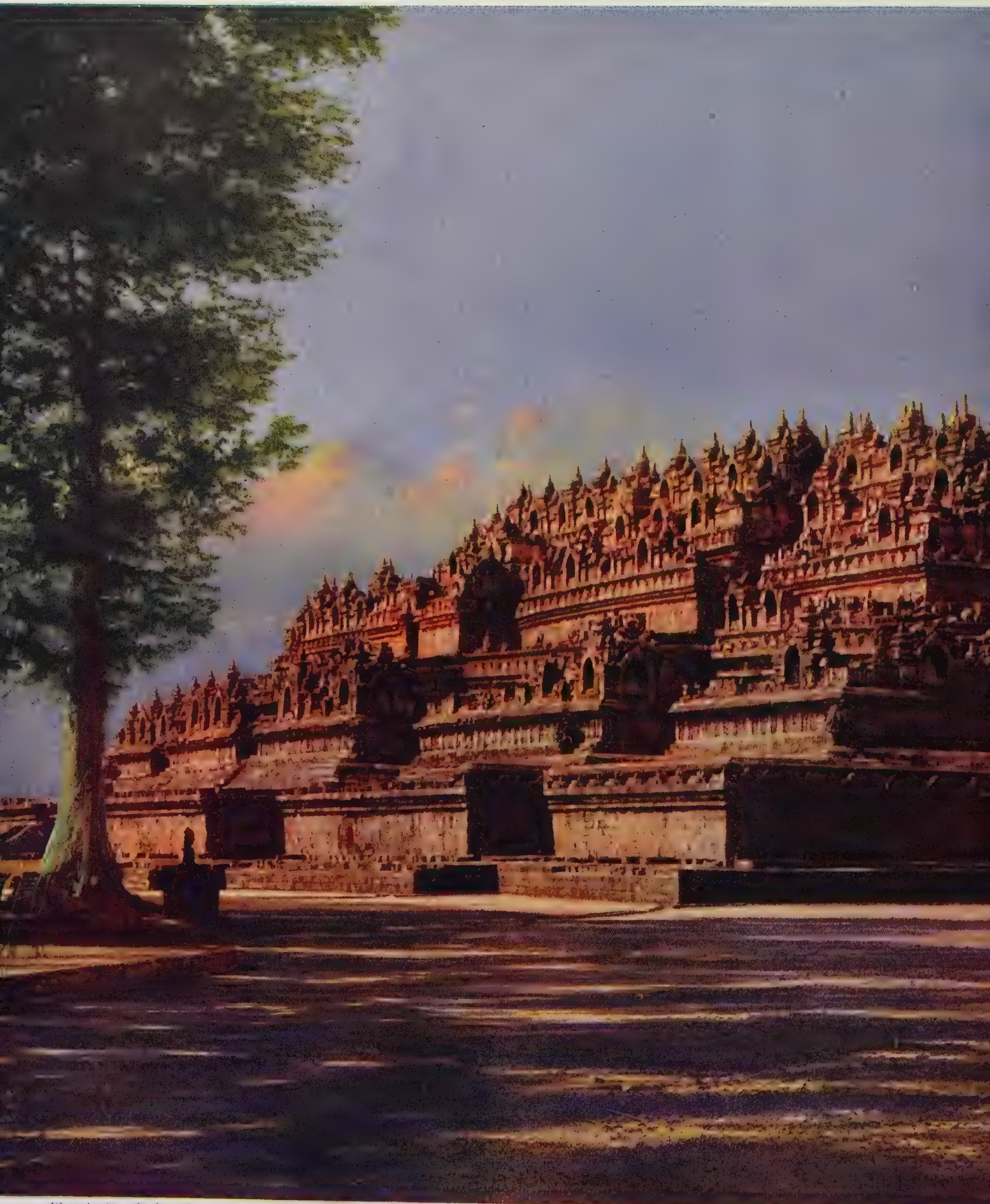
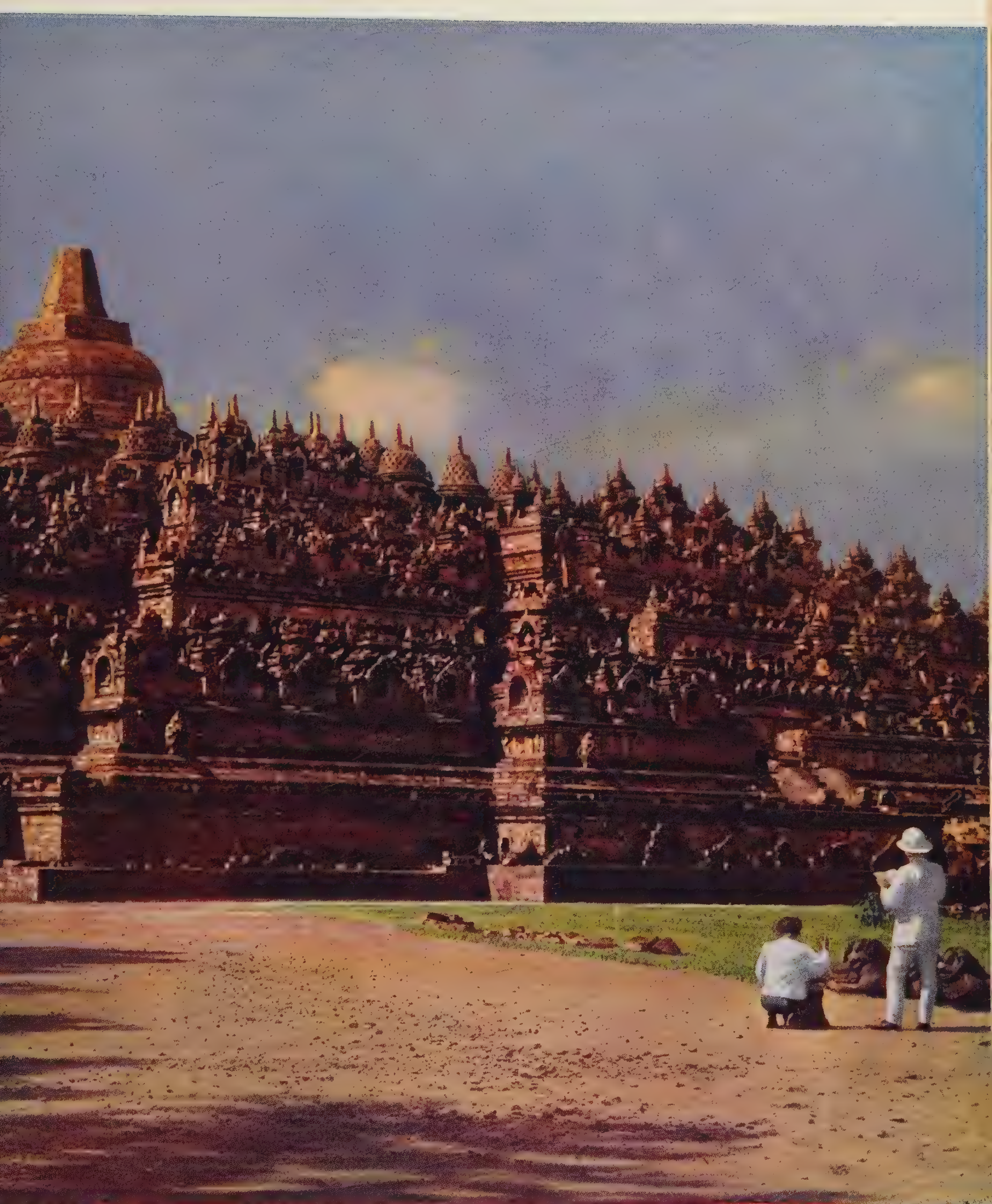


Photo by Geo. P. Lewis]

BORO BUDUR, JAVA'S MAMMOTH BUDDHIST SHRINE—

Constructed and adorned by unknown hands to hold a long-lost relic of a Buddhist saint this polygonal pyramid of dark trachyte, known as Boro Budur, rises in terraced splendour some 150 feet from the surrounding plain. Crowned by a dagoba or cupola, 52 feet in diameter it presents to the eye a series of jutting walls and 'projecting cornices, a front of "star y-pointing" pinnacles, its terraces elaborately decorated with sculptures of forceful imagery, full of astonishing detail and once adorned with hundreds of life-size figures of the Buddha. It is, as Mr. J. F. Scheltema, in his



Specially coloured for "Wonders of the Past."

—ONE OF THE WORLD'S ARCHITECTURAL MARVELS

"Monumental Java," well says, "a source of spiritual quickening to whoso tries to understand," for this masterpiece of stone was raised, as were so many masterpieces of the Western world, by the hands of faith. Boro Budur dates from the ninth century of our era. Left for long years, almost as forgotten as its builders, a prey to the fretting tooth of time and the merciless hand of the spoiler, but now the object of careful preservation by the Dutch authorities, it grows in dignity and beauty the more closely it is observed.

What was the object which was so important an element in the local faith and worship that hundreds of men for many years toiled to build and cover with lavish ornament so huge a shrine? We do not know. It is an ironical fact that this, one of the most superb pieces of architecture in the world, should be to us empty both of content and ultimate meaning. There is no lack of conjecture, and the probable alternatives are few. It is possible that the inner shrine was dedicated to the so-called Adi-Buddha, a late conception of developed Buddhism, a single being who stood as remote from the Dhyani-Buddhas as they from the Earthly; a being who corresponded in many ways to the Christian God Almighty.

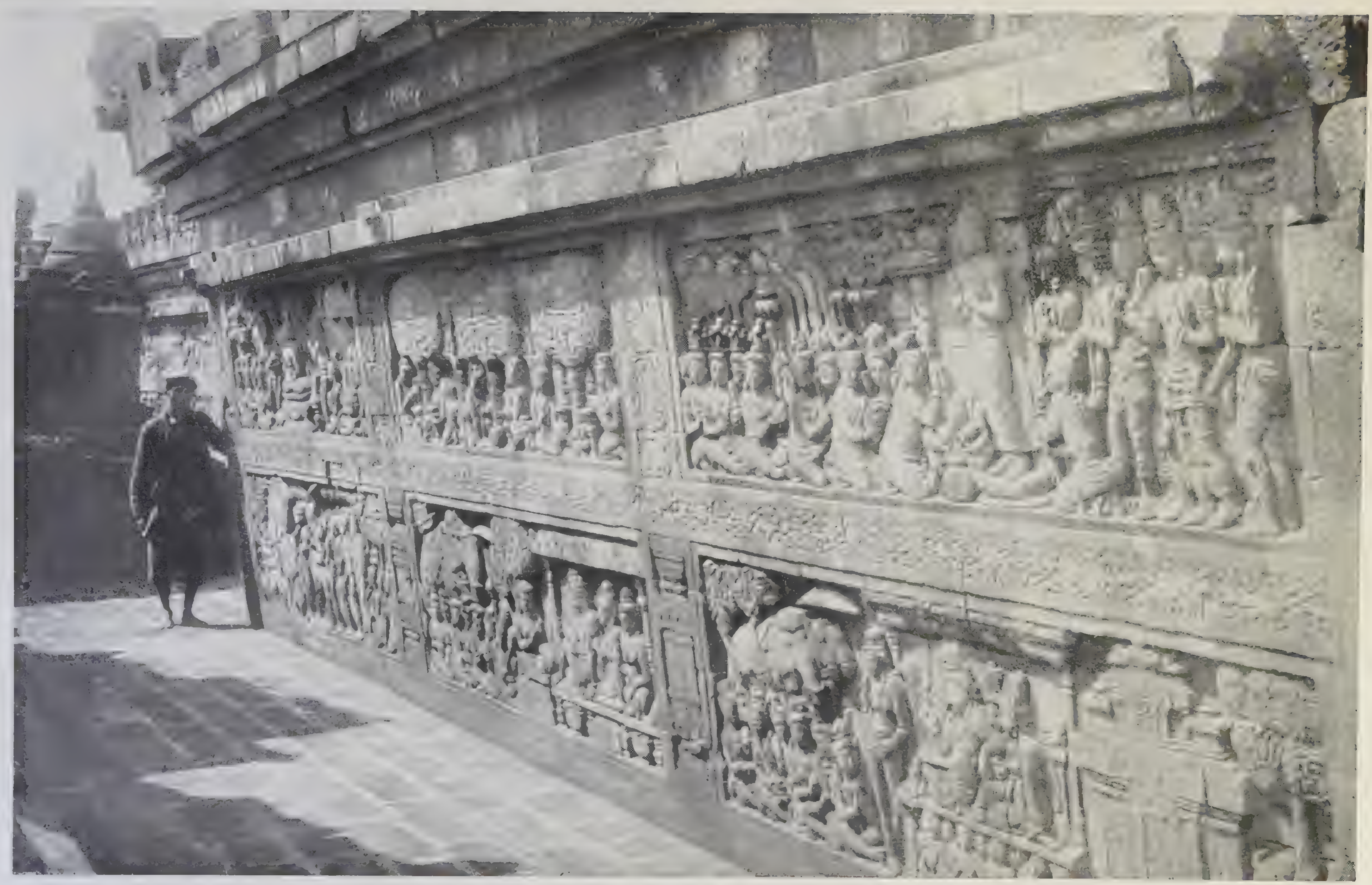
More probable is the suggestion that the dagoba was intended as the last resting-place of the ashes, or some portion of them, of one of the greatest Buddhist saints, possibly even of Gautama Buddha himself.

Buddhism waned in Java, and was finally replaced by Islam, which laid a sterilising hand upon the ancient traditions. The old shrines fell into decay, some have suffered from Moslem iconoclasm, but more from the unscientific pilfering of "excavators." Fortunately, of recent years the Dutch Government have realised that Boro Budur is something more than an interesting local ruin. Steps have been taken to safeguard the structure, pilfered sculptures have been traced and replaced, and a very considerable amount of restoration, carried out upon sound scientific lines, has been performed.

So, if the soul has left it, the body remains, the dark trachyte blocks of which it is composed taking upon themselves unimagined shades of colour from the tropical sun; the brilliant light giving a depth to the architectural relief which makes Indian sculpture so wonderful in its proper surroundings and so cold in northern latitudes.

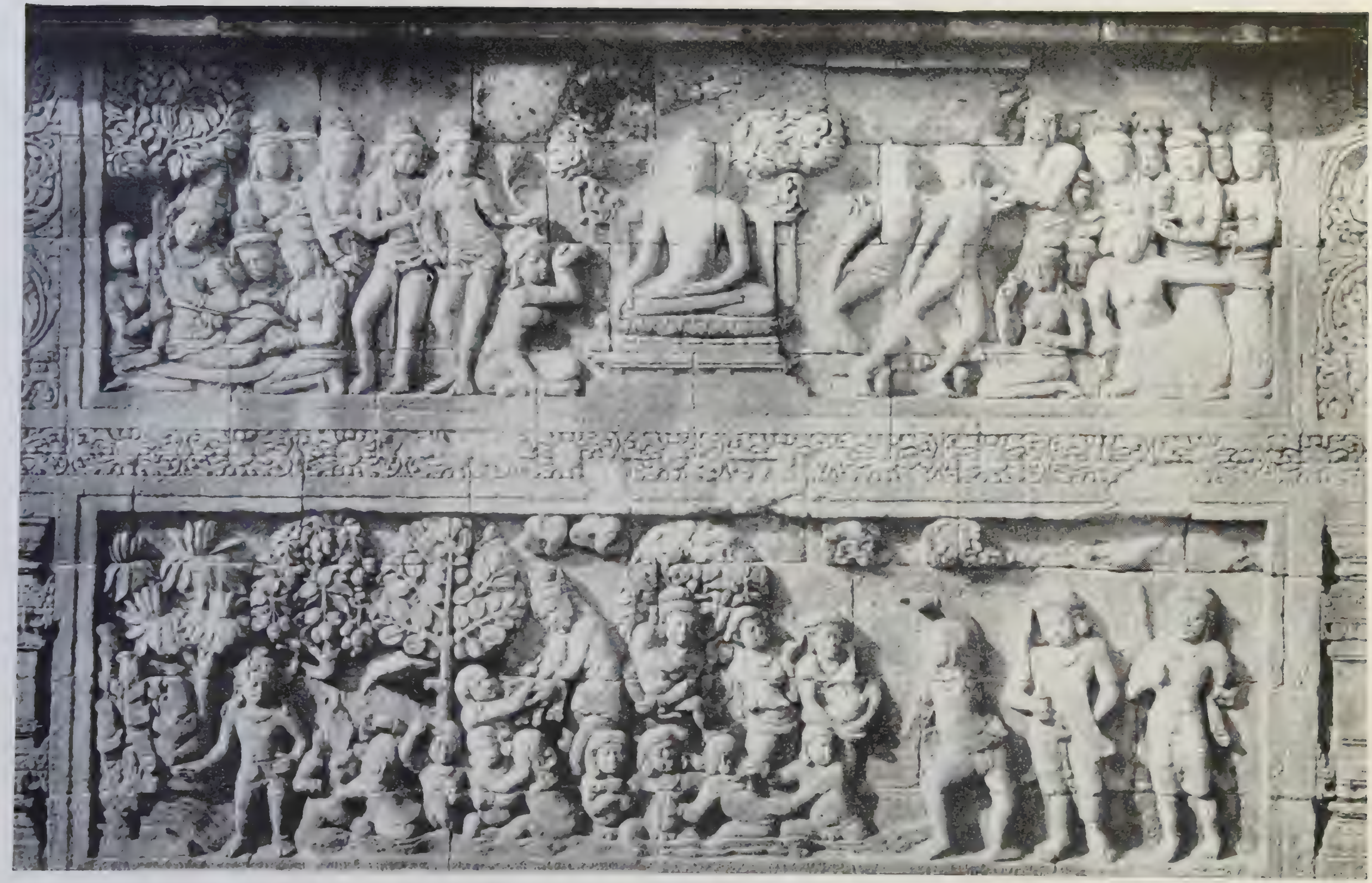
Even the very elaboration of detail, which might so easily have impaired the grandeur of the conception by a suggestion of the trumpery, adds a richness to the mass of the building because the details are appropriate in their arrangement and harmonious in their spacing.

As seen to-day, in its beautiful geographical surroundings, Boro Budur does not, in spite of its empty shrine, convey the impression of something dead. It needs so small an effort of the imagination to see the stairways thronged with worshippers and pilgrims, slowly encircling each gallery in their progress to the sanctuary above, becoming gradually more and more attuned to the last rite of reverence by the sculptured scenes, taken from the tradition of the scriptures, which border their path. Regarded as an architectural achievement, or as an expression of the devotional sense in man, Boro Budur has few compeers.



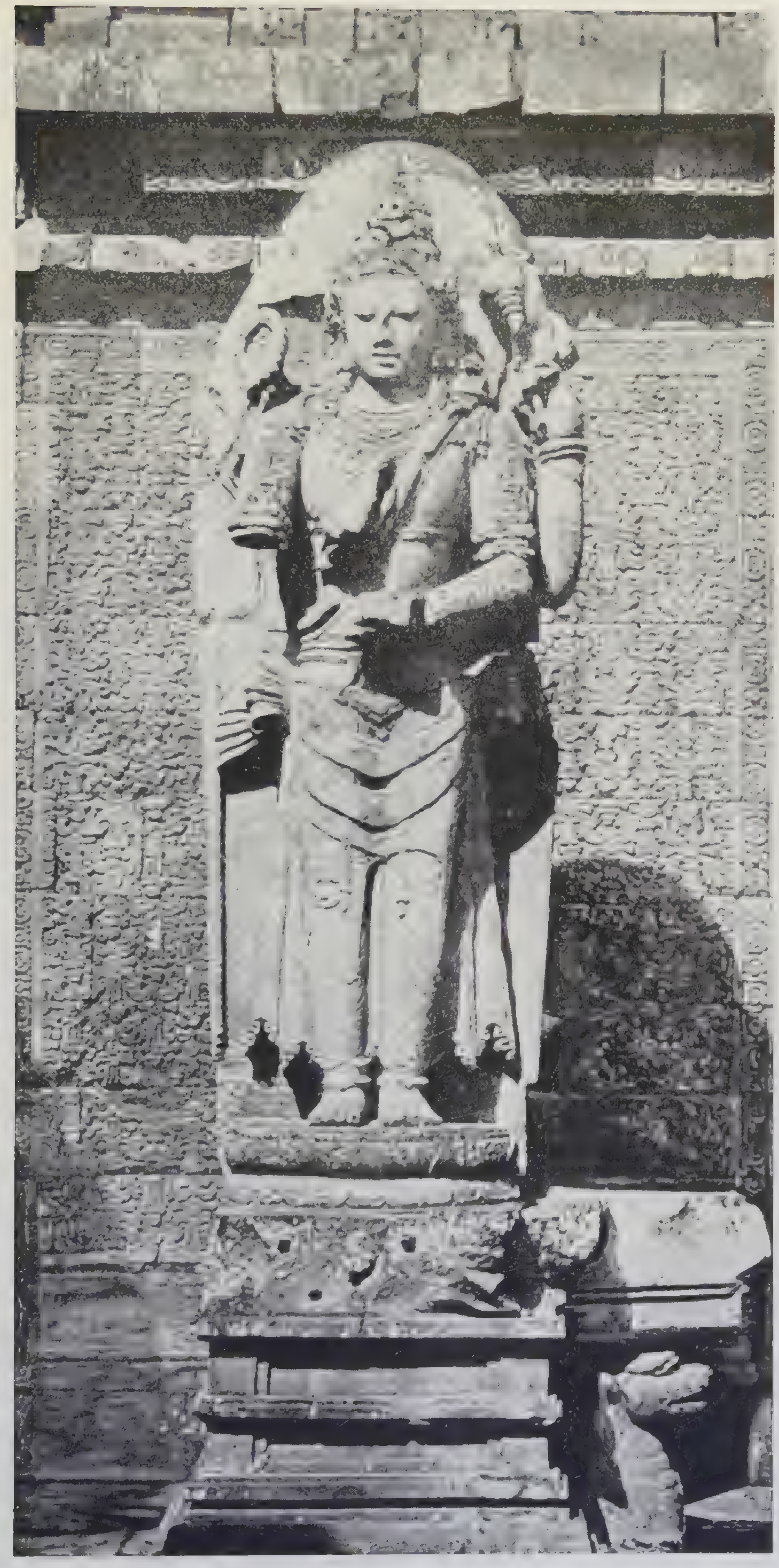
PLASTIC TRIUMPHS ON THE SQUARE TERRACE IMMEDIATELY BELOW THE CIRCULAR AND PINNACLED SUMMIT

At this stage of his journey the pilgrim or the tourist—and the wonder of the Boro Budur makes even the hardened tourist feel as a pilgrim—[illegible] the story of the Buddha's life, as told in [illegible] of [illegible] its end. It is a wonderful tale of sacrifice, related with a simplicity which only supreme artists, using so difficult a medium, could [illegible]. The [illegible] highest of the walled terraces, nearest to the shrine, are better preserved than those of the lower galleries, and excel them in point of execution and workmanship. The individuality of the numerous characters which figure in them is maintained with a skill that is truly astonishing.



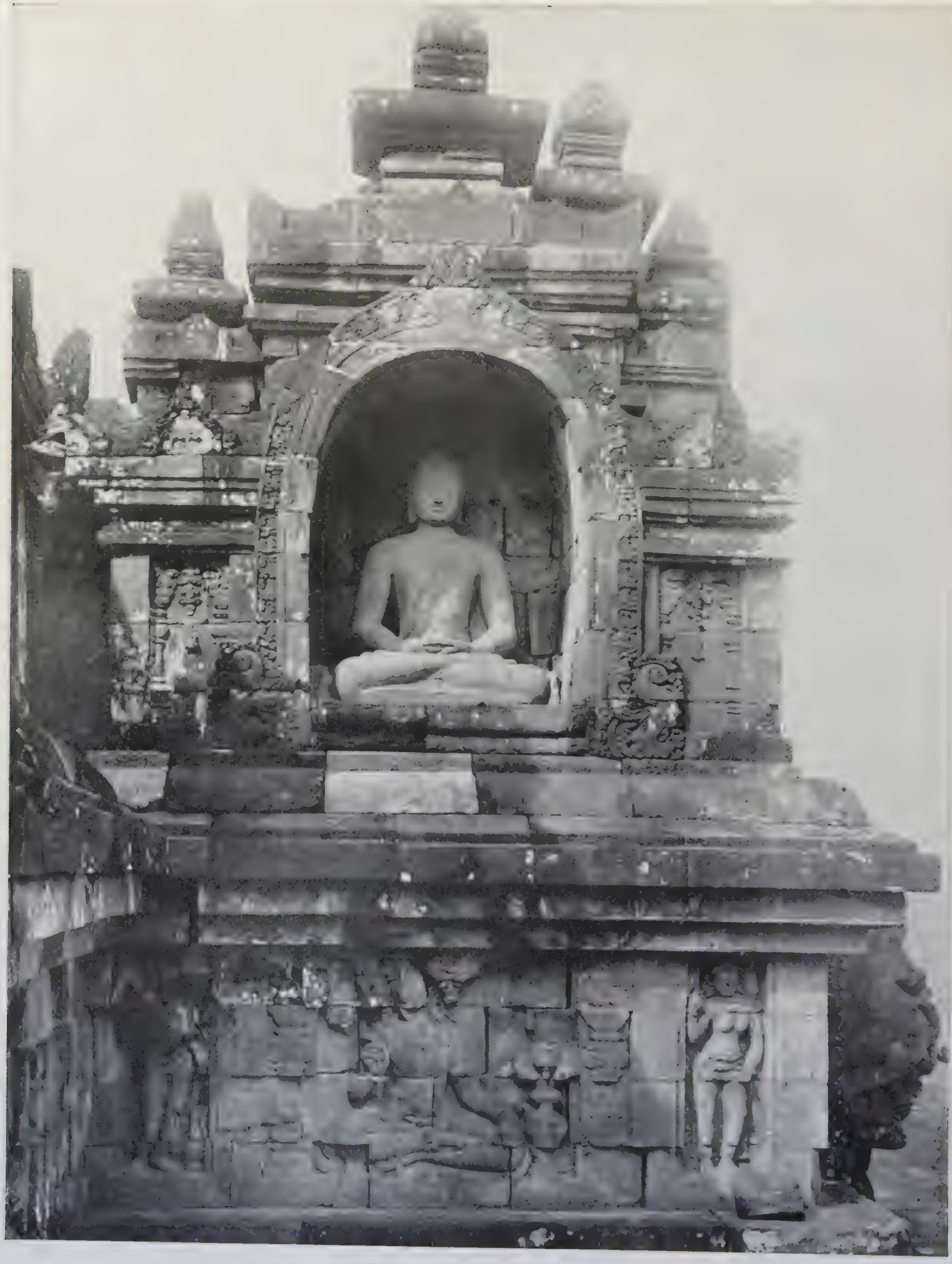
SUPERB EXAMPLE OF THE MYSTIC TEACHING INCOMPARABLY SCULPTURED IN THE STONES OF BORO BUDUR

"Art," wrote Thackeray, "is truth, and truth is religion." As we move along the walled terraces, following the path of the sun, the mural reliefs first show us scenes prefatory to the Buddha's advent; then they show us "the Enlightened One" immediately after birth, as a boy, as a man, marrying, leaving his father's house. Next, we see him, moved to pity by the sufferings of the lowly, making his great renunciation. Finally, we are shown the adoration of his remains, proud heroes acknowledging his course as the one to be followed by all who desire reward, and dim virgins with downcast eyes, modelled, it has been said, "as if they would tremble under the pressure of a caressing hand."



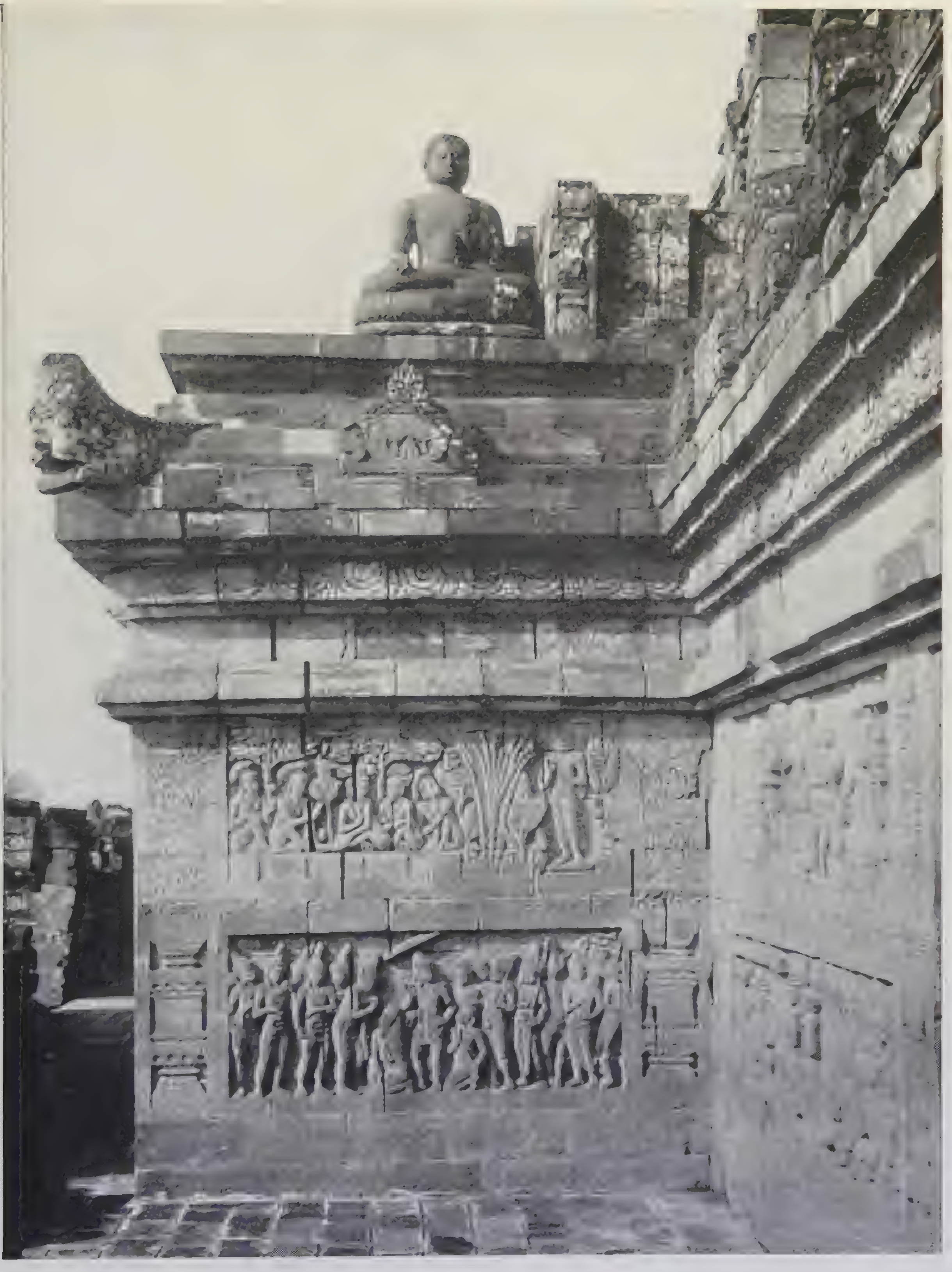
RESCUED TREASURE OF BORO BUDUR

This broken statue was one of the treasures rescued when, in the early years of the nineteenth century, the debris of some remote volcanic disturbance was removed from the glorious terraces of the wonderful ruin of Boro Budur.



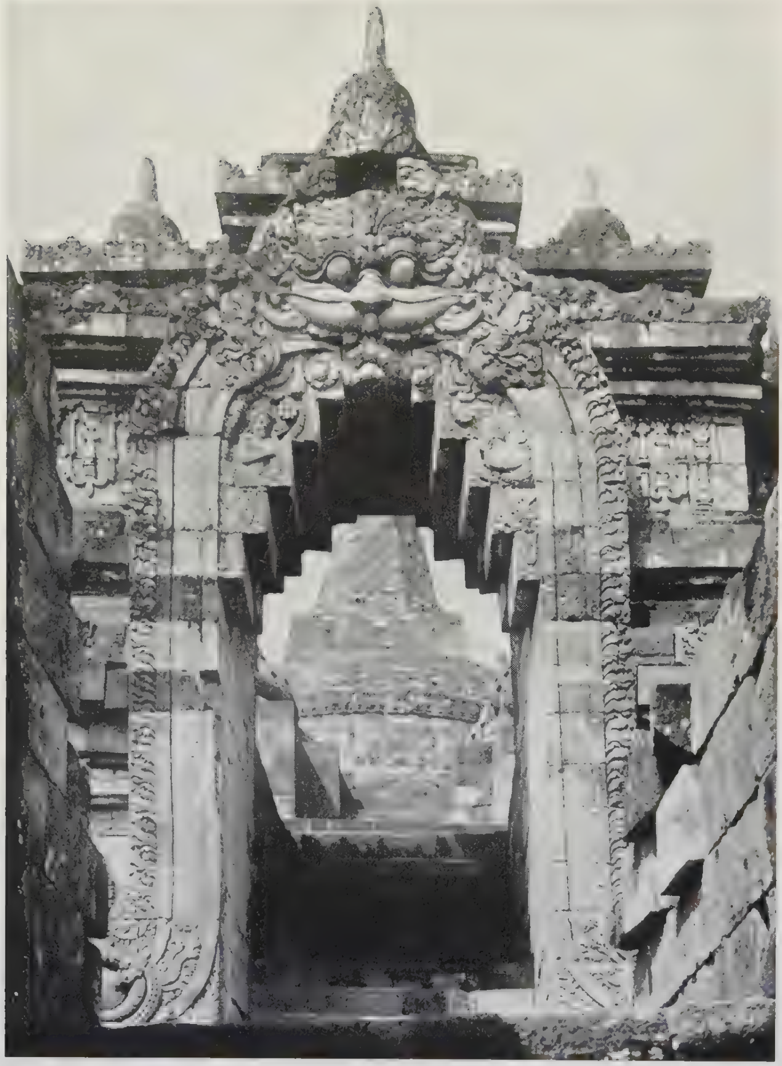
ONE OF THE NUMEROUS STATUES OF BUDDHA ADORNING THE WALLS OF BORO BUDUR

This is a nearer view of one of the numerous statues of the Buddha which are enshrined above the terraces in the massive and lofty walls of Boro Budur. These watchful statues, each in its own beautifully carved niche, restful and contemplative, hands folded in lap, are extraordinarily impressive. Gazing placidly over the emerald garden of Java, they were designed by men who appreciated the meaning of symbolism, to give the assurance to all of the priceless boon of Nirvana.



BUILDING WORTHY OF THE PRICELESS DECORATION OF ITS MASSIVE WALLS

This carved buttress serves to show the strength of Boro Budur, and the skill of the nameless workmen who raised it. Next to the sculptures, accuracy of construction, proportion, and beauty of contour are the features which most deeply impress all who behold it. Yet the building never was finished. Some say it was left incomplete to emphasise human imperfections, and so to stimulate a sense of humility, but more probably the work was brought to a premature end by an eruption of the Merapi volcano or by earthquake.



THE ASCENDING PILGRIM'S FIRST GLIMPSE OF THE SHRINE

The pilgrim to Boro Budur having reached the topmost of the terraces, on his journey through the planes of reason to the higher understanding, has next to pass under this wonderfully carved arch, then up the stairway beyond, and so, at last, he comes to the shrine, the great central cupola, that once contained the mysterious relic—possibly of Gautama, gleaming in the clear air of tropical Java.

THE WONDER CITIES. IV

POMPEII: AS IT WAS AND AS IT IS TO-DAY

By George Sampson, M.A.

POMPEII: AS IT WAS AND AS IT IS TO-DAY

By George Sampson, M.A.

THE author of this study, well known as literary critic and editor of the classical writers, has had the advantage of appreciating, during a recent visit to Pompeii, the results of the newer methods of excavation there in progress, whereby the remains of the edifices are skilfully reconstructed on their original lines. We are fortunate in being able to illustrate the subject with a series of contrasting pictures giving photographic views of the existing scenes and conjectural restorations.—EDITOR.

THE Bay of Naples is justly famed for its beauty. Nature has given the great sweep of coast, the rising verdant shores, the brilliant light, the sea and sky of incredible blue; and man, placing in the midst the city of Naples mounting in terraces of white among the green up to the height of St. Elmo, has added a touch of civilised beauty to the spectacle. The bay is a deep crescent some twenty miles across, the northern horn being Cape Miseno, and the southern the mountainous peninsula of Sorrento, with Capri lying out to sea. Naples itself stands on an inner crescent that sweeps round from the wooded hill of Posilipo to the shapely mountain called Vesuvius.

This is the most striking object of the bay. To those accustomed to mountain forms it is too much like an imaginary mountain to be real. It is round, even, regular, and isolated, like a child's model of a mountain. It looks made, and, in fact, it was made; for, in the strict sense, it is not a mountain, but a cinder heap. The whole district is volcanic, but it was the northern, not the southern horn of the bay, that gained notoriety for its subterranean activity. Here are Solfatara, the Phlegræan Fields, the cave of the Cumean, Sibyl, and Avernus itself, through which Æneas descended to the Underworld.

What the ancients noted chiefly about the Bay of Naples, however, was not its volcanic character, but its suitability for pleasure resorts. Baiæ, at the Miseno end, was the most famous of watering-places, and luxurious villas were scattered all round the shore. Virgil had a house on Posilipo, and his alleged tomb is shown there to this day. At the southern end, where now stand the suburbs and neighbours of Naples—Portici, Resina, Torre del Greco, Torre Annunziata, and Castellamare—stood Herculaneum, Pompeii, and Stabiæ. From the sea's edge up the gradual slope of the slumbering volcano the rich soil produced an abundance of vegetables and grapes, and many small vessels passed in and out of the little harbour at the mouth of the navigable Sarnus, above which there had long been an ordered settlement.

Pompeii itself was built upon a prehistoric lava flow. Like most other places in southern Italy, it has passed under the influence of Greek culture, and Greeks, no doubt, had first established the commercial prosperity of the town. After the Samnite wars (343-290 B.C.) it became a dependence of Rome, and, like the proverbial happy country, had no history. Two centuries of quiet prosperity ended with the struggles of the Social War (91-88 B.C.), in which Stabiæ was destroyed, but Pompeii itself suffered little from these disturbances; and we continue to hear of it as a favourite resort of the wealthy Romans.

Cicero himself had a Pompeian villa; the hectic descriptions of Lytton must not delude us into a belief that Pompeii was an exceptionally spacious, luxurious, and perversely wicked city. It was just a normal, prosperous Campanian town, no worse—probably even better—than many a modern commercial city of the same magnitude. At least, Pompeii was not hypocritical; it did not hide away its sins and pretend that they did not exist. Like most Italian towns even of to-day, it was a close-packed, even a huddled, mass of narrow streets and crowded dwellings. The longest line that can be drawn within the walls, from the Herculaneum gate on the west to the Amphitheatre on the east, is less than a mile; the greatest breadth is barely half a mile.

The enclosing walls, pierced by eight portæ, measured rather more than two miles. As usual, the population—variously estimated at from 20,000 to 30,000—had overflowed the walls, and one of the most splendid of the known houses, the Villa of Diomedes, was in a suburb beyond the Herculaneum gate. Pompeii had no special glories of architecture, no vast temples like those at Pæstumon the other side of the Sorrentine peninsula, no majestic monuments of Greek genius like those across the water in Sicily. Its exceptional fate naturally tempts us to imagine an exceptional city; but it is the dead and not the living Pompeii that should most amaze us.

The main central street, Stabian Street (anciently the Via Pompeiana) ran south-east to north-west from the direction of Stabiæ towards Vesuvius. Two other streets, Nola Street and Abundance Street—the names are modern conveniences—cross this at right angles, dividing the road into three equal portions and the city into six; but east of Stabian Street and parallel with it, a line in the direction of a supposititious street has been drawn from the Capua Gate to the Nocera Gate, cutting the three portions on that side of Stabian Street into six.

The city is thus divided by archæologists into nine "Regions." Of these only three (VI, VII, VIII) have been thoroughly explored; the eastern half of the city has scarcely been touched, a great advantage, as the explorations here are being conducted by the reverent preservative methods of modern scientific archæology.

Pompeii is in some respects an up-to-date city, a model of town planning. The regular occurrence of the peristyled plot of ground within the houses makes it a "garden city," and the straight, geometrically arranged streets anticipate the design of the newest American townships. Almost the only curving street in Pompeii is one of the least respectable. The minor streets are many, and, to modern eyes, very narrow; but no narrower than the streets of old London, as the courts and alleys within the City area testify to-day. Mercury Street in Pompeii is scarcely narrower than the Chiaia in Naples or the Merceria in Venice.

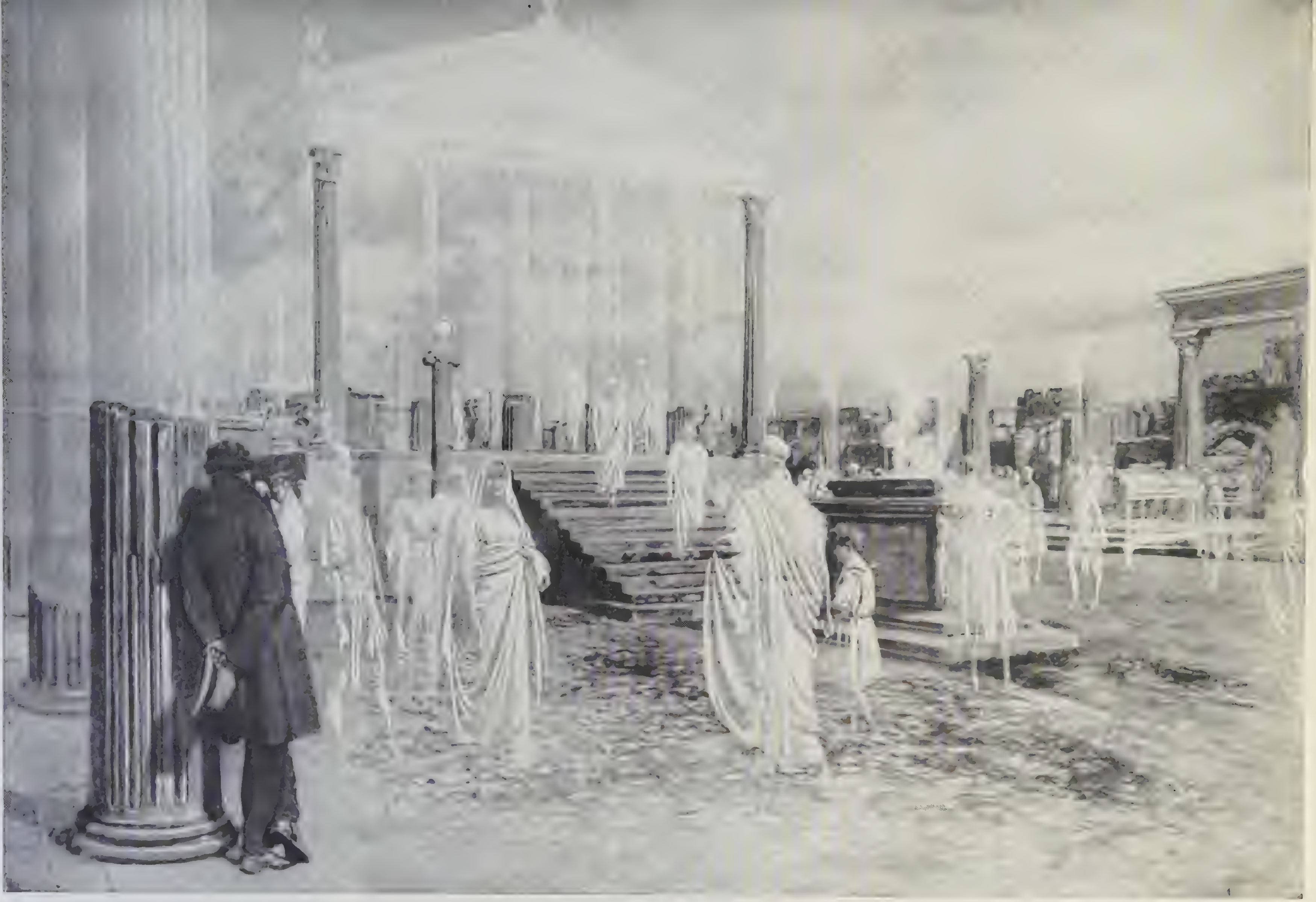
The Pompeian streets are all heavily paved (as Naples is) with grey lava slabs, some of them heavily scored by the wheels of vehicles. But vehicular traffic in Pompeii must have been very small—probably nothing but carts for goods. The city fathers of Pompeii did not set up a speed limit, they made speed impossible. Most of the streets could not admit vehicles at all, and those that did, being deep down from the side-walks, like water channels (as they were in wet weather), were "bridged" by large stepping-stones, highly obstructive to traffic.

At intervals by the roadside were fountains, deep square troughs of lava slabs filled by a jet spouting usually from an ornamental head. Not least of the many appealing touches in the dead city are the depressions on the edges of the troughs slowly worn by the resting hands of the passers-by as they bent over the tank, such as that shown in the illustration facing page 183, to drink from the jet.

Pompeii had the usual equipment of public places. Chief of these, of course, was the Forum, a great square bordered on three of its sides by a shaded colonnade, and fronted by handsome buildings for religious or social service. The forum of a Romanised city, developing from the primitive market-place, became the heart of civic life. Italian life in all ages has naturally been lived more in the open air than ours, and the market-place or forum was the normal scene for any gathering of citizens. The civic rather than the commercial aspect of the place was emphasised, and the markets drew off to some extent, though the business of buying and selling, in the common outdoor Italian way, still went on.

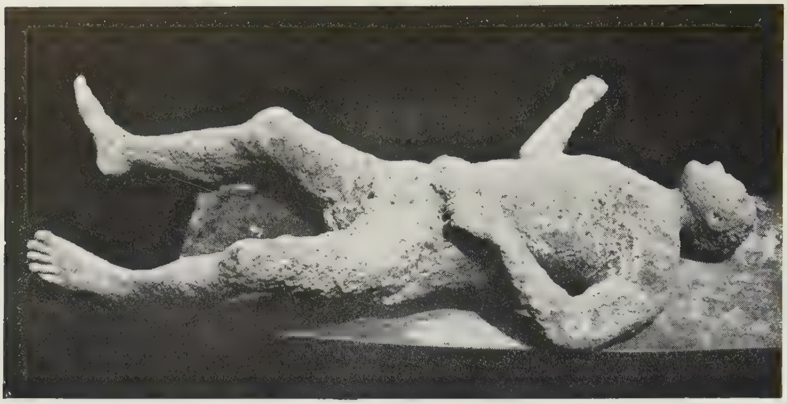
One need only think of St. Mark's Square in the great days of Venice, or of Trafalgar Square, London, supposing it to be enclosed by such edifices as the County Hall, the Abbey, the Cathedral, the Law Courts, and the Exchanges, and to be filled with busy, chattering groups gathered round the bases of statues and garlanded columns, to envisage something like the forum of a Roman city. The Forum of Pompeii was a long rectangle over 500 feet long and more than 100 feet wide. Twenty-two statues, some equestrian, of civic and imperial magnates adorned the square. Steps and stone obstructions prevented the approach of vehicles and, when necessary, the whole space could be closed against pedestrians.

On the northern, uncolonnaded side, the Temple of Jupiter, reached by fifteen steps, projected into the square. At the northeast corner stood the Macellum, a fine provision market,



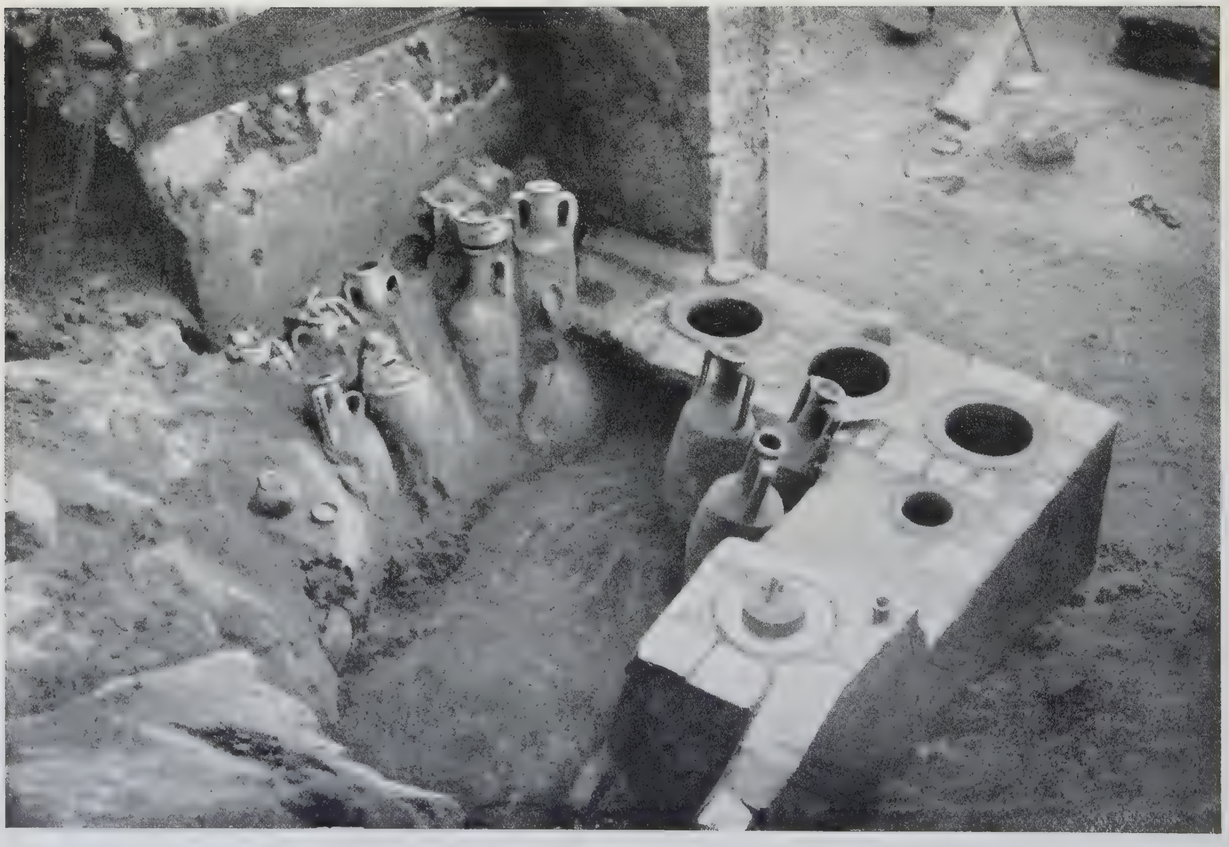
A DREAM PICTURE OF POMPEII AS IT IS AND AS IT WAS

This drawing by Mr. F. Matania shows in the darker portions the ruins that still remain of the [illegible] little Temple of Apollo. The artist himself is seen in a [illegible] leaning against a broken column, and in his imagination arise the ghosts of Pompeians of nineteen centuries ago, moving in and about the temple, completed in outline.



PATHETIC SOUVENIR OF A FAR-OFF TRAGEDY

This is not the actual calcined body of a victim in the destruction of Pompeii, but one of many plaster casts made in the progress of the excavations from impressions left in the debris by bodies overwhelmed by the ashes, the bodies themselves having been resolved into dust. The museums of Naples and Pompeii exhibit a number of these, including several of domestic animals, in the positions where fate overtook them.



A WINE-BIBBERS' CORNER IN ANCIENT POMPEII

Recent excavation in the Street of Abundance has brought to light this ruin of a wine shop with the earthen bottles in which the wines were stored still intact. These bottles were pointed at the end so that they could be placed into cavities in the earth or into circular holes in the masonry, thus ensuring the coolness of their contents. In this shop flasks and money tills were found.

Photo by Donald McLeish.

GARDEN IN THE HOUSE OF THE CENTENARIO

This spacious stone court with its original marble statues and adornments replaced, and plants growing where doubtless the ancient owners of the garden cultivated them, gives a vivid impression of the peristylium of the Pompeian house.

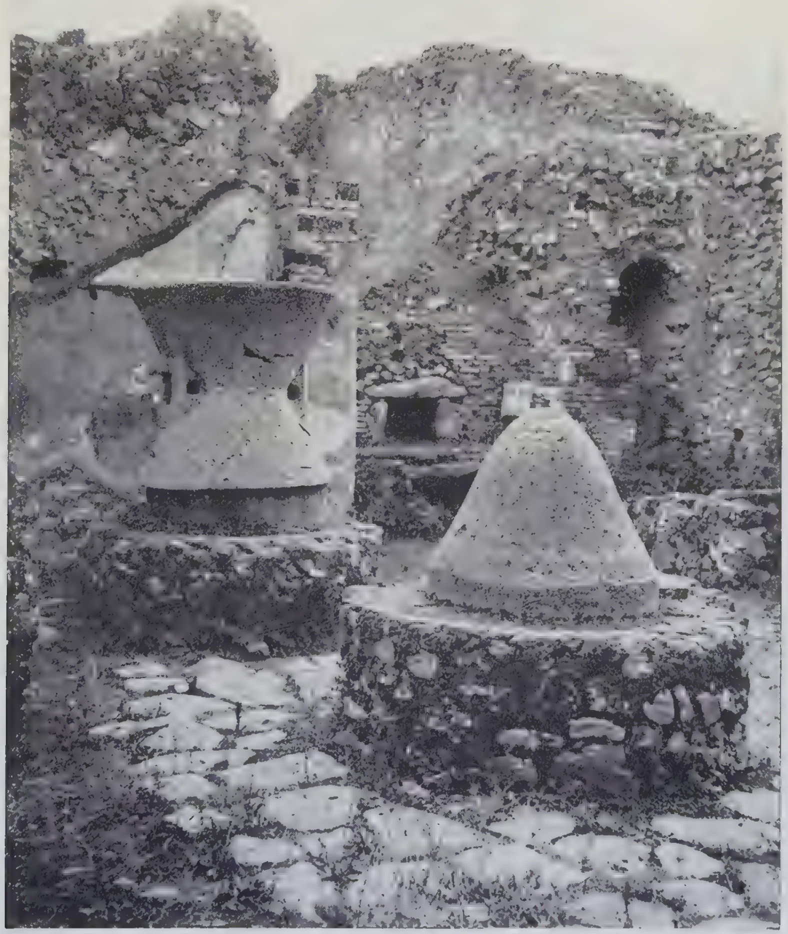


Photo by Donald McLeish.

WHERE FLOUR WAS GROUND FOR POMPEIAN BAKERIES

Here is seen a miller's establishment as it exists to-day. The bobbin-like stone, hollowed cone-wise from bottom and top, when placed over the cone seen in the foreground of the photograph, was turned round by wooden levers inserted in receptacles at the waist of the mill, while the grain was poured in at the top and ground to flour in the lower part. Note the ovens in the background.

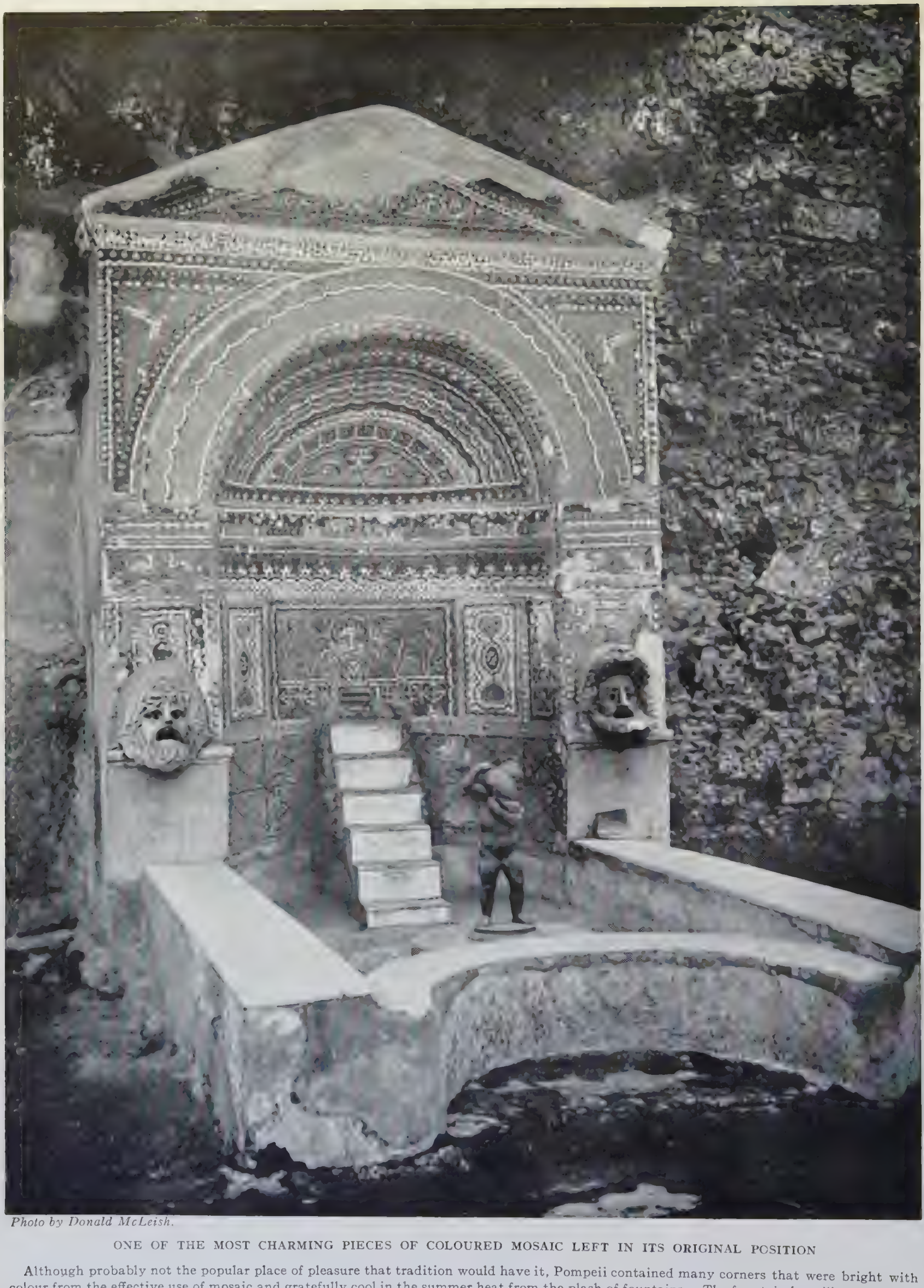
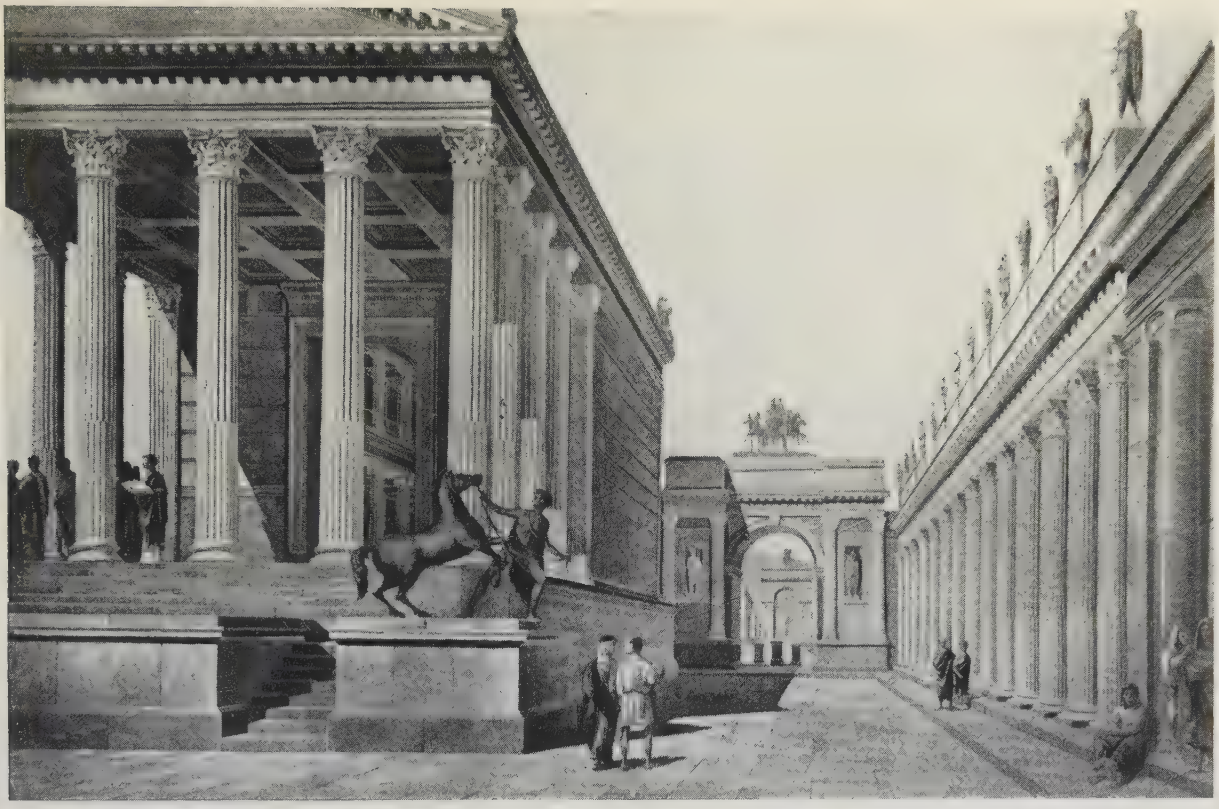
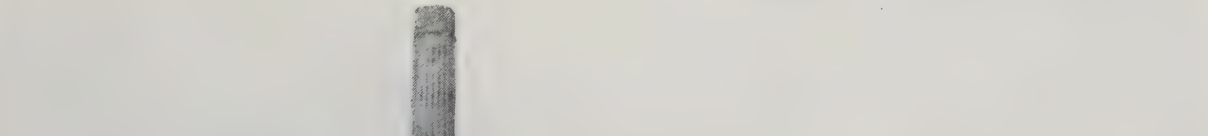


Photo by Donald McLeish.

ONE OF THE MOST CHARMING PIECES OF COLOURED MOSAIC LEFT IN ITS ORIGINAL POSITION

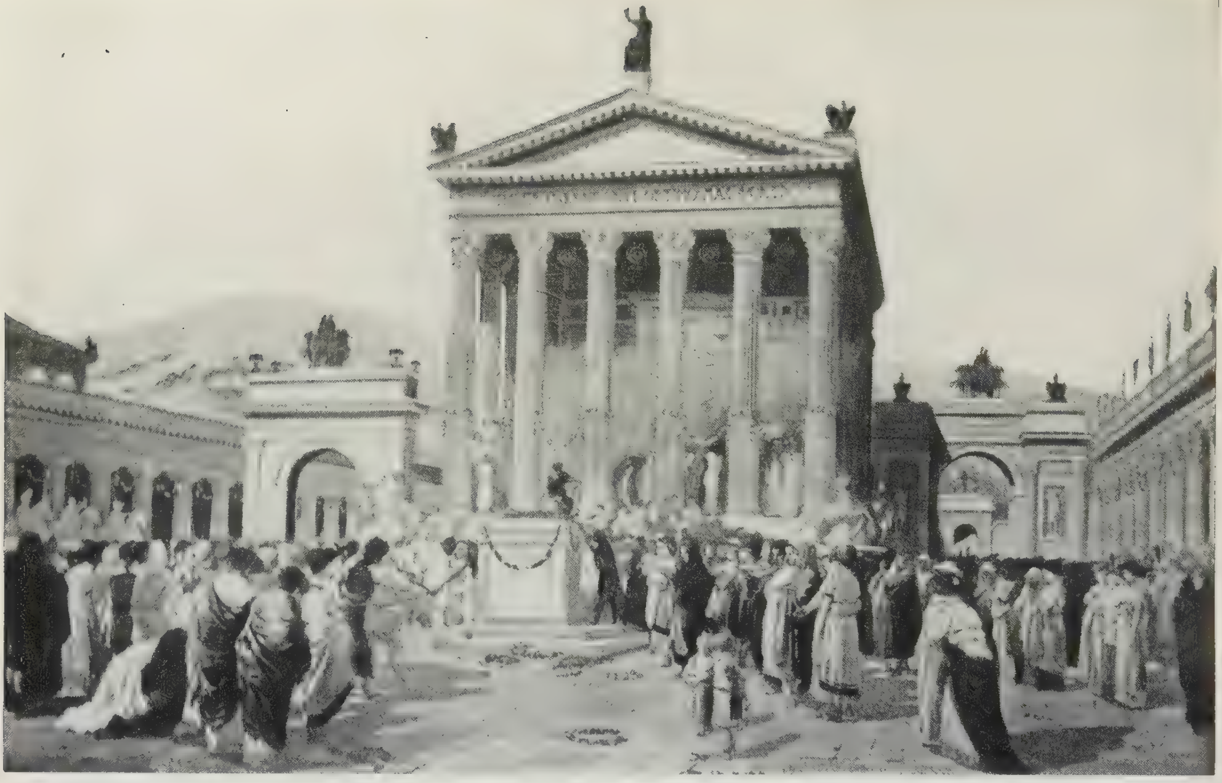
Although probably not the popular place of pleasure that tradition would have it, Pompeii contained many corners that were bright with colour from the effective use of mosaic and gratefully cool in the summer heat from the plash of fountains. The fountain here illustrated was probably the largest and finest of its kind in the city, the chief note of colour in the mosaic being blue, and it must have been an object of admiration and pride to the artistically minded Pompeians.

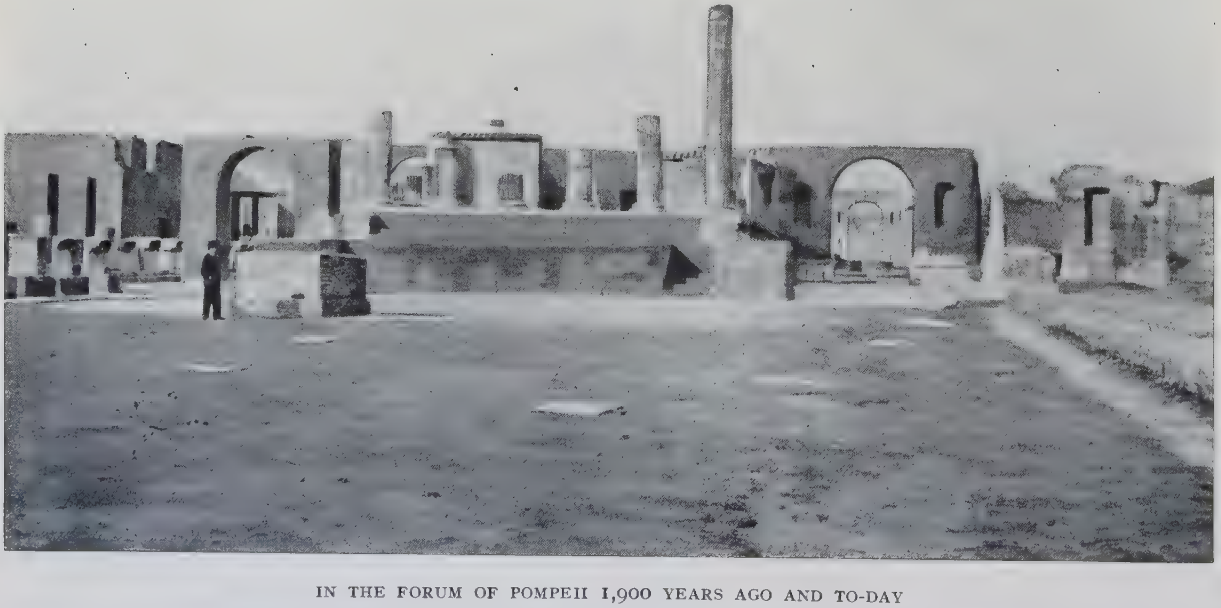




CORNER OF THE TEMPLE OF JUPITER, LOOKING TOWARDS THE STREET OF MERCURY

In the Forum of Pompeii were grouped the fine Temple of Apollo and the Basilica, or Law Courts, at the south-west corner, with the Temple of Jupiter occupying the north and the buildings of the Market and Eumachia on the east. In the reconstruction the lines of the ruined buildings as they are seen in the lower photograph have been very ingeniously followed.





IN THE FORUM OF POMPEII 1,900 YEARS AGO AND TO-DAY

The lower picture is a photograph of the Temple of Jupiter and its immediate surroundings as these have emerged from excavation, and the upper one is an imaginative reconstruction of the scene 1,900 years ago. A sacrifice is in progress at the altar, which stands in front of the temple portico, and the scene may be regarded as a not unfaithful impression of the public ceremonial at that distant date. The Latin inscription in the entablature over the graceful Corinthian columns of the front may be thus rendered into English: "To Cæsar the divine, most excellent emperor, supreme pontiff."

characteristic of an age and people that did not think it necessary to divorce beauty from commerce. Next to this came the so-called Curia, probably a library, and the Temple of Vespasian. The next building, usually called the Building of Eumachia, was probably the wool exchange. At the southeast corner was the small Comitium or voting hall, and along the southern side what we should call the Guildhall, the seat of the municipality. The south-west corner was occupied by the Basilica, devoted to legal and mercantile business. Behind the Basilica stood the Temple of the Pompeian Venus, no goddess of lubricity, but a motherly person who, reverenced with her young son, anticipates a later object of Italian devotion. The Temple of Apollo occupied most of the western side of the square. Here, too, was the table of standard measures.

Away to the south-east, near the Stabian gate, is another "square" which, being an elongated, misshapen quadrilateral, is known as the Triangular Forum. On the south side of this once stood the oldest, and probably the finest, of all the Pompeian buildings, the Doric or Greek Temple, sometimes called the Temple of Minerva, resembling the great temples at Pæstum and Segesta, though much smaller than those mighty structures. This was one of the antiquities of Pompeii, for it was already a ruin when disaster fell upon the doomed city. Close at hand are the little Temple of Zeus Neilichios (sometimes called the Temple of Æsculapius), the Temple of Isis (the Egyptian goddess whose worship prepared the way for a mystic and ascetic form of religion that was to triumph over paganism), and the Palæstra where the Doryphoros in the Naples Museum was found.

But the most interesting spot near the Stabian gate is the great open-air theatre, with the smaller covered theatre adjacent. To the tired and dazzled sightseer there is no more delightful place in Pompeii. Here he may sit on one of the upper rows of seats (in his mind's eye he can fill the space with 5,000 spectators) and look across the orchestra and the gladiators' quarters to the great wooded hills beyond. The wise Englishman who has not forgotten to bring a thermos flask of tea can here in comfort review the ancient while he enjoys the modern. Pompeii, especially in summer, is a very thirsty place.

The Amphitheatre, large, but of no special importance, lies far off in the eastern corner of the city. One other set of public buildings deserves brief mention, the baths, of which the chief were the Forum Baths behind the Temple of Jupiter, the Central Baths at the corner of Nola and Stabian Streets, and the Stabian Baths at the corner of Stabian and Abundance Streets. As everyone knows, the bathing process of Roman times was extremely like that which we call a Turkish bath, and hardly needs description. In imperial Rome such late colossal erections as the Baths of Diocletian and the Baths of Caracalla were more like the Royal Automobile Club than the baths in Jermyn Street, London. In Pompeii the baths were just baths, very adequately equipped. Let it be observed that wealthy Pompeian citizens distinguished themselves by spending liberally upon public works; they did not get elected in order to close the baths or the theatres because they did not pay.

Baths, temples, and fora, however, can be found elsewhere. Pompeii is unique not because of its extraordinary buildings, but because of its ordinary buildings. There are better palaces of Roman times to be found elsewhere, but there are no better houses and shops. It is as if a whole town had been carefully collated, filed, and put away for subsequent reference. Gibbon, who missed little, had no Pompeii to stimulate his marvellous creative imagination. What would he not have given to be able to stand in the House of the Vettii or the Villa of Diomedes! In the fragments of picaresque romance called the "Satyricon" of Petronius, itself contemporary with some of Pompeii's last days, we get interesting glimpses of various "interiors" somewhere in the same neighbourhood. Trimalchio, the freedman, a vulgar profiteer, gives a feast that enables us to envisage not only the kind of food and the manner of service, but the arrangement of the table and the disposition of the guests, who reclined in what seems an uneasy posture, three on a couch, leaning on cushions with the left arm, and feeding themselves with the fingers of the right hand. Three of these three-seated couches arranged around the table formed the triclinum, a name presently applied to the whole dining-room, of which there were several in a large house.

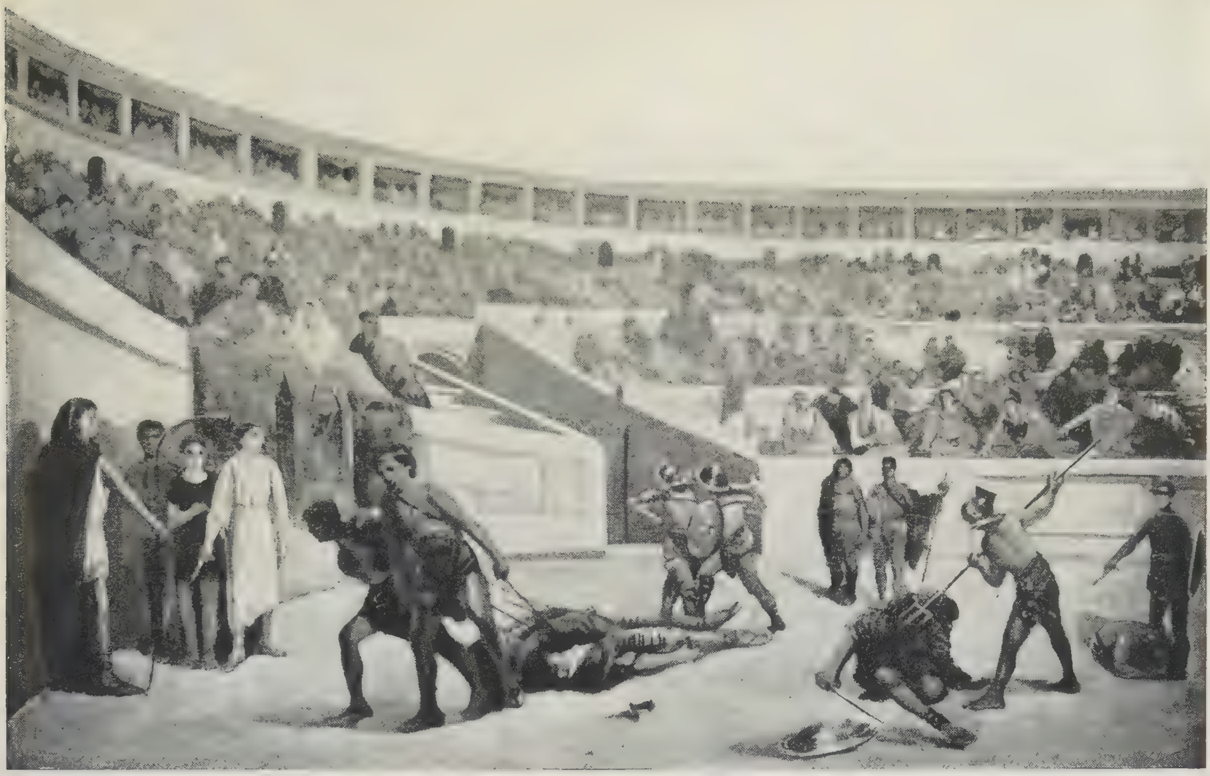
"By the favour of Mercury," exclaims Trimalchio, maudlin with drink, "I have built me this house. It was a mere cottage, as you know, and now it is a temple. It has four dining-rooms, twenty bed-chambers, two noble porticoes, a store-room on the upper storey, a chamber in which I sleep myself, a sitting-room for this viper (his wife), a capital porter's lodge, and accommodation for a hundred guests." On reaching the house of Trimalchio, Encolpius is greatly alarmed, because the first thing he notices is a huge dog, with the legend "Cave, cave canem!" The dog, however, was merely painted on the walls, which were further adorned with scenes from Homer. On attempting to leave secretly, Encolpius and his companion fall into the water-pool, and have to be dragged out by the hall-keeper.

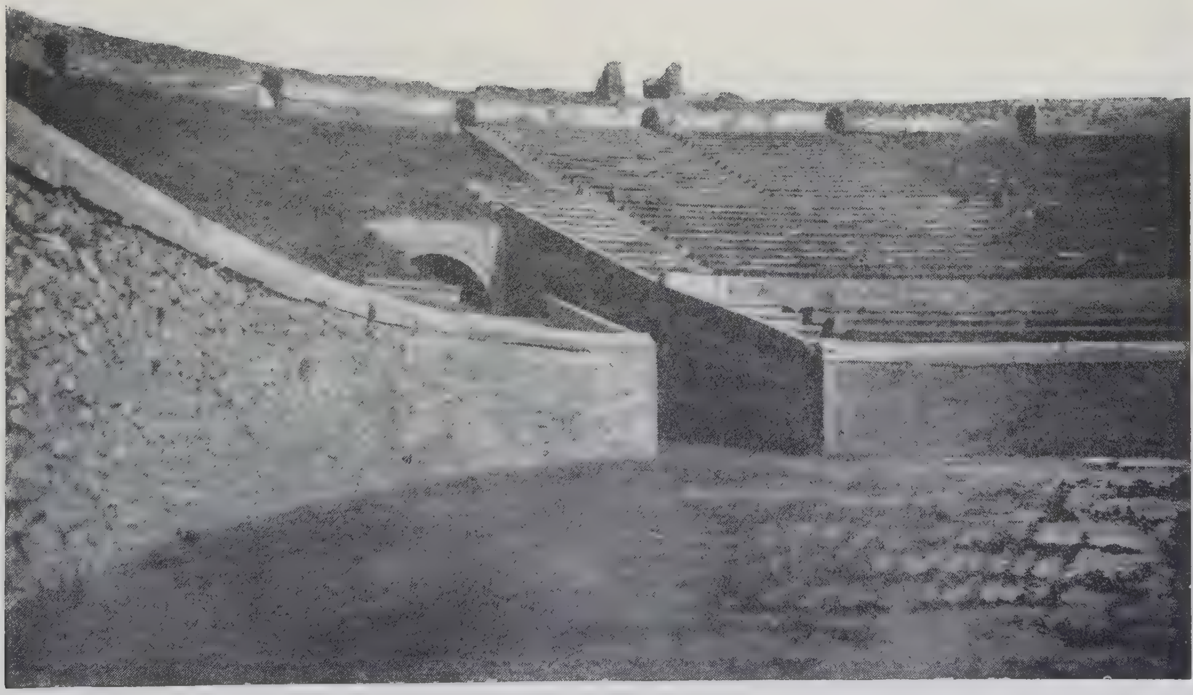
In reading Petronius we seem to be among the very buildings of Pompeii. Such a house as Trimalchio's would occupy a whole insula, that is, it would be entirely detached, with streets along its four sides; but in the sides of the insula there might be shops, just as there are along the Piccadilly front of the Ritz Hotel, or along the arcade behind the Carlton. An entrance, or vestibule, led to the hall or atrium, with its walls marbled or frescoed, and the floor inlaid with mosaic. At the entrance of one house, the House of the Tragic Poet (Lytton's House of Glaucus), there is just such a dog and legend (though in mosaic) as alarmed Encolpius. The gorgeous atrium was really a development of the smoke-blackened primitive dwelling which had a hole in the roof to let in light and let out fumes. Incidentally it let in water, though this was not in the covenant. In the course of evolution the hole in the roof had become the compluvium, and the pool of water on the floor had become the impluvium, a square, ornamental pool, some eighteen inches or two feet deep, with its handsome marble edges. Before the impluvium, and facing the entrance, there was sometimes an ornamental figure, as in the House of the Faun, where was found the exquisite figure of the Dancing Faun (see illustration facing page 186), familiar in countless reproductions. From this house came also the magnificent mosaic floor (now in Naples) depicting the Battle of the Issus.

Some houses had a double atrium, a few had none. From the atrium, right and left, opened smaller rooms—triclinia or dining-rooms, and the two alæ (or wings) where the aristocratic owner kept the statues or masks of his ancestors, and where the others probably kept clothes. Straight across the impluvium from the entrance was the semipublic tablinum, used as a dining or reception room. This completed what we may call the public apartments of a large private house. Beyond this came the purely family residence. Here the most prominent feature was the peristylium, a garden-court like the small cloister of a monastery, pillared and pent-housed round the sides, and open in the middle. Here flowers grew, and a fountain played, or busts and statues formed a decorative scheme. A house in Region VII gave us the exquisite little Dionysus (wrongly called Narcissus) now at Naples, and a house beyond the Vesuvius Gate yielded the Ephebus.

From the peristylium opened the œcus—drawing-room or dining-room at will—and the exedra, still another saloon. Here, too, came the domestic offices, sometimes a kitchen garden, and a private entrance to the house. Some houses (like Trimalchio's) had a private equipment of baths. The upper storeys were less important, if we may judge from the unobtrusiveness of the stairs. They probably contained slaves' apartments, store-rooms, and so forth. The atrium, with its compluvium opening, of course, was not built over. A Pompeian house, comparatively windowless, was thus dark and cool. Like the modern Italian dwelling, it was built against heat, not against cold. As in other parts of southern Europe, the brazier, not the fireplace, was the means of heating in winter time.

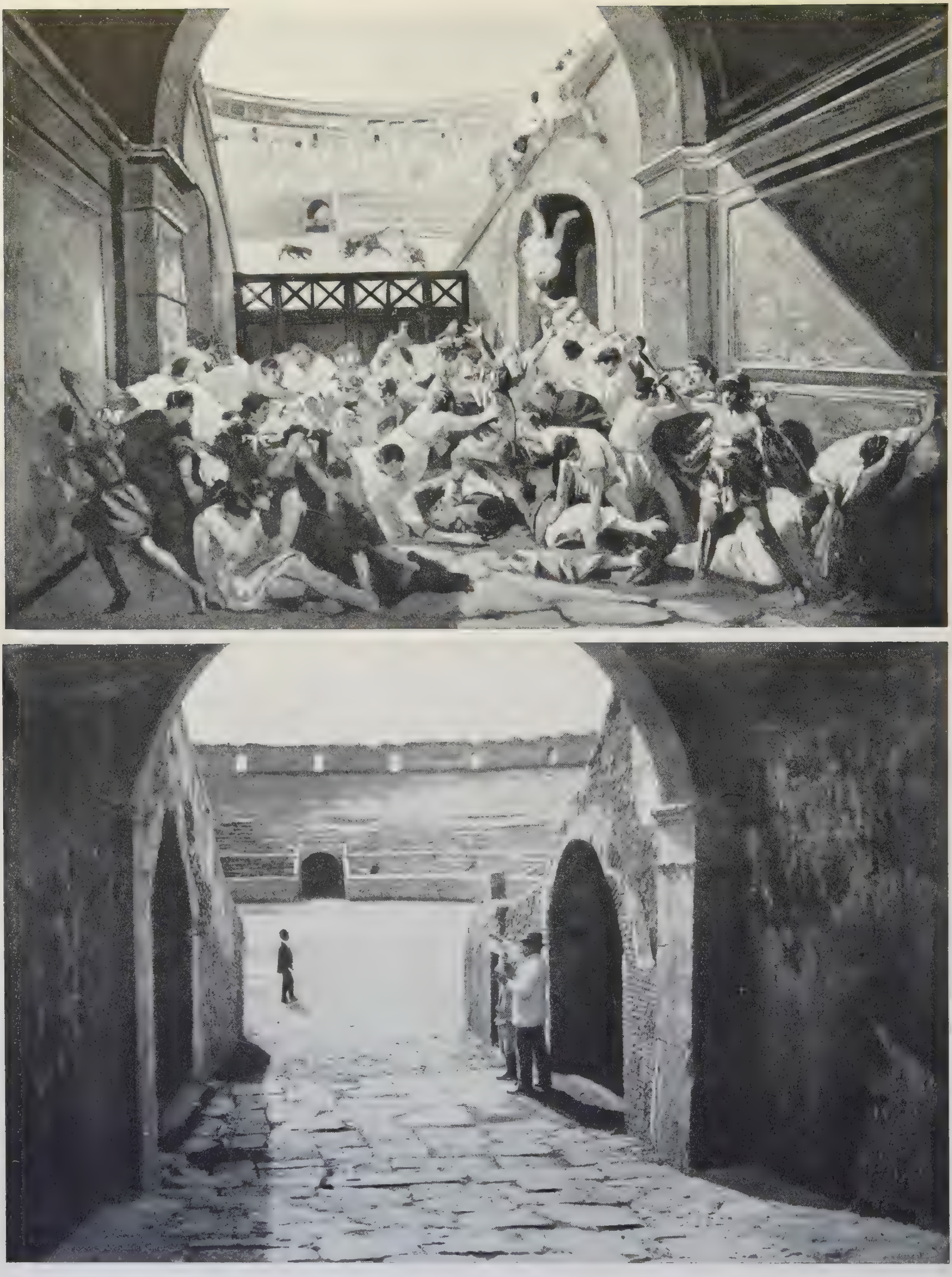
It must not be supposed that there was only one kind of house in Pompeii, but it is a fact that they did tend towards uniformity of style. Architects distinguished several periods of construction. These we need not consider. In general, Pompeii is a "faced" town, its decorative front (of varying kinds) was laid upon a core of brick or rubble, just as marble facings are being laid to-day upon the brick interior of Westminster Cathedral. In most houses the inner walls are covered with fine stucco. The glassy surface of this lent itself to highly elaborate decoration, and here again we have well-marked periods, distinguished by Mau as the Incrustation Period, when the walls were made to imitate the colours of various marbles (example,





WHERE GLADIATORS STROVE TO THE DEATH TO MAKE A POMPEIAN HOLIDAY

Even before Rome, Pompeii was a city given to the fearsome joy of gladiatorial contests, and the local enthusiasm for this brutal form of sport is recorded in many inscriptions still to be seen scratched upon the walls of the houses in the neighbourhood of the Amphitheatre, of which the photograph at foot of the page shows one of the entrances. The reconstruction drawing above animates the scene much as it must have been familiar to those who thronged the Amphitheatre in the days before the city was destroyed.



THE AMPHITHEATRE IN THE TUMULT OF AN ANCIENT RIOT AND IN THE QUIET OF TO-DAY

A vivid impression of one of the many tumultuous scenes which Pompeii must have witnessed in the course of its history is conveyed in the upper picture, which illustrates a conflict that took place, A.D. 59, between the Pompeians and the neighbouring Nocerines, as a result of which prize-fighting was prohibited for ten years. The incident is recorded in the pages of Tacitus. The scene chosen by the artist is that illustrated in the lower photograph of one of the main entrances to the arena of the Amphitheatre.

House of Sallust), the Architectural Period, when the walls were painted with elaborate architectural mouldings to form the frames of painted figures (example, a house in Region V, Casa degli Epigrammi), the Ornate Period, when ornament was freely and fancifully used (example, House of Spurius Mesor, Region VII), and the Intricate Period, when the ornamentation became highly elaborate, and was full of tricks and surprises (example, House of the Vettii, illustrated on pages facing 183 and 184).

The pictures painted on the walls vary from simple draped and decorated figures placed in the centre of large panels, to highly elaborate subject pieces; the complicated Farnese Bull group of statuary at Naples, for instance, appears in the House of the Vettii as a wall painting. There are many landscape pictures, many still-life pictures, and countless Cupids, these being apparently the gnomes and fairies of Pompeii. The House of the Vettii is full of Cupids gaily doing all sorts of things. Sometimes we find the successive incidents of a story all represented in one picture, a device that Titian used centuries later in his Bacchus and Ariadne, a favourite Pompeian subject.

The Pompeians were not afraid of colour. One room in the House of the Vettii has a bold scheme of panels in black and red which the most daring modern colourist might envy. Let it further be said that no more sanitary form of wall covering could be devised. Compared with the Pompeian glaze, modern wallpapers, canvases, and distempers are barbarous.

One of the most remarkable facts about the pictures at Pompeii is that they represent a kind of art that disappeared. Thirteen centuries were to elapse before Italy got back to the freedom of style and truth of representation buried with the walls of Pompeii. In a word, the pictures at Pompeii are modern; the mosaics at Cefalú and Monreale are ancient.

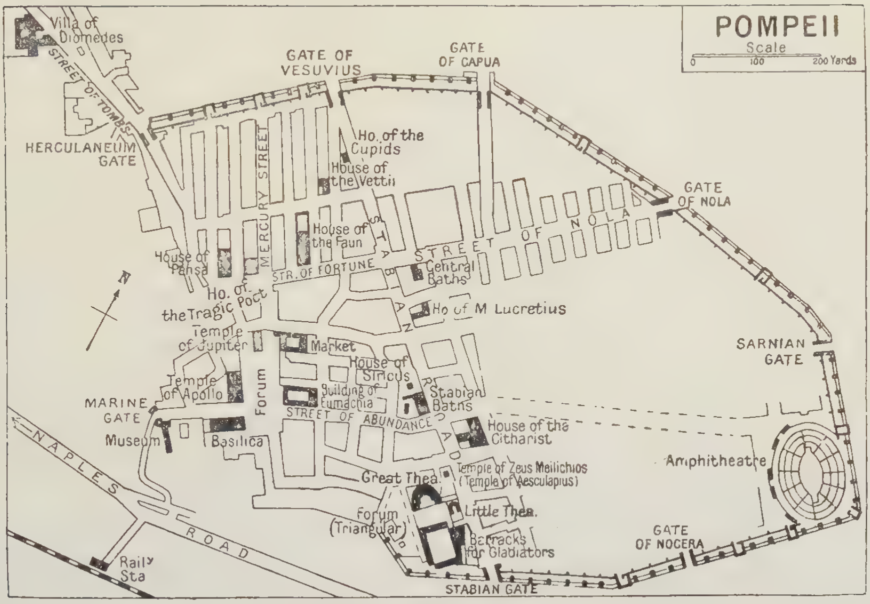
The outdoor life of Pompeii, like that of modern Italian towns, was vivid and gay. The little open shops (closed at dusk by the same kind of shutters that were put up nightly in London until the rollerblind came in) made a narrow business street like an Eastern bazaar. The taverns had their voluble crowds clamorous for mixed or heated wines. Poorer people cooked at their little charcoal stoves, ate their meals, and performed their toilet operations without embarrassment out of doors, as you may see them do in Naples to-day.

The life of a working street in Pompeii was no doubt almost exactly like that of the Via Lavanaro, in Naples. Heavy stone mills ground the corn. Political sentiments and lampoons were scribbled on the walls, where some of them still remain—mural inscription is a modern as well as an ancient passion. Signs to avert the evil eye appeared over some of the houses, and almost every Neapolitan still wears one. The fountains ran with water, and the projecting balconies or the penthouse roofs of upper loggias gave welcome shade. Those who have tramped the hot basaltic streets of Pompeii under a summer sun think regretfully of the vanished upper storeys and the protection they offered.

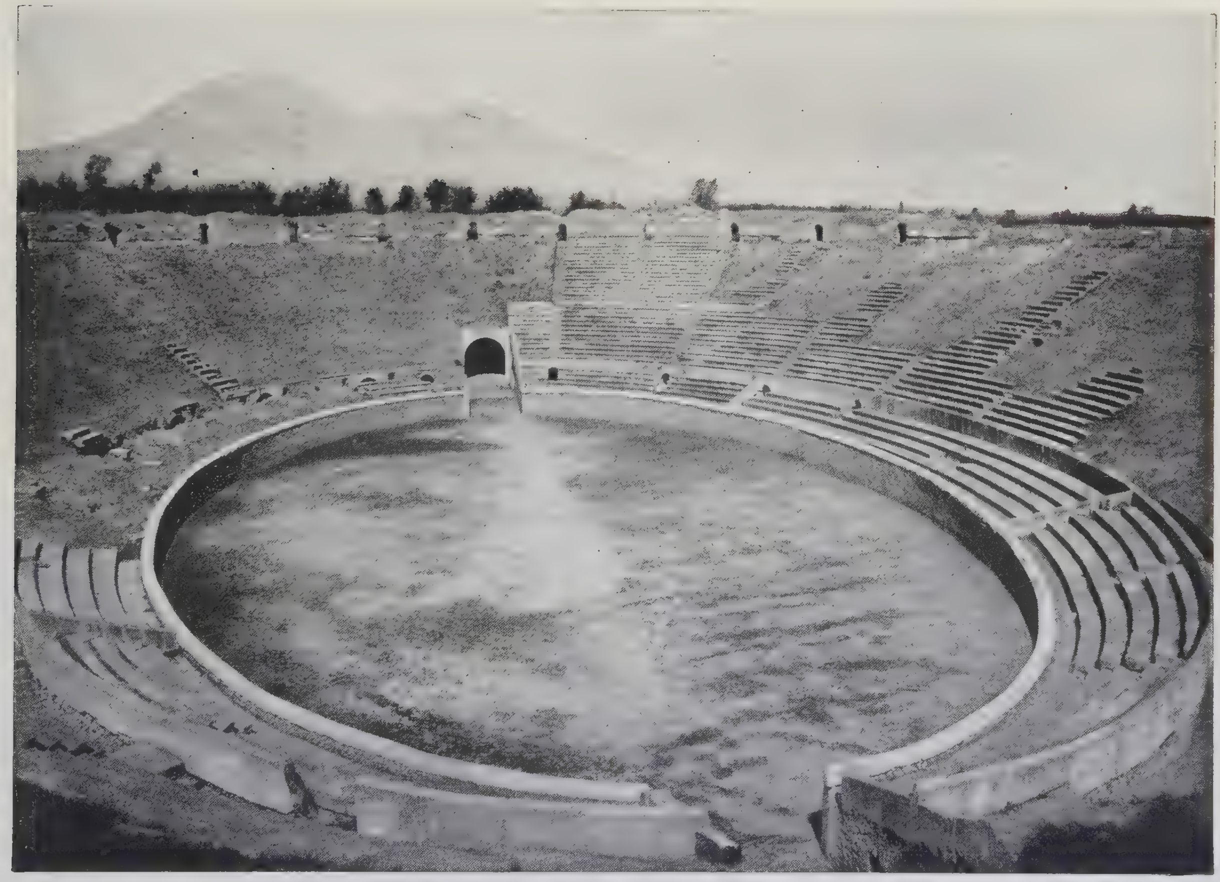
So Pompeii ran its busy course, quarrelling with its neighbours, the Nocerines, and shrugging its shoulders at the occasional Campanian earthquake. It was prepared to pay a price for the fertility and beauty that surrounded it. On one side it saw the verdant hills towards Stabiæ and the sea; on the other, it beheld the shapely Vesuvius, not as now, with cloven top, but conical like Fuji, and green to the summit. Pompeii could not suppose that there was any difference that need concern them in the eternal hills.

And then the first disaster came. In February, A.D. 63, when Nero was ruling in Rome, a tremendous earthquake broke the city to pieces. So great was the damage that the imperial government doubted whether the place was worth restoration. Restoration, however, went on, and a new Pompeii arose. The dwellings were first rebuilt, naturally with that tendency towards uniformity of style which we have noted, and the greater public buildings were gradually taken in hand. It is insufficiently appreciated that what was finally overwhelmed was not an ancient town, but a new and only partially rebuilt city.

Other, though less violent earthquakes gave evidence of some great subterranean disturbance; but there was no reason to suspect Vesuvius, which, though plainly volcanic in origin (as Strabo had noted half a century before), had never been active in recorded history. Then, on the morning of August 24 A.D. 79, the forces of fire burst through the mountain with appalling fury, and carried high into the air all the accumulated debris of

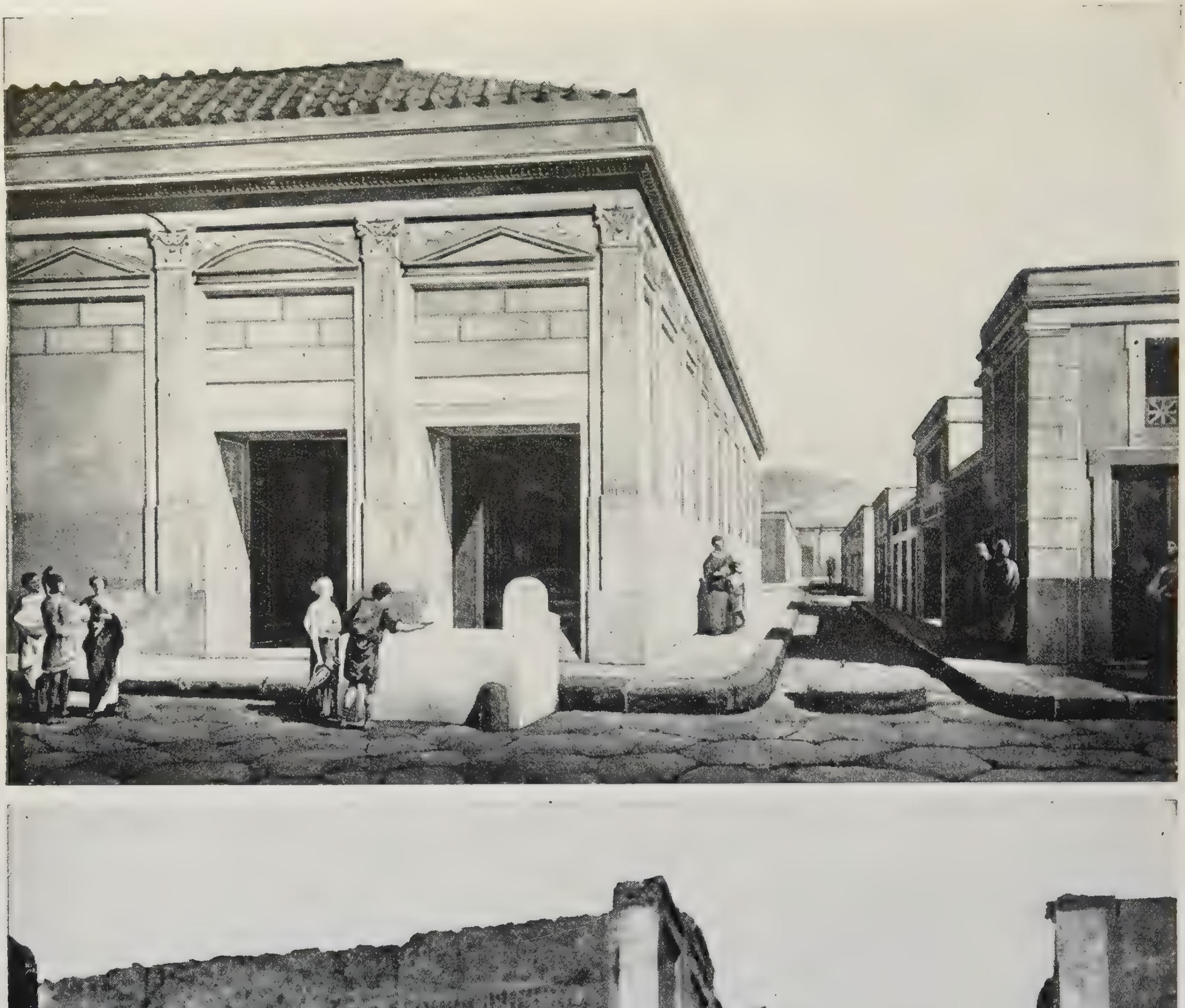


PLAN OF THE PRINCIPAL SITES OF POMPEII



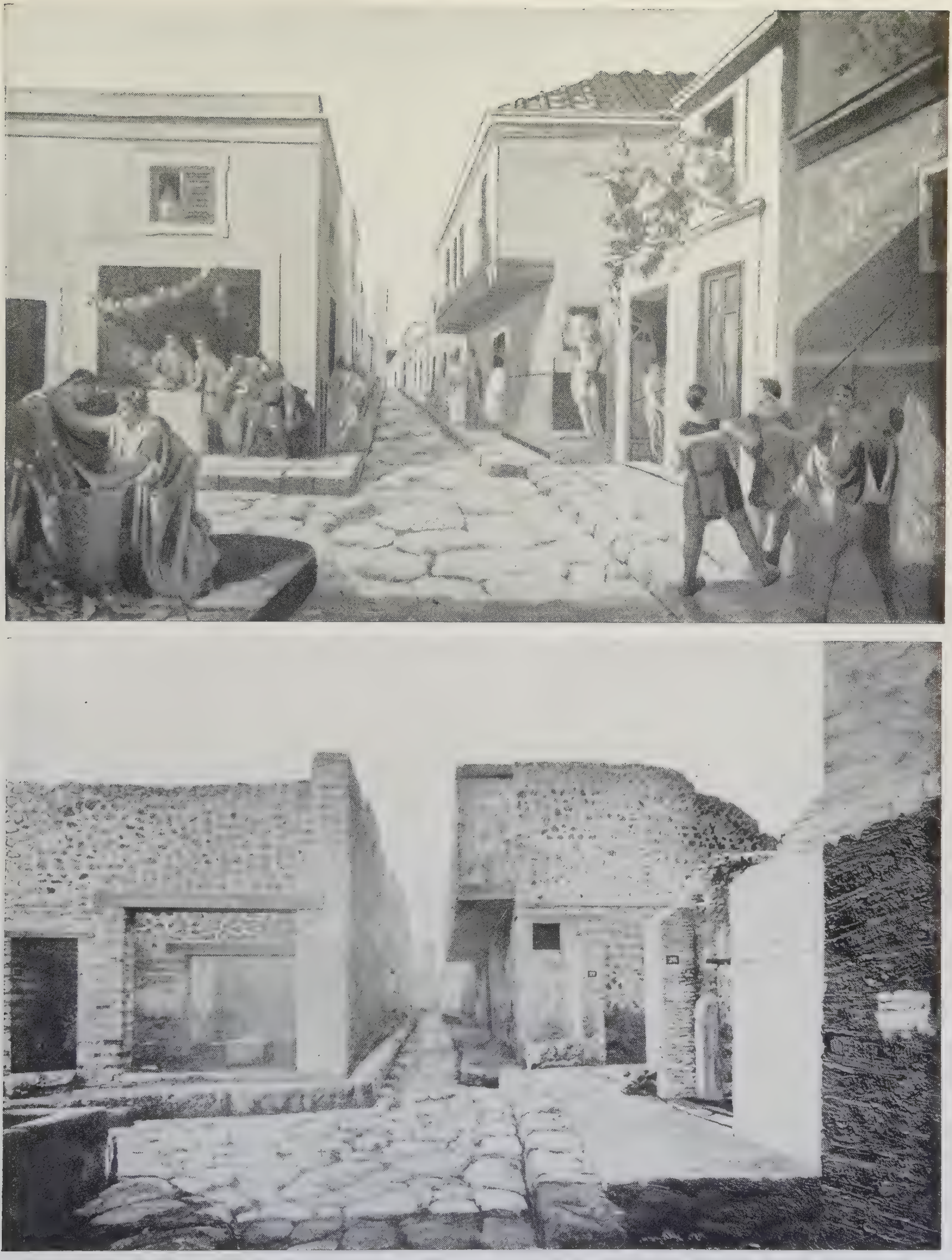
GENERAL VIEW OF THE AMPHITHEATRE WITH THE MASS OF VESUVIUS IN THE BACKGROUND

Excavation of the Amphitheatre was carried out long before present-day scientific methods of archæological research had been brought to the perfection admirably illustrated in recent work at Pompeii. The old excavators, in digging down from the surface, destroyed almost more than they discovered, and had the Amphitheatre been excavated by gradually clearing the surface of the ground, storing every piece of building material retrieved from the soil, and, when the ancient floor level had been reached, replacing every item in its original position, a still more impressive remnant of the ancient Amphitheatre would have been preserved.



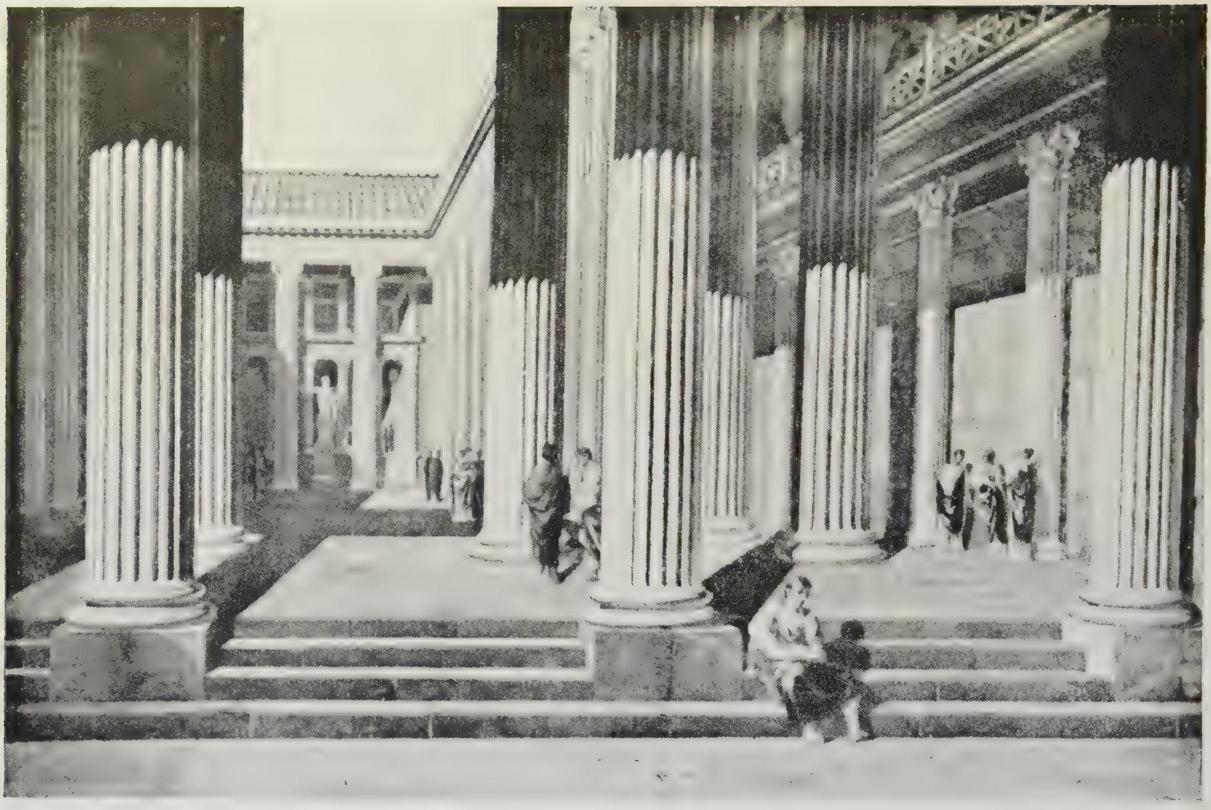
FINE BUILDING ERECTED BY A PRIESTESS IN THE STREET OF ABUNDANCE

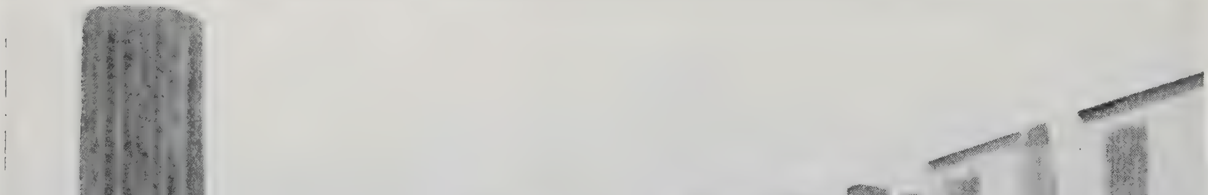
According to an inscription over the door, this building was erected by Eumachia, a priestess, and may have been used as a wool-sellers' hall. Here we see it in its ruin, and as it may have been in actuality, fronting the Street of Abundance, so called as the headquarters of the jewelry merchants and markets of luxury. A prominent feature of the scene is the public drinking fountain. The visitor can see the stone worn away by those who rested their hands upon the fountain while they drank from its running water. Note the stepping-stone in the side street, so placed to save the pedestrian unnecessary fatigue.



THE HOUSE OF THE BALCONY AND A TYPICAL STREET SCENE OF ANCIENT POMPEII

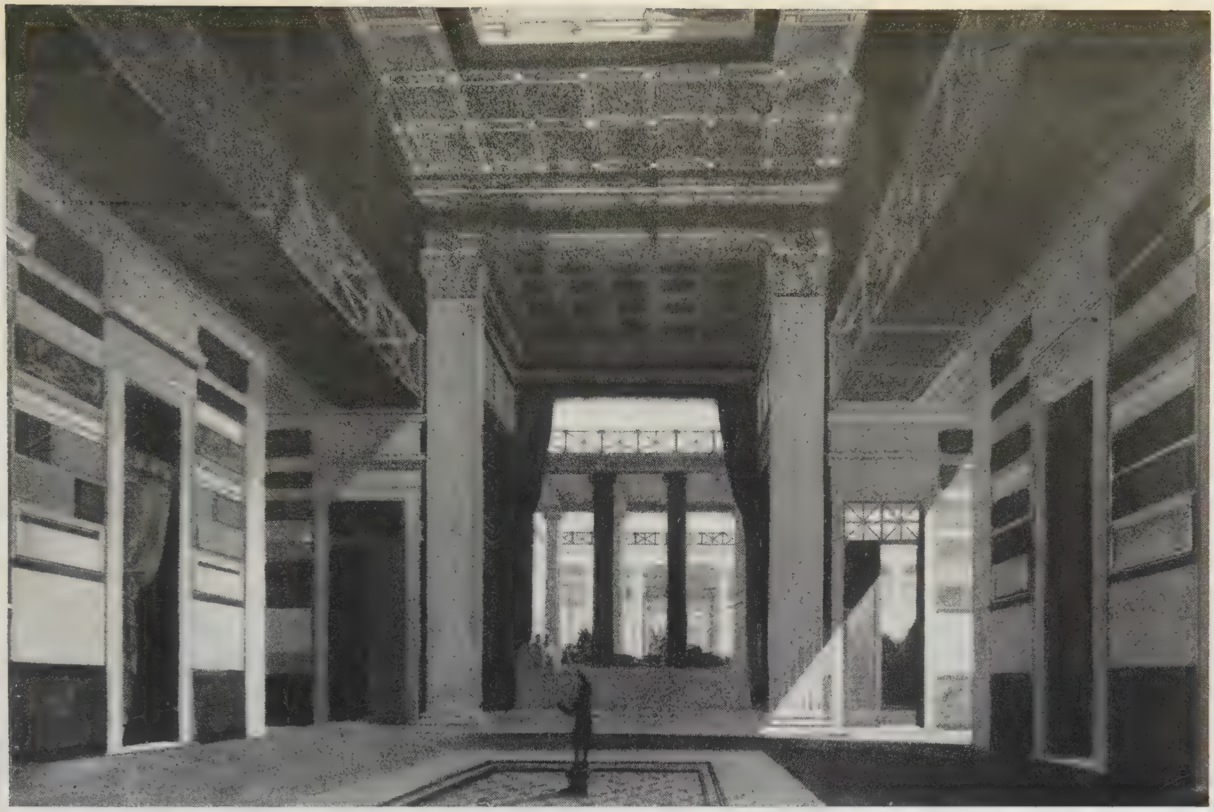
As illustrating the difference between the old-fashioned method of roughly digging through the accumulated upper soil and chancing the result as the excavations proceeded, in contrast with the present-day system of sifting the mass and literally rebuilding the houses from the material so retrieved, the House of the Balcony here illustrated has been known for many years as the only one of that character, whereas the modern method has proved that most of the houses in Pompeii were so built. This page gives a most plausible picture of what a Pompeian street was like.





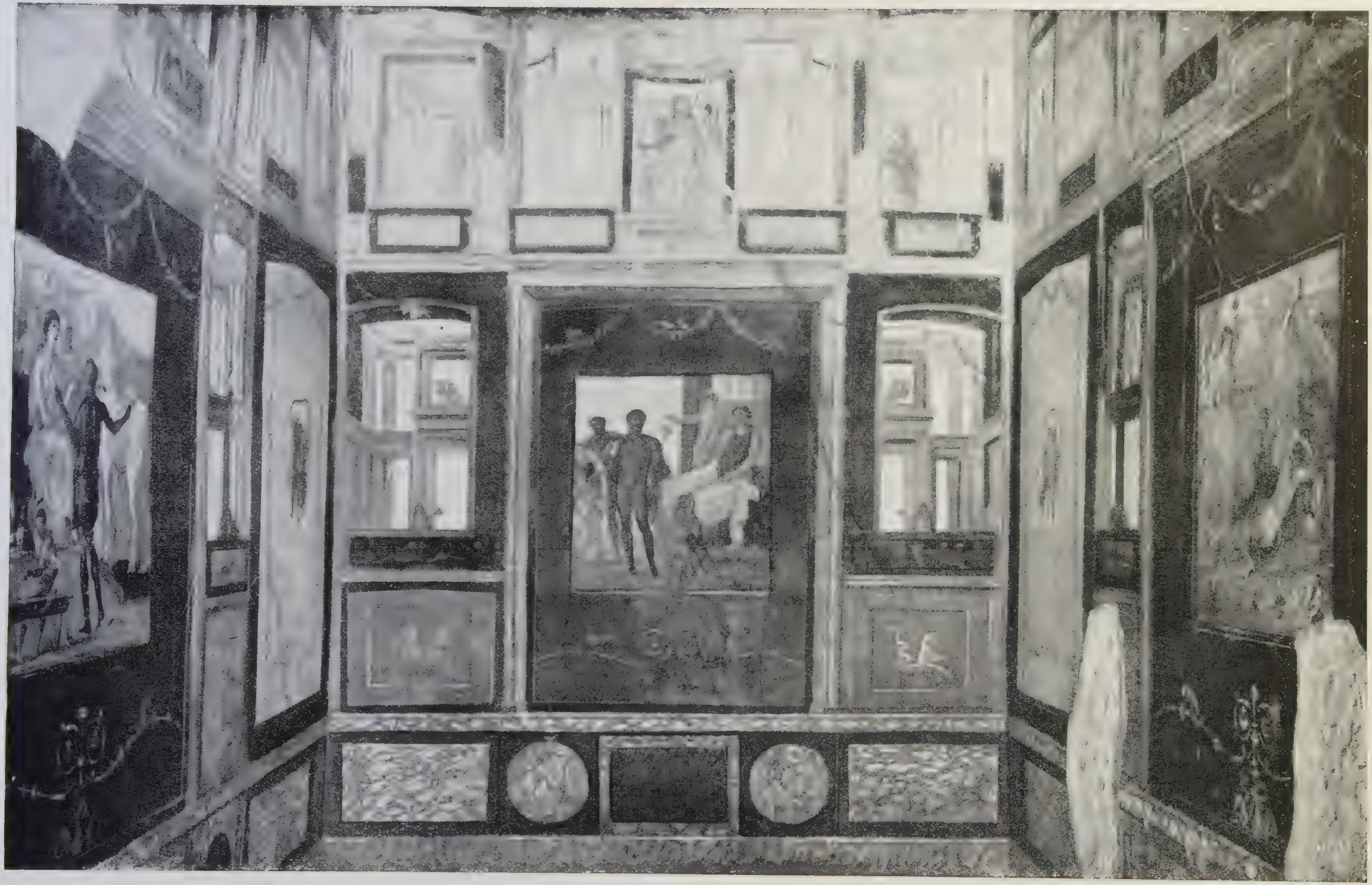
WHERE LAW WAS ADMINISTERED IN THE COMMERCIAL PORT OF POMPEII

Only a few hundred yards from the ancient seaport of the city, which now stands well inland, and built upon the Via Marina at the south-west corner of the Forum, stood the Basilica, of which this photograph shows the state to-day. The restoration in the upper picture makes most effective use of the ruins, and seeks to illustrate chiefly that portion of the building which corresponded to the modern Law Courts, although other parts of it were devoted to commercial uses, the Pompeians, despite their reputation for luxury and voluptuousness, being really an essentially commercial people.



A SPLENDID PRIVATE RESIDENCE AS IT MAY HAVE BEEN BEFORE THE GREAT CATASTROPHE

The dwelling shown in the lower photograph as it stands in ruins to-day is one of the most notable in Pompeii, chiefly on account of the beauty and the interest of its numerous wall paintings. Situated in the north-west quarter of the city, it must have been the residence of one of the notabilities of Pompeii, for the beautiful architectural reconstruction based upon the existing ruins which we print in this page would show that it reached palatial proportions.



CHARACTERISTIC EXAMPLE OF THE MANNER IN WHICH THE POMPEIANS DECORATED THE WALLS OF THEIR ROOMS

The particular style of decoration which has come to be known as Pompeian, from its having flourished in that city, and having been preserved in numerous examples among the ruins of the buildings, is admirably illustrated in this photograph of a room in the House of the Vettii. The artists, of Greek origin, who brought this style of mural decoration to perfection, had an extraordinary sense of distance, and were able to make a dull back wall and small room give the illusion of opening out through columned vistas into palatial apartments beyond. Highly coloured, but always with harmonious treatment, the walls of these Pompeian rooms must have been a constant source of pride to the citizens who owned them.

centuries. The top of the cone disappeared, and the present divided summit was formed.

The most immediately destructive of volcanic products is the molten rock or lava that pours from rifts torn in the side of the mound; but lava had nothing to do with the disasters of 79. The cities of the plain were not burnt with fire from heaven; Pompeii was drowned in dust, and Herculaneum in dust and water. In a story by Mr. Norman Douglas, the scene of which is laid under the shadow of a Mediterranean volcano, one of the characters, who had lived in America during her childhood, has a strangely disturbing dream. She was back in the old home, and snow was falling, quietly, steadily, thickly from a black sky. Hours went on, and the snow descended without pause; but it was not cold snow—it was warm, and suffocating—very suffocating. She began to choke, and woke in a fright to find that the volcano was flooding the city with ashes that silenced all sound, darkened the sky, and filled the air like a palpable fog.

It was in this way that Pompeii perished. First there came a fierce hail of pumice fragments, and after that the volcanic dust, softer than any snow and far more deadly, for it penetrated like water and destroyed those who had sought shelter in closed rooms. In the cellar of the Villa of Diomedes twenty persons perished as they cowered together for safety. All that day and the next the downpour of deadly ash continued. It poured out over Capri on the south, and over Misenum on the north, where Pliny, the Roman admiral and naturalist, was stationed with his galleys. When the news of disaster reached him he gallantly put off to Herculaneum to render aid, but the retreating sea as well as the ash that was filling his ships made landing difficult, and amid the deadly sulphur fumes the old Stoic, fat and asthmatic, quietly died as if he were sleeping.

Two letters of his nephew to Tacitus give us a graphic and authentic account of the disaster.

> On August 24, about one in the afternoon, my mother desired my uncle to observe a cloud which appeared of a very unusual size and shape. It was not at this distance discernible from what mountain this cloud issued, but it was found afterwards to proceed from Vesuvius. I cannot give you a more exact description of its figure than by resembling it to

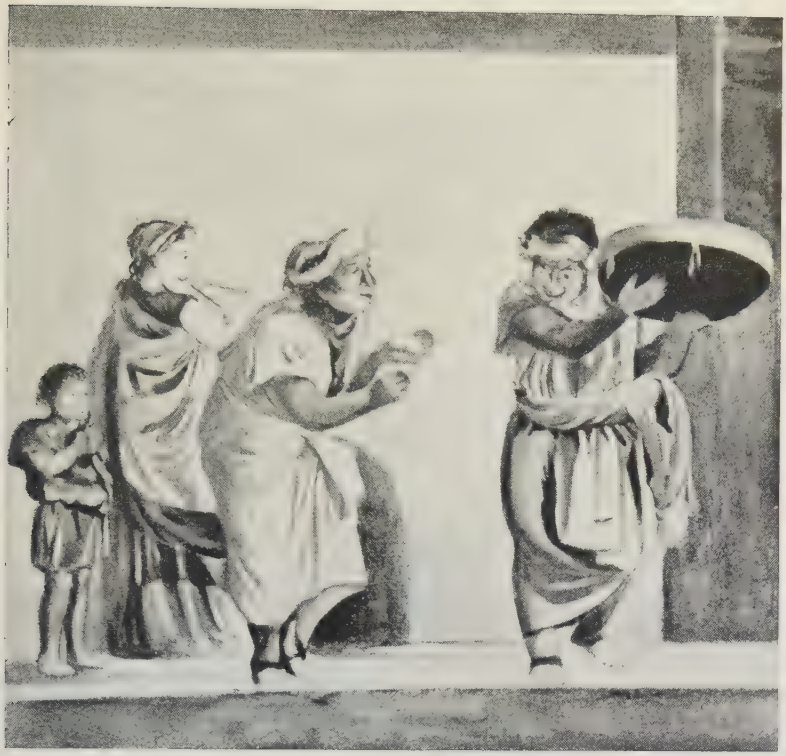
that of a pine tree, for it shot up a great height in the form of a tall trunk, which spread at the top into a sort of branches, either because the force of the internal vapour which impelled the cloud upwards decreased in strength as it advanced, or because the cloud being pressed back by its own weight expanded itself in the manner I have mentioned.

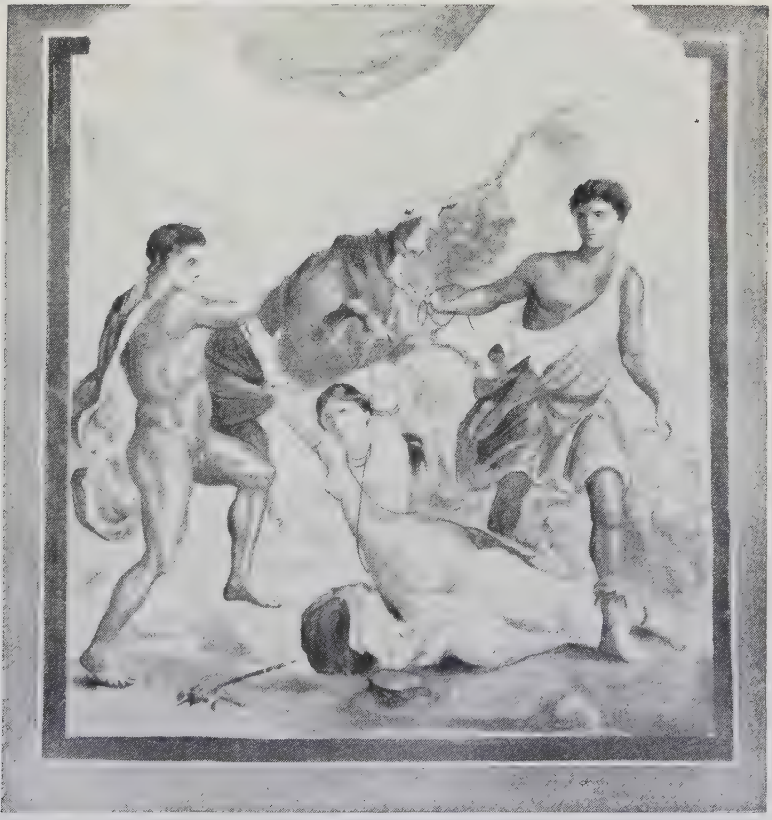
It appeared sometimes bright, sometimes dark and spotted, as it was either more or less impregnated with earth and cinders. This uncommon appearance excited my uncle's philosophical curiosity to take a nearer view of it. He accordingly ordered a light vessel to be prepared. As he was going out of the house with his tablets in his hand, he was met by the sailors belonging to the galleys stationed at Retina, from which they had fled in the utmost terror; for that port being situated at the foot of Vesuvius, they had no other way to escape than by sea. They conjured him, therefore, not to proceed and expose his life to imminent and inevitable danger.

In compliance with their advice he changed his original intention, and instead of gratifying his philosophical spirit, he resigned it to the more magnanimous principle of aiding the distressed. With this view he ordered the fleet immediately to put to sea and went himself on board with an intention of assisting not only Retina, but several other towns which stood thick upon that beautiful coast. Hastening to the place, therefore, whence others fled with the utmost terror, he steered his direct course to the point of danger, and with so much calmness and presence of mind as to be able to make and dictate his observations upon the appearance and progress of the dreadful scene.

He was now so near the mountain that the cinders, which grew thick and hotter the more he advanced, fell into the ships, together with pumice-stone and black pieces of burning rock; they were likewise in danger, not only of being aground by the sudden retreat of the sea, but also from the vast fragments which rolled down from the mountains and obstructed all the shore. [Pliny lands, and retires for the night.] In the meanwhile the fire from Vesuvius flamed forth from several parts of the mountain with great violence, which the darkness of the night contributed to render still more dreadful. The court which led to his apartment being now almost filled with stones and ashes, it would have been impossible for him to have made his way out; it was thought proper, therefore, to awaken him. He got up, and joined the rest of the company, who had not been sufficiently unconcerned to think of going to bed.

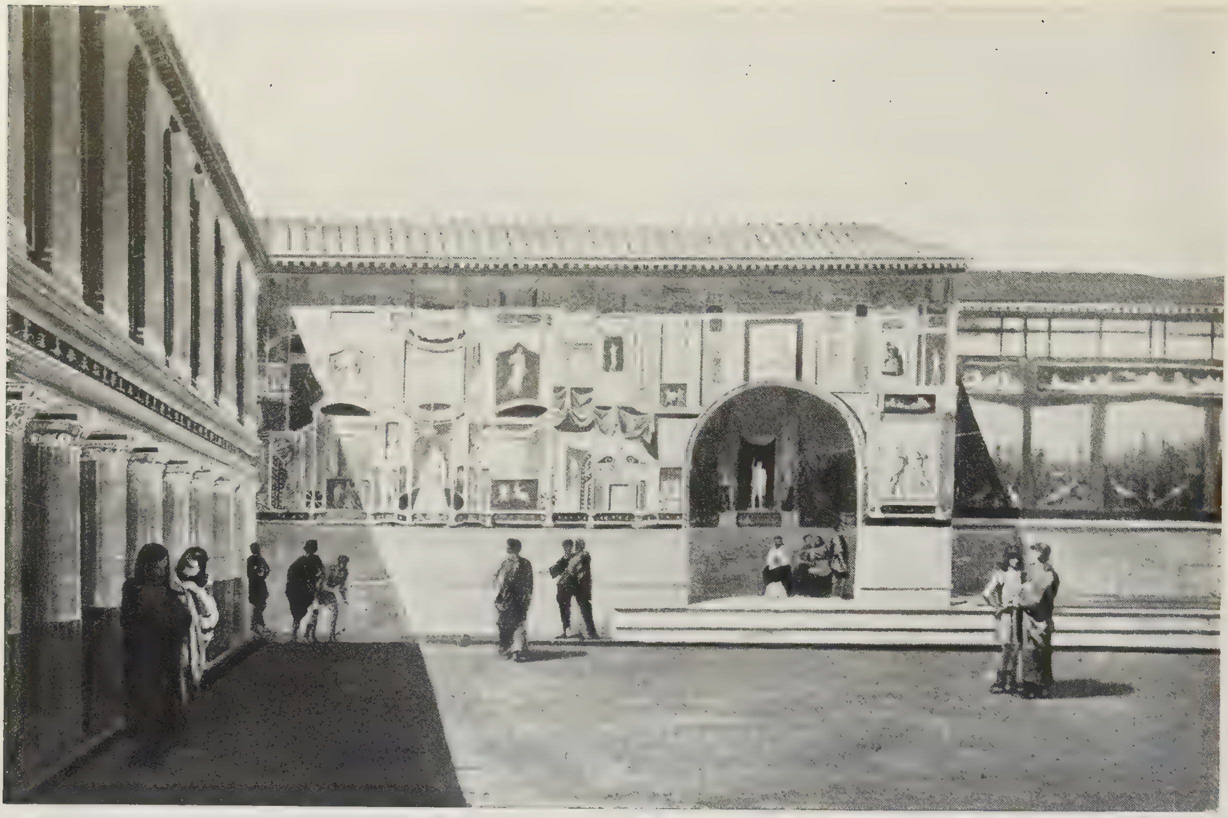
They consulted together whether it would be most prudent to trust to the houses, which now shook from side to side with frequent and violent concussions, or to flee to the open fields, where the calcined stones and cinders still fell in large showers and threatened them with instant de-

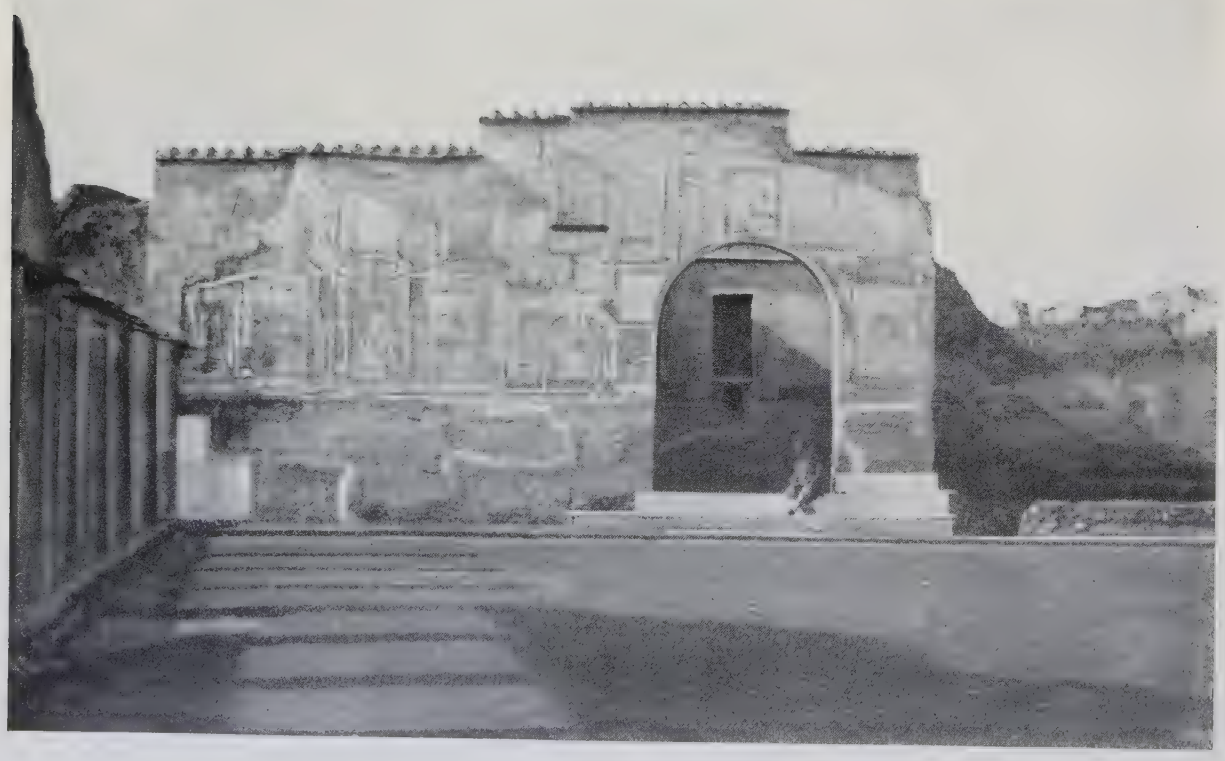




TWO EXAMPLES OF WALL PAINTINGS FROM POMPEII

This classical scene from the House of the Vettii and the comic scene from the Villa of Cicero are good examples of Pompeian art in its freedom and vigour of line. The colouring of the originals is pleasing and effective, and the sense of humour and character shown in the comic scene very noteworthy.





THE STABIAN BATHS, ONE OF THE POPULAR RESORTS OF ANCIENT POMPEII

The art of the archæologist encounters little difficulty in reconstructing the Stabian Baths, as will be seen from the above illustrations, the lower showing the condition of the building as it stands to-day at the corner of the Stabian Road and the Street of Abundance. The interior is extremely interesting, the pipes through which the water was led into them, and those that carried the hot water from room to room, being still in existence. The exterior was gay with coloured paintings, for which Pompeii was famous.

struction. In this distress they resolved for the fields as the less dangerous situation of the two. They went out, having pillows tied upon their heads with napkins, and this was their whole defence against the storm of stones that fell around them. It was now day everywhere else, but there a deeper darkness prevailed than in the blackest night.

The younger Pliny had remained at Misenum, and tells in a second letter what happened there.

There had been during many days before some shocks of an earthquake, which the less alarmed us as they are frequent in Campania, but they were so particularly violent that night that they seemed to threaten total destruction. My mother flew to my chamber where she found me rising. It was now morning, but the light was exceedingly faint and languid. The buildings all around us tottered, and though we stood upon open ground, there was no remaining without imminent danger; we, therefore, resolved to leave the town. The people followed us in the utmost consternation.

Being advanced at a convenient distance from the houses we stood still in the midst of a most hazardous and tremendous scene. The chariots were so agitated backwards and forwards, though upon the most level ground, that we could not keep them steady, even by supporting them with large stones. The sea seemed to roll back upon itself and to be driven from its banks by the convulsive motion of the earth; it is certain, at least, the shore was considerably enlarged and several sea animals were left upon it. On the other side, a black and dreadful cloud bursting with an igneous serpentine vapour darted out a long train of fire resembling flashes of lightning, but much larger.

Soon afterwards the cloud seemed to descend and cover the whole ocean; it entirely hid the island of Capri and the promontory of Misenum. The ashes now began to fall upon us, though in no great quantity. I turned my head and observed behind us a thick smoke which came rolling after us like a torrent. I proposed, while we had yet any light, to turn out of the high road, lest we should be pressed to death in the dark by the crowd that followed us. We had scarcely stepped out of the path when darkness overspread us, not like that of a cloudy night, or when there is no moon, but of a room when it is shut up and all the lights extinct.

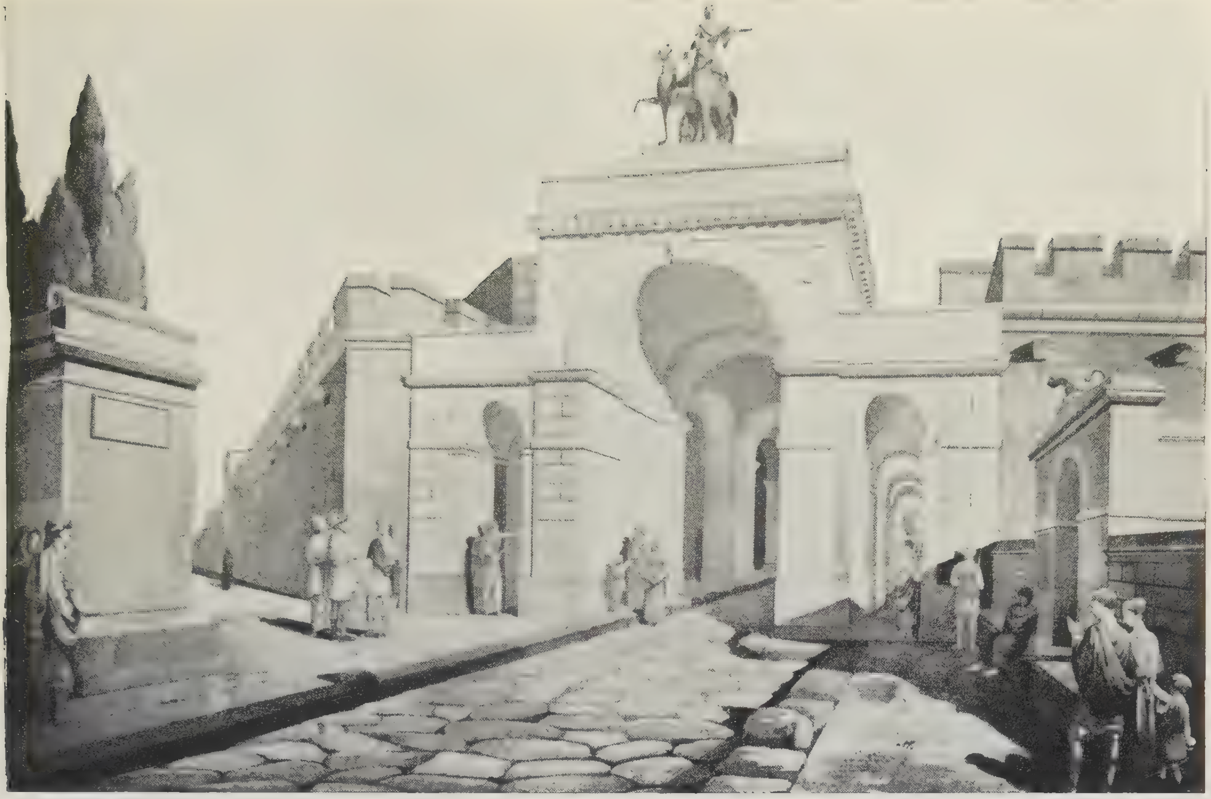
Nothing was to be heard but the shrieks of women, the screams of children, and the cries of men; some calling for their children, others for their parents, others for their husbands, and only distinguishing each other by their voices; one lamenting his own fate, another that of his family, some wishing to die from the very fear of dying, some lifting their hands to the gods, but the greater part imagining that the last and eternal night was come which was to destroy the gods and the world together.

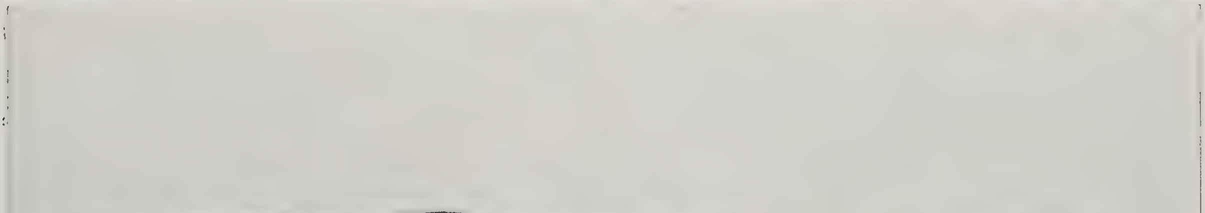
At length a glimmering light appeared, which we imagined to be rather the forerunner of an approaching burst of flames, as in fact it was, than the return of day; however, the fire fell at a distance from us. Then again we were immersed in thick darkness, and a heavy shower of ashes rained upon us, which we were obliged frequently to shake off lest we should be overwhelmed and buried. I imagined I was perishing with the world itself. At last this terrible darkness was dissipated by degrees like a cloud or smoke; the real day returned, and even the sun appeared, though very faintly as when an eclipse is coming on. Every object that presented itself to our eyes seemed changed, being covered with white ashes as with deep snow.

Pompeii lay wrapped in this death shroud of ashes. One-tenth of its people had perished. Some died where they had sheltered, some in the act of escaping. The priests of Isis, hastening with their treasures towards the Stabian Gate, were beaten down, and gasped out their last breath with their impotent gold about them. The fate of Herculaneum was still more dreadful, for upon it fell not merely dust, but torrential rain from the steam thrown up by the mountain; and when day came, the unhappy city lay stiff in death under a thickening sea of mud which lapse of time has hardened into stone.

When the great convulsion had ceased, the wretched survivors of Pompeii crept back and began groping in the dust for their buried homes. Here the fumes released by their digging claimed still more victims; but such things as could be reached were removed, and the remains of buildings standing up through the sea of ashes were stripped of everything that could be used. Then the city was left to oblivion, and its very name perished, the site being vaguely known in subsequent centuries as La Civita.

In the sixteenth century, an engineer, cutting a water channel, broke into Pompeii. In 1709, an Austrian count, seeking for antiquities, sank a shaft into the site of Herculaneum. In 1748 more careful digging was begun at La Civita, which was believed to be the site of Stabiæ; but the work of excavation





ONE OF POMPEII'S MANY ARTISTIC GATEWAYS AS IT WAS AND AS IT IS

The Gate of Herculaneum stands at the north-west corner of the city, and leads to the Street of Tombs, where in the manner of provincial towns the inhabitants had made an effort in their day to imitate on a small scale the Appian Way, which was so famed a feature of Imperial Rome. There were three archways, two for passengers, and one for vehicles. The structure, which is believed to date from the time of Augustus, is situated 135 feet above sea-level.

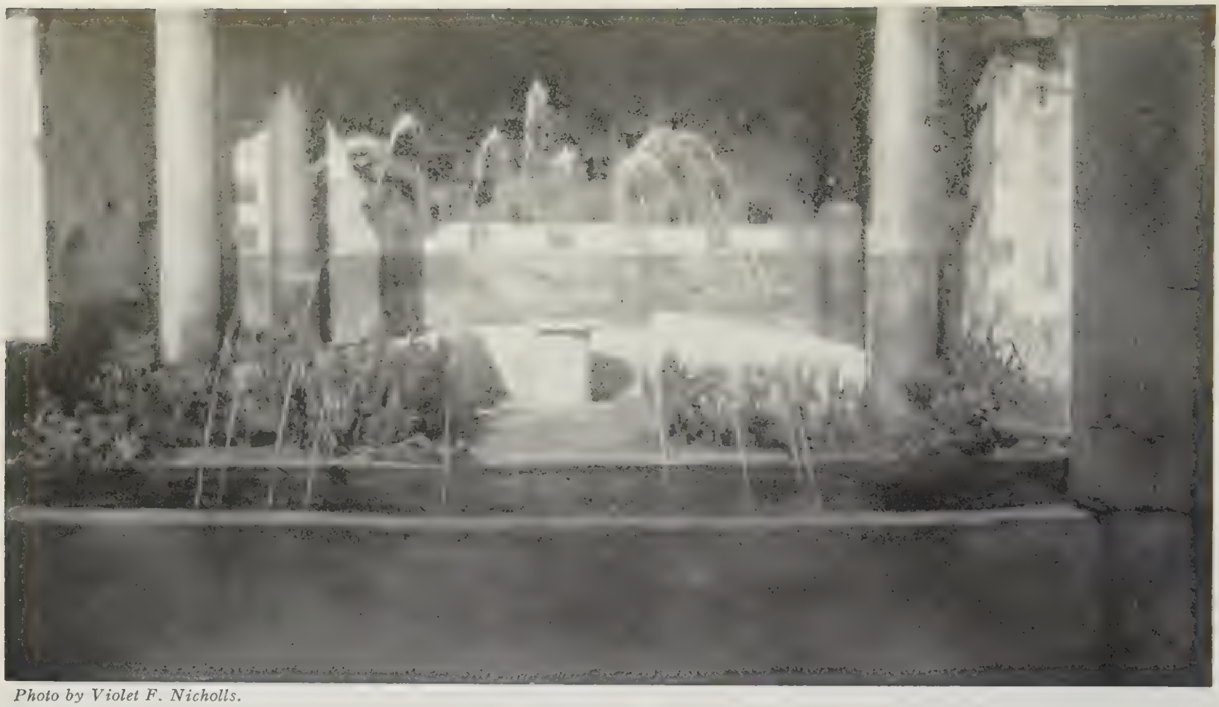


Photo by Violet F. Nicholls.

FOUNTAINS ARE PLAYING AGAIN IN POMPEII AFTER NINETEEN CENTURIES OF DISUSE

Very interesting is this photograph of the fountain in the peristylium of one of the most recently excavated houses in the city, with the holes of the water pipe cleared again from their centuries of dust and ashes, and the water laid on. There is a magic in running water which brings back even to these deserted scenes a touch of life.

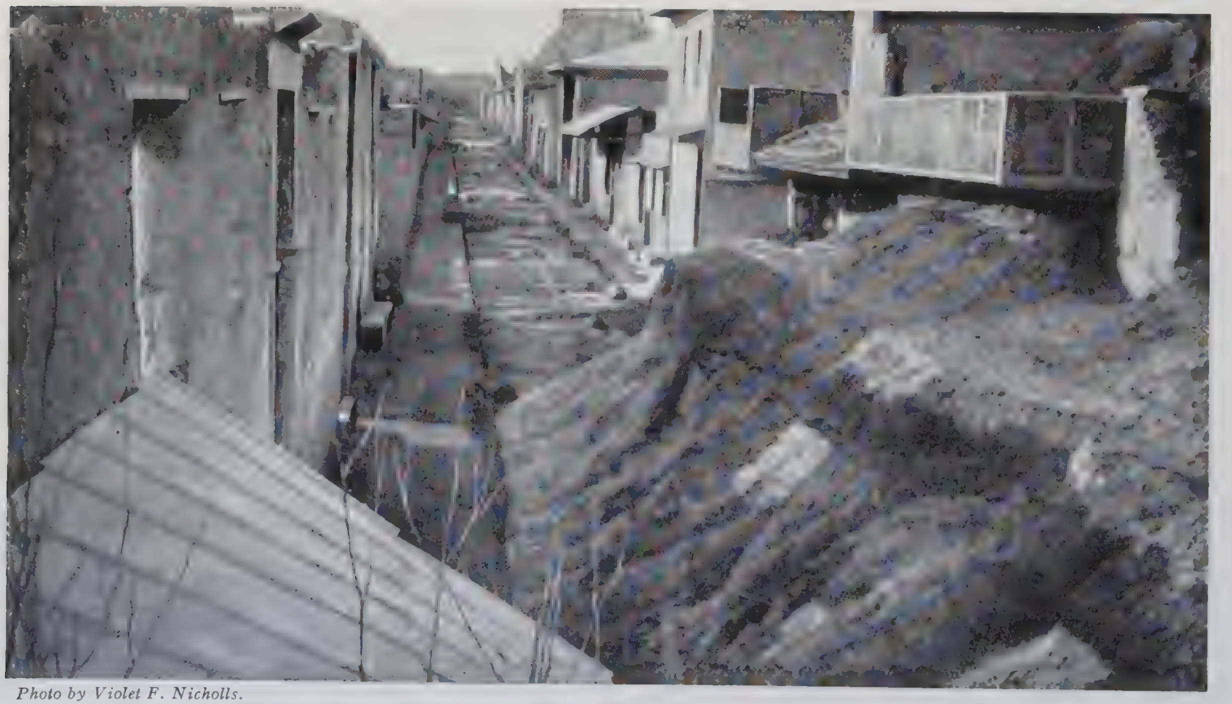
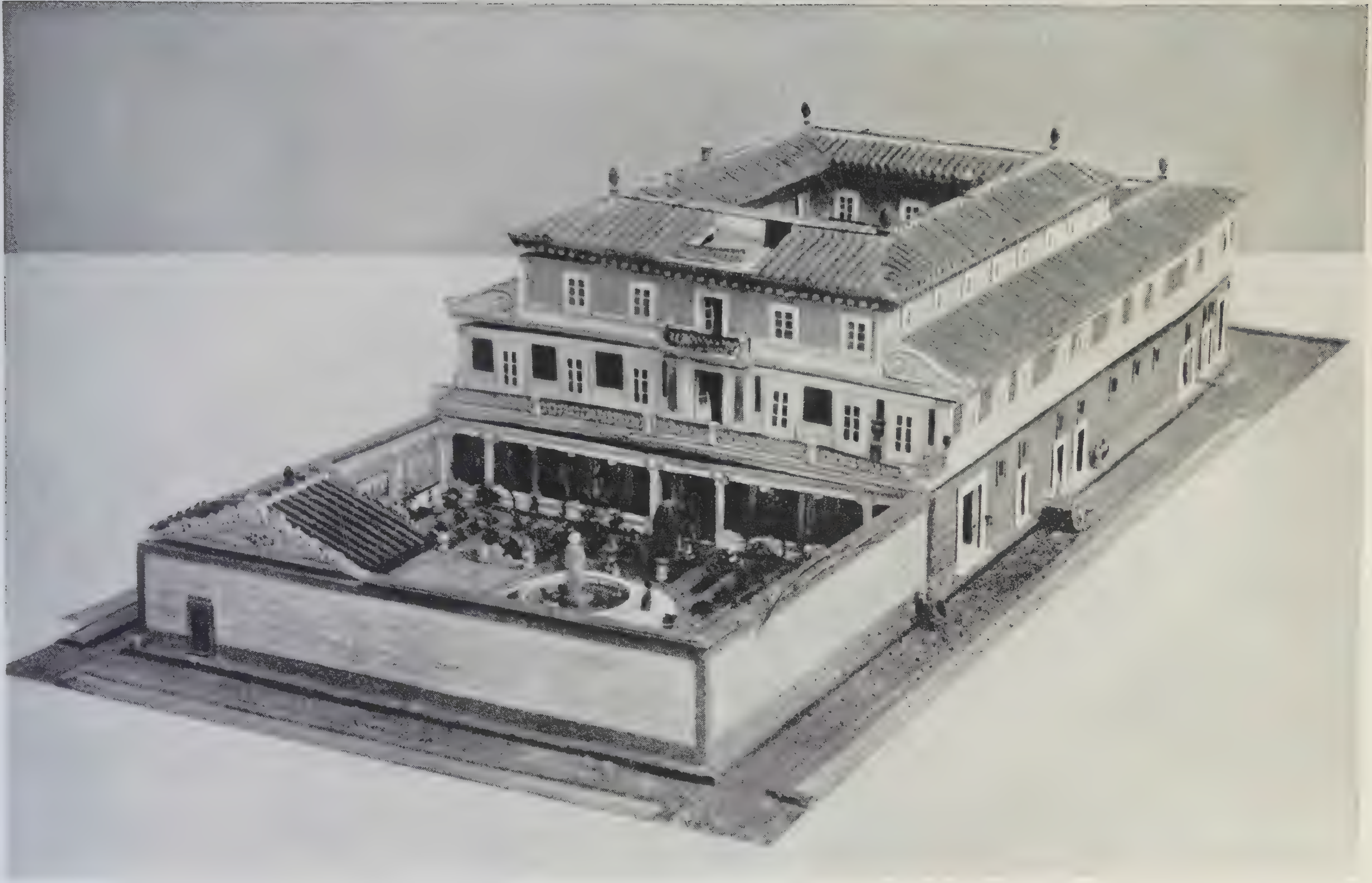


Photo by Violet F. Nicholls.

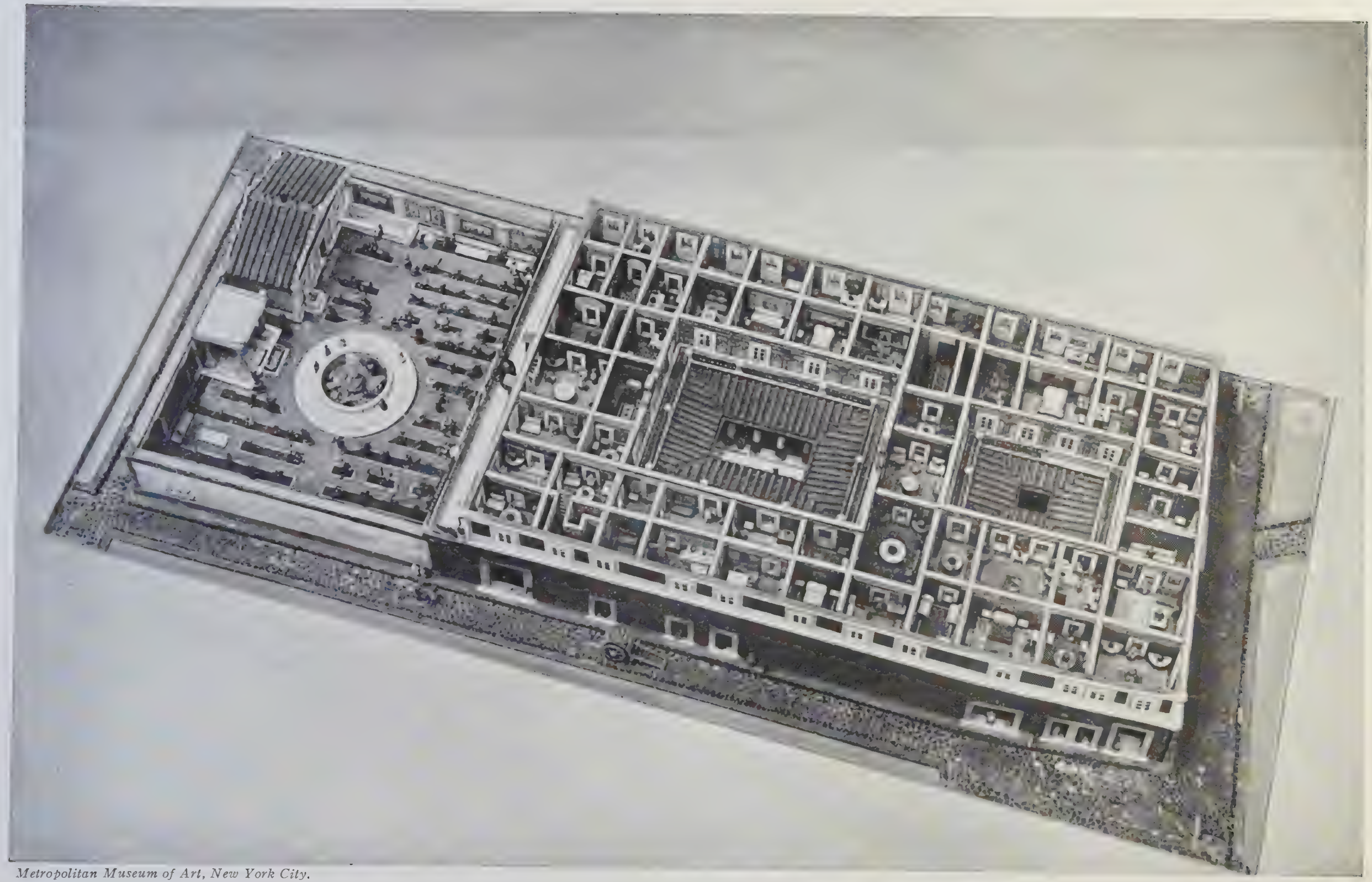
THE LATEST METHODS OF EXCAVATION TO BE SEEN IN POMPEII

It will be noticed that in this photograph many of the houses are complete in walls and roof, and contrast curiously with the roofless and fragmentary ruins that occupy most of the excavated portion of the city. This is the result of the new method of carefully sifting all the material of each house, marking it, and rebuilding it on the spot. Pictorial "reconstructions," such as illustrate this article, are all very well, but the actual building reconstructed on its original site is an immense advance in archæology.



THE HOUSE OF PANSA, A POMPEIAN RESIDENCE THAT OCCUPIED A WHOLE ISLAND SITE

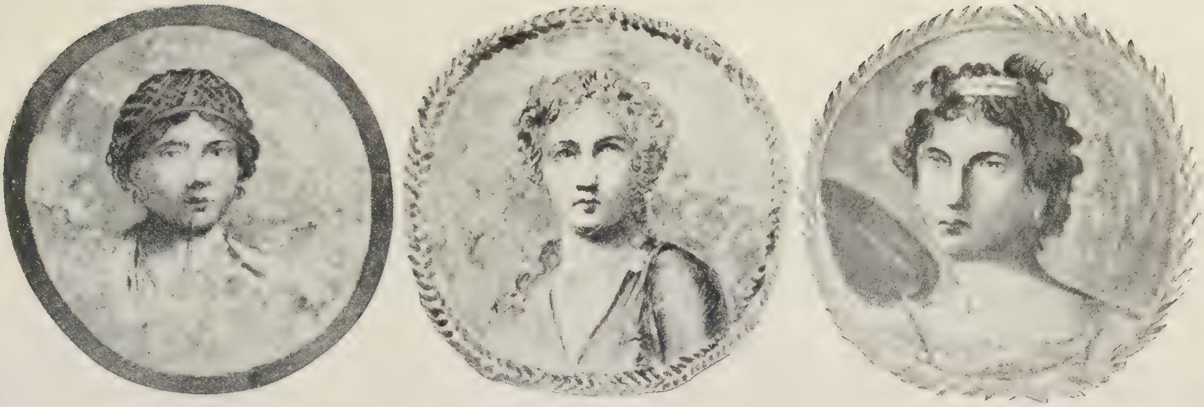
Known as the House of Pansa, this building has been restored with great ingenuity in the form of a model, of which the above is a photograph kindly supplied by the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York, U. S. A. Probably the largest of all the private houses that stood within the city of Pompeii, it occupied a site 319 feet long by 124 feet wide, which the Romans called an insula, and shops and residential apartments faced two of the four streets surrounding it. On the threshold was found a mosaic with the word "Salve" as greeting. The whole outward appearance is curiously modern, and its three-storeyed form a reminder that Roman domestic structures were not confined to houses of one level.



Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York City.

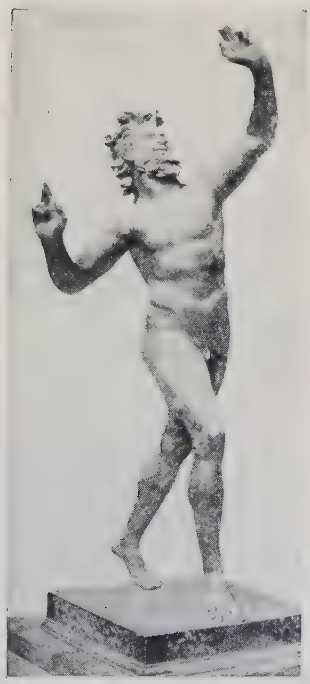
THE GREAT HOUSE OF PANSA WITH THE ROOF AND THE TOP STOREY TAKEN OFF

This fascinating little model represents the extraordinarily "up-to-date" character of a Roman residential building two thousand years ago. The House of Pansa must have accommodated many famies. The first enclosure on the right, with the sloping roof and the square space in the centre, is the atrium, the sloping roof being designed to throw the rain into the impluvium. On a larger scale, the same construction is repeated in the centre of the building, where the roof of the peristylium carried down the rain into the piscina, or fish-pond. On the ground floor on both sides of the house were shops let off to tradesmen by the proprietor of the building, which stood across the way from the House of the Tragic Poet.



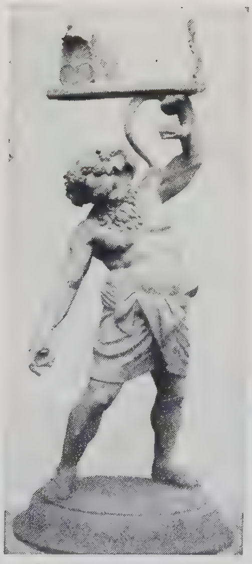
SOME CURIOUSLY MODERN PORTRAITS FROM THE MURAL DECORATIONS OF ANCIENT POMPEII

In the treatment of the hair and of the dress, these paintings, reproduced from the coloured originals found among the abundant wall decorations of Pompeii, have a curiously modern appearance. Like the other examples we have given, they serve to prove that the artists who found employment in Pompeii had attained to a degree of natural grace and truth which it took the artists of Italy more than a thousand years to reach again.



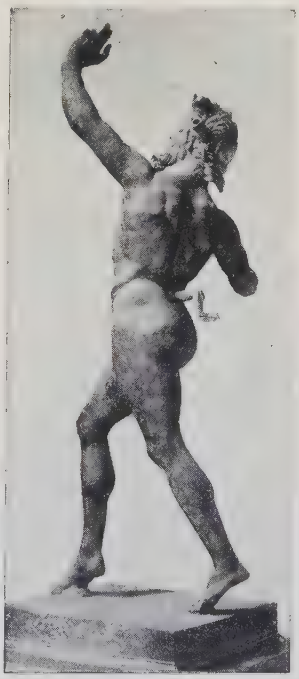
THE DANCING FAUN

Another view of the statuette, now in the National Museum at Naples.



SILENUS

Bronze statuette designed as support for a vase. In the National Museum as Naples.



THE DANCING FAUN

Bronze statuette which gave its name to the House of the Faun at Pompeii.

was not systematically pursued until the time of the Napoleonic kingdoms of Joseph Bonaparte and Murat. This early digging, however, was destructive. Everything that was found was removed, and the buildings were stripped of all they contained.

Naples Museum groans with treasures the rightful place of which is the city from which they came, though the problem of protection there would be immensely difficult. Fiorelli (1824-96) was the first humane director of excavation. He it was who adopted the plan of pouring plaster into the hollows where the ash had hardened round dead bodies, and so taking moulds of what had been enclosed. To him we owe the terrible and pathetic figures in the little museum near the Porta Marina, not the least moving being that of the house dog contorted with its last agony.

Modern explorers take moulds of everything, of charred doors and furniture and domestic objects, and are elaborately careful to leave or replace what they find in its appropriate spot. The houses are no longer left bare, but, like the great House of the Vettii, or the House of the Golden Cupids, are allowed to retain whatever is left of their ancient glory. Half the city has still to be uncovered. Wonderful as the first revelation has been, the second will be more wonderful still. The destruction of Pompeii was a tremendous disaster; its resurrection has been a miracle.

THE WONDER CITIES. V

THEBES IN ITS SPLENDOUR

BY ARTHUR WEIGALL

THEBES IN ITS SPLENDOUR

By Arthur Weigall

Author of "The Glory of the Pharaohs," etc.

WHEN Diodorus visited the city of Thebes in 57 B.C. he found it very largely in ruins, but the priests and scribes were able to show him evidence of its past greatness, and he has left a record of what he heard and saw. In former times, he says, its circumference was about twelve miles (100 stadia), and it was adorned with stately public buildings, magnificent temples, and rich memorials, while some of its private houses were four or five storeys high. It was, in fact, he says, the most beautiful and most stately city, not only of Egypt, but of all the world, for there was no metropolis under the sun adorned with such a multiplicity of monuments of gold, silver, and ivory, and so many multitudes of colossi and obelisks.

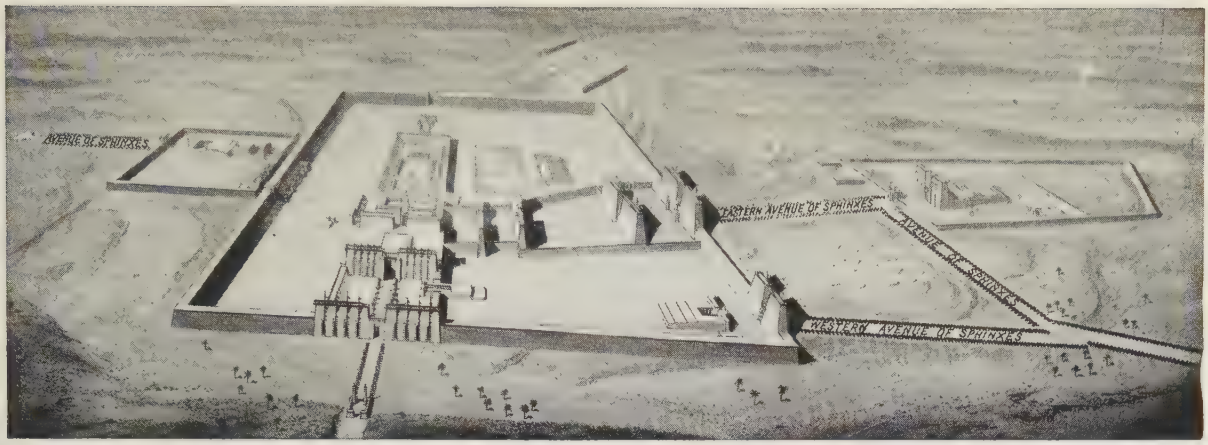
Strabo, writing in 24 B.C., says that its ruins at that time extended some nine miles (80 stadia) in length, and he recalls the lines of Homer, written many centuries before, in which the poet speaks of the city's hundred gates, of its gleaming gold, and of its soldiers and horses and chariots.

Modern excavations have not laid bare many important remains of the city itself, but the vast temple-ruins on both banks of the Nile, and the thousands of tombs on the western side, are clear evidence of the might of Thebes. The ancient Egyptians built their houses very largely of unbaked bricks, covering the walls and floors with whitewashed and decorated plaster; and only those buildings which were erected on the dry sand of the neighbouring desert have left any trace behind. All the walls of the houses in the city itself have long since collapsed, and their ruins have become part of the soil which is annually soaked by the flooded Nile. The modern towns of Luxor and Karnak have grown up on top of the compressed and trodden-down remains of the ancient houses and palaces, and excavation generally reveals only a mass of formless earth and potsherds, with here and there a fragment of stonework, or an almost indistinguishable portion of an ancient wall.

Fortunately, however, there is a quantity of material available—paintings, inscriptions, documents, and objects by which we can reconstruct the life of this ancient city; and, after all, its main features, such as the Avenue of Sphinxes, the great temples, the quays, and so forth, still exist in great part, and the magnificent background of the desert hills, the verdant fields around, and the Nile itself, are all unchanged in general aspect.

Thebes stood mainly on the east bank of the river, some 450 miles above Memphis (near the modern Cairo) and about 140 miles below the First Cataract. Although it was in existence from a very remote period, its real history begins about 2100 B.C. when the Pharaohs of the eleventh dynasty reigned there in some magnificence, and the city is referred to in one inscription as being "like a splendid sea." The height of its power, however, was attained between the eighteenth and twenty-first dynasties, that is to say between 1550 B.C. and 950 B.C.—six hundred years of wonderful prosperity, during which time its fame and its wealth were the talk of the civilised world.

The name Thebes was given to it by the Greeks, who thus transformed the native Ta-apé; but the city was often called by the Egyptians Nu-Ammon, "The Town of Ammon," which name is rendered in the Bible as No-Ammon, or simply No. The Greeks identified Ammon with Zeus, and therefore called it "The Town of Zeus," or Diospolis, as well as Thebes. It is known by many other names in Egyptian inscriptions: "The Mysterious City," "The City of the Hidden Name," "The City of the Lord of Eternity," "The Mistress of Might," and so on. It was the centre of the worship of the god Ammon, who had once been a local deity of no great importance, but whose power increased with the rise of the city until he became identified with the ancient sun-god Ra, under the name Ammon-Ra, king of the gods, and was adored together with Mut, the mother-



RECONSTRUCTION OF THE GREAT TEMPLES AND SACRED ENCLOSURES AT KARNAK

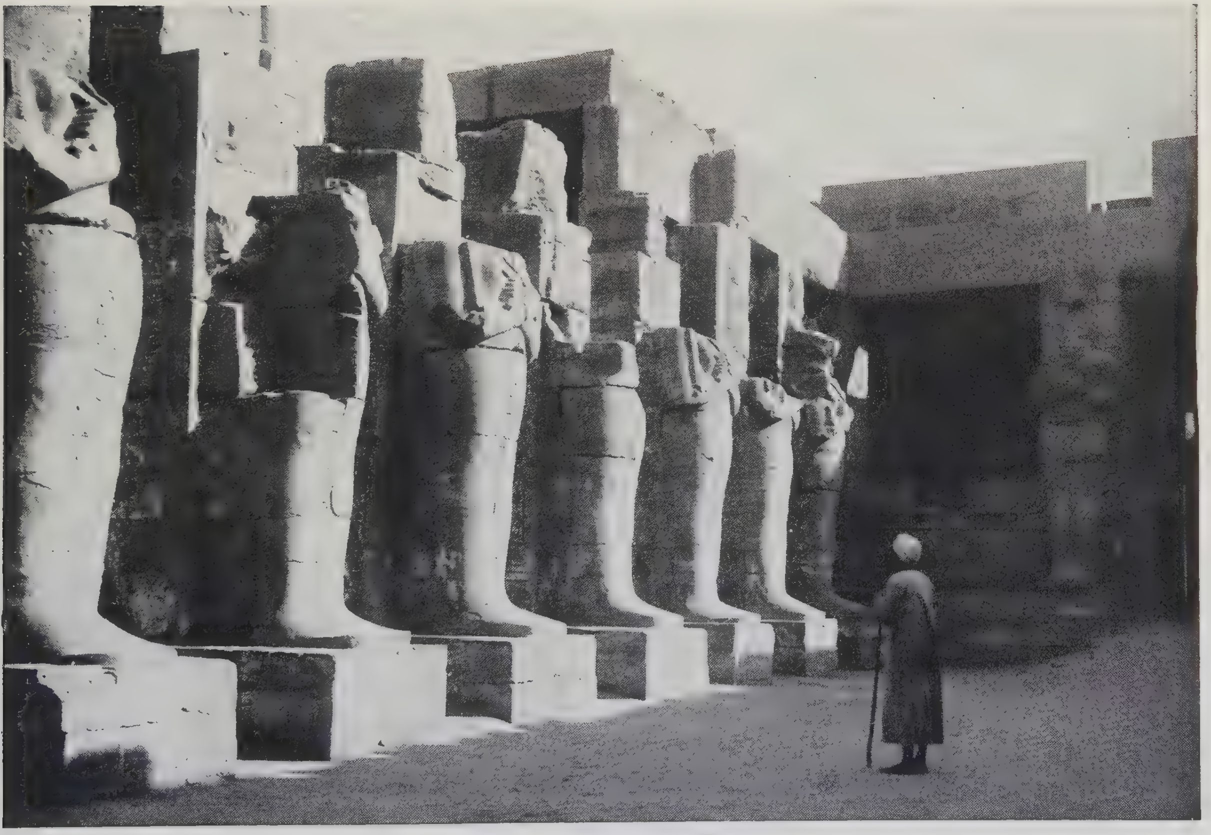
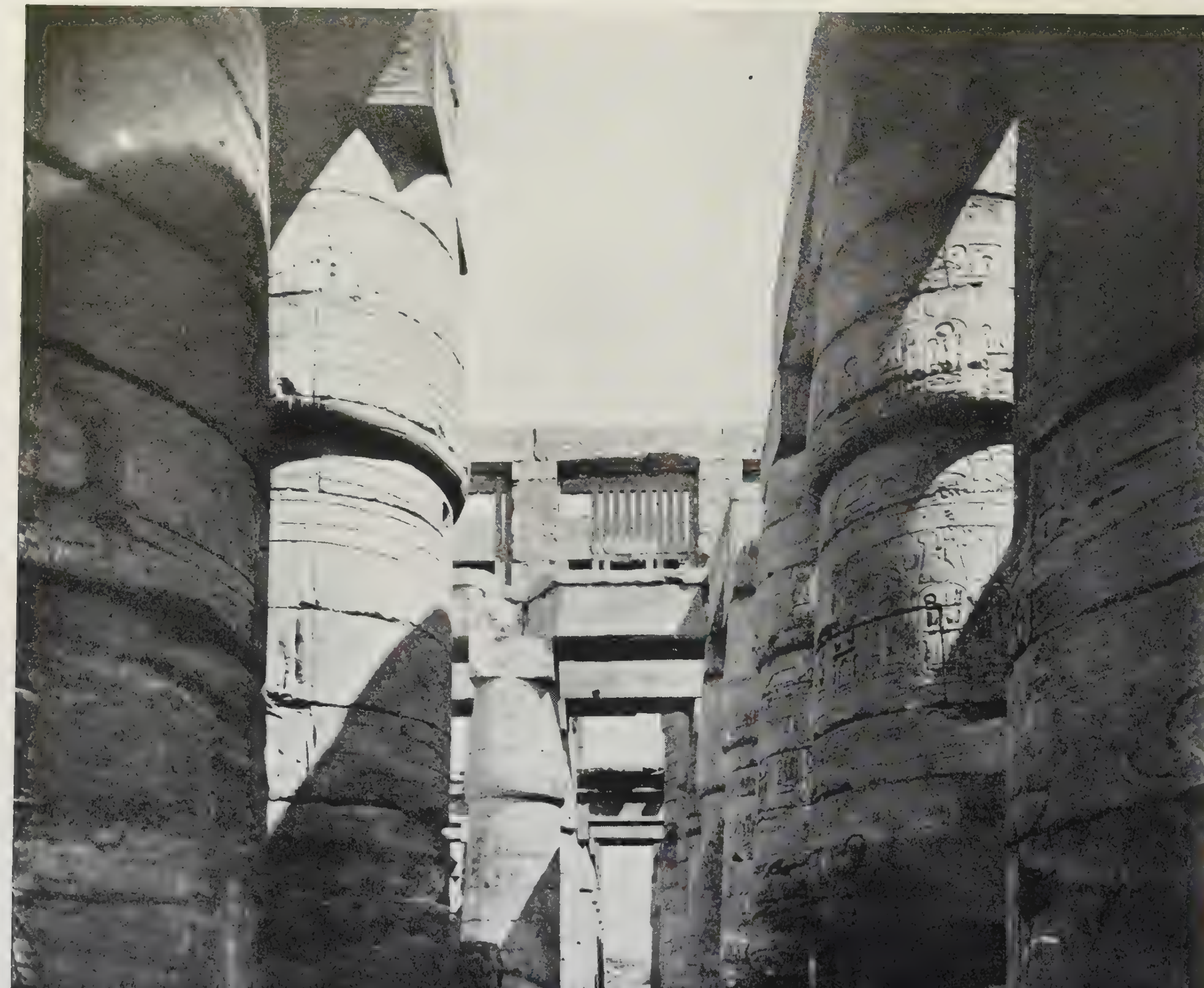


Photo by Donald McLeish.

COLOSSAL PILLARS IN THE COURT OF THE TEMPLE OF RAMESES III. AT KARNAK

Despite its relatively small size—it is only 170 feet in length—the Temple of Rameses III. at Karnak is probably the best extant example of a complete temple of a simple kind, having been constructed throughout on a harmonious plan. The photograph shows part of the open court beyond the pylon or gateway of the façade. This court is flanked with passages, the roofs of each of which are supported by eight massive Osiris pillars. The temple, dedicated to Ammon, was excavated in 1896–7 by M. Legrain.



LOOKING THROUGH THE PILLARED CATHEDRAL HALL OF KARNAK'S GREAT TEMPLE

For a hundred years three Pharaohs laboured to bring the Hypostyle Hall to perfection. According to Maspero, it was planned by Rameses I., while the building was finished by Seti I., and Rameses II. almost completed the decorations. Pharaohs of later dynasties endeavoured to share the glory of the three founders, but nearly three hundred years elapsed before the final pylon and colonnaded court were attempted. Revolts in Thebes hindered the efforts of the Ptolemies, the earthquake of 27 B.C. overthrew part of the temple, and the pylon was never completed.

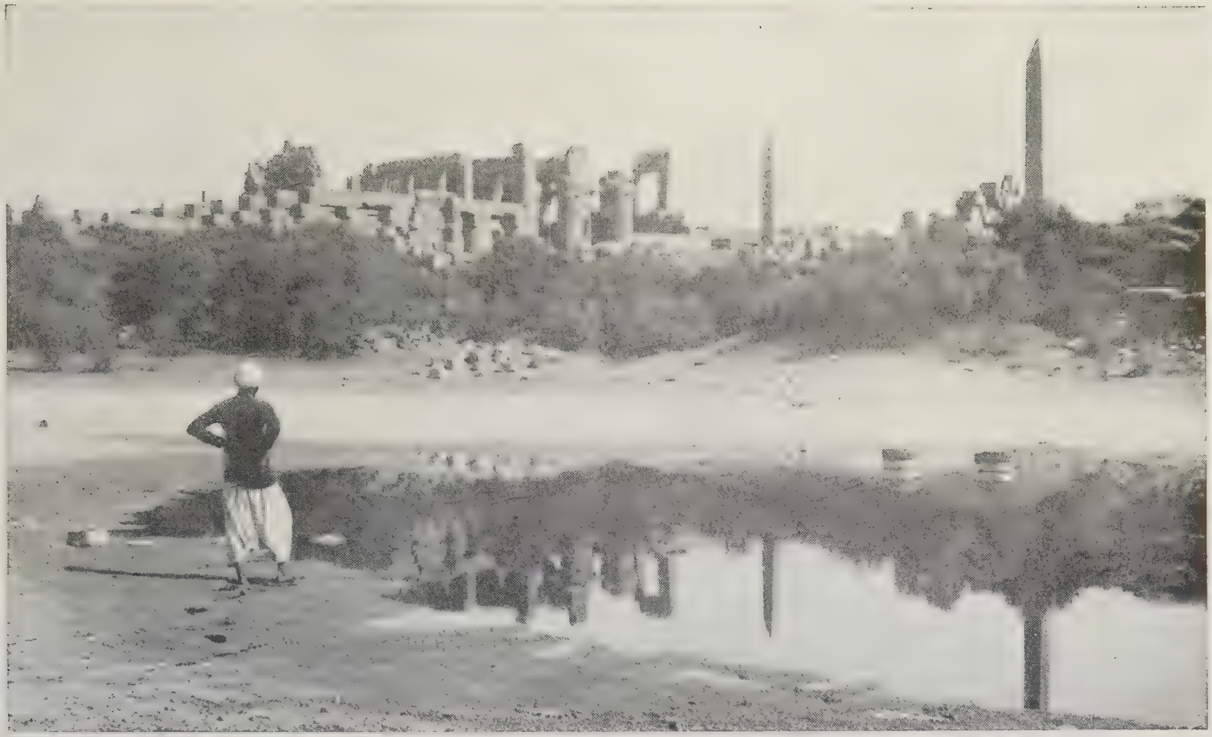
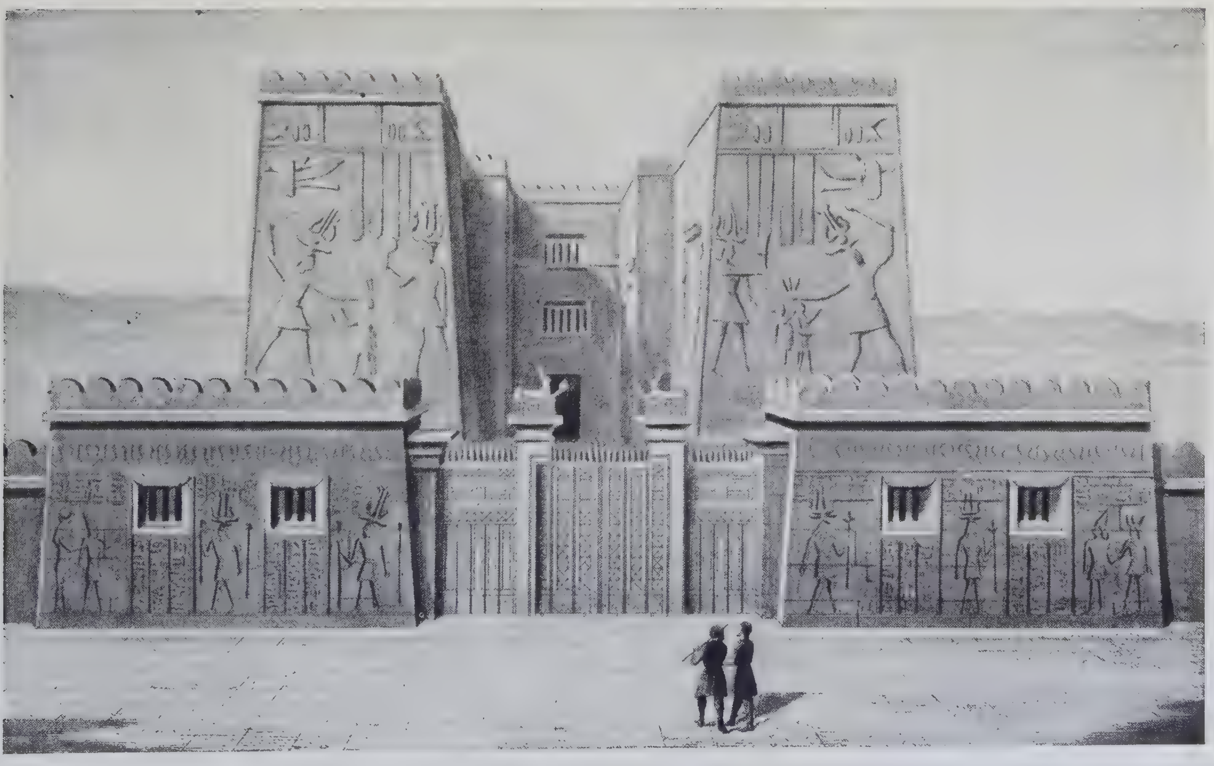


Photo by Donald McLeish.

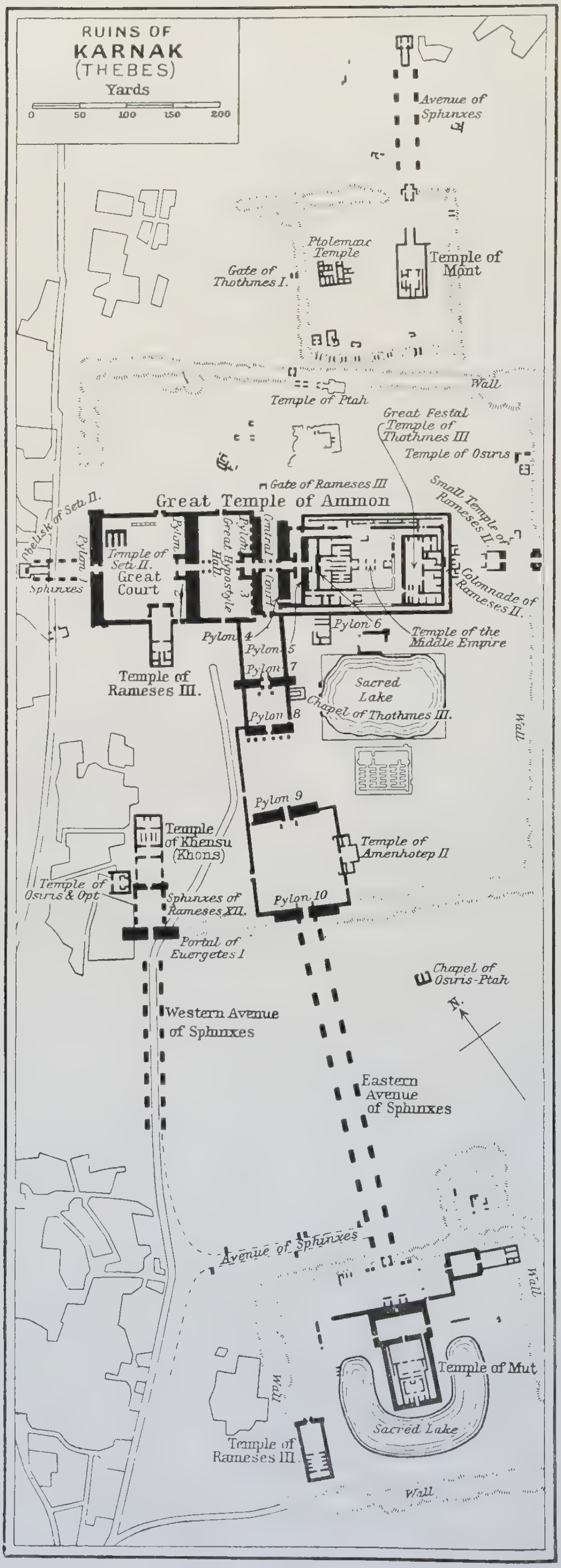
RUINS OF THE GREAT TEMPLE OF AMMON SEEN FROM THE SACRED LAKE

First built on a large scale by kings of the twelfth dynasty, and altered and embellished by later monarchs down to the Ptolemies, the Temple of Ammon at Karnak was Egypt's greatest sanctuary. Its Hypostyle Hall, its Temple of Thothmes III., its great court, massive pylons, fine colonnades and sculptures awake our wonder still. On the sacred lake once floated the boats of the gods, and across it at night-time, once a year—according to a tradition favoured by the fellahîn—may be seen passing a ghostly golden dahabiyeh.

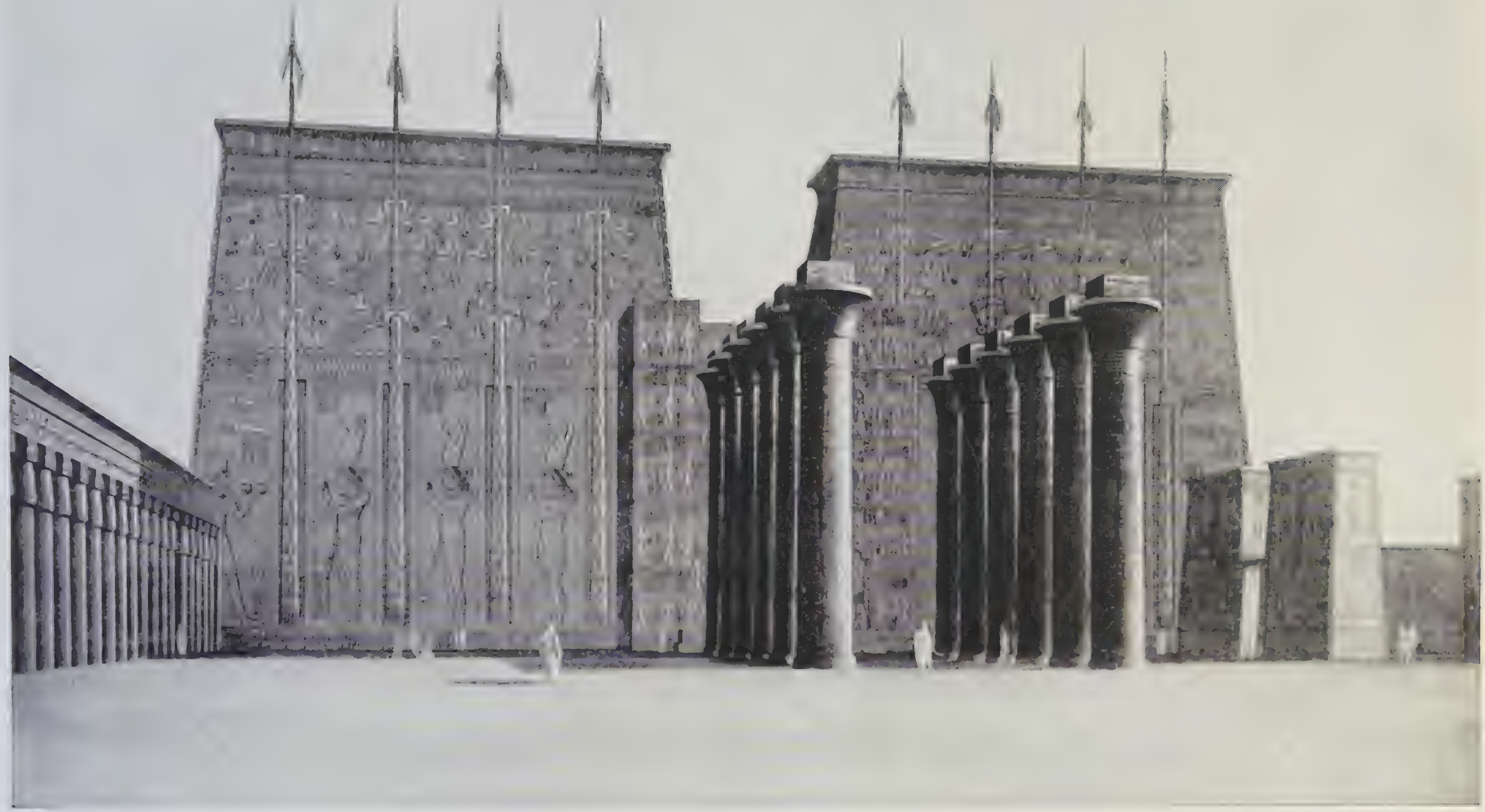


RESTORATION OF THE "PAVILION" OF THE TEMPLE OF RAMESES III. AT MEDINET HABU

The so-called "Pavilion" in the outer wall of the temple, and forming the entrance thereto, represents an attempt to reproduce a fortress of the kind made familiar to Egyptians in their campaigns in North Syria. Flanked by two small guard chambers, it is built of hewn stone, and its towers, about 26 feet wide, were originally about 72 feet in height. On the façades of the towers Rameses is shown smiting his foes. The reproduction is from a design by Charles Chipiez.



PLAN OF THE RUINS OF KARNAK



IN THE DAYS OF THEBAN SPLENDOUR: WITHIN THE FIRST PYLON OF THE TEMPLE OF AMMON AT KARNAK

Restoration, looking from the Great Court of the interior, of the first pylon of the Great Temple of Ammon. The walls, 49 feet in thickness, rise over 142 feet, and one pylon, which is 370 feet wide, dates from the time of the Ptolemies. The Great Court, built by the kings of the twenty-second dynasty, is 275 feet in length and 338 feet wide, with an area of 9,755 square yards. On each side is a covered corridor, and down the centre a double line of columns, of which only one remains.

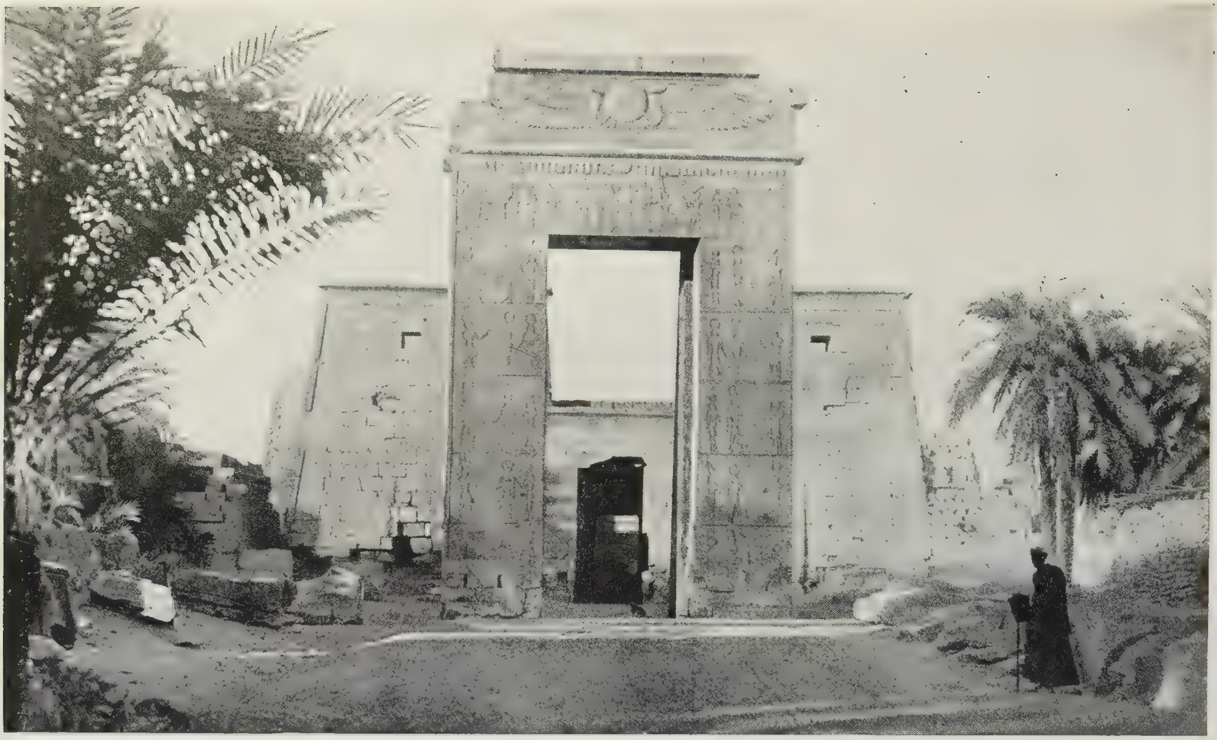


Photo from W. M. Flinders Petrie.

PYLON OF THE TEMPLE OF THE THEBAN MOON-GOD KHENSU

Begun by Rameses III., finished by later hands, and remaining, like the Temple of Rameses III., a fine example of its kind, the Temple of Khensu (or Khons), at Karnak, is entered by the large pylon shown in the photograph, a gateway 104 feet in length, 33 feet in breadth, and 60 feet in height, with pictorial reliefs on the towers. In this temple, where the moon-god's sacred barque was preserved, were found a famous stela, the Possessed Princess, and a picture of the rite of circumcision.

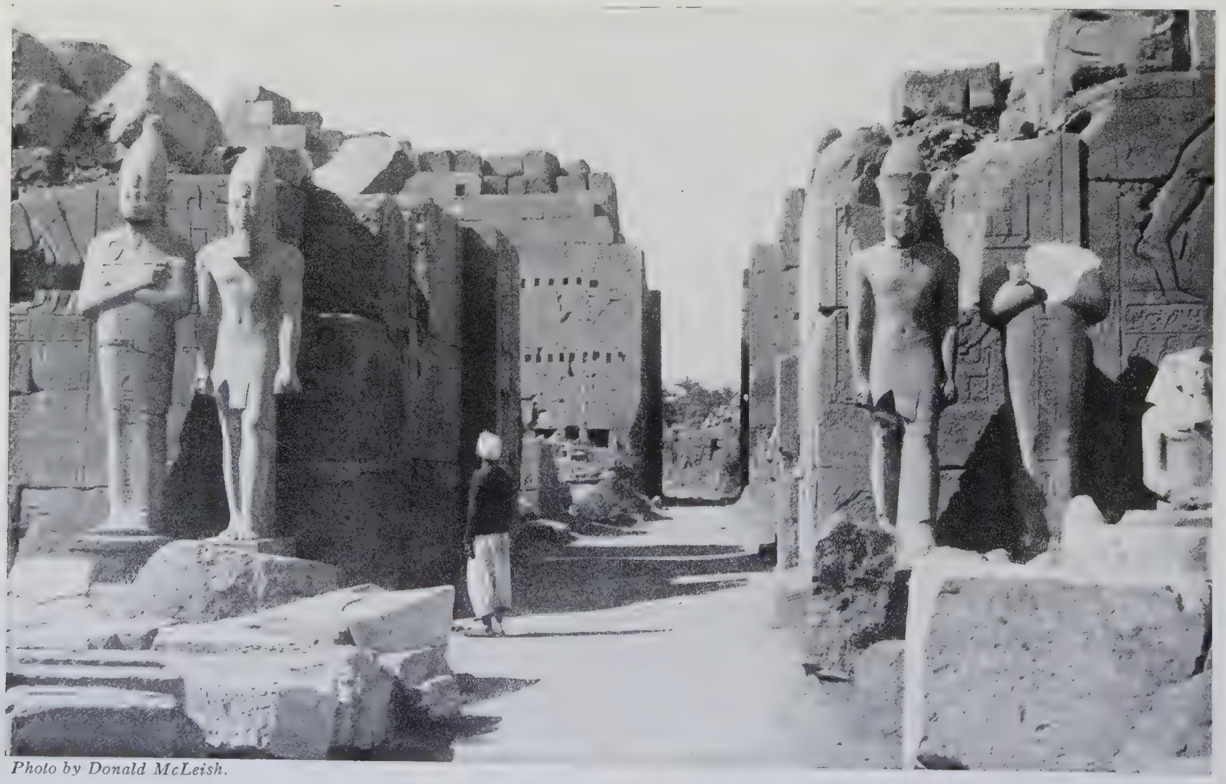


Photo by Donald McLeish.

MEMORIALS OF THOTHMES III., GREATEST OF THE EGYPTIAN MILITARY KINGS

The statues on the left of this corner near the seventh pylon of the Great Temple of Ammon at Karnak, represent Thothmes III. and the god Osiris. On the right we see the same Pharaoh wearing the double crown. Beside him are a headless statue of Osiris, and a seated figure of a king of the Middle Empire. During the reign of Thothmes III., whose military triumphs are recounted on the walls of his splendid temple and memorised even on scarabs, Egypt "placed its frontier where it pleased."

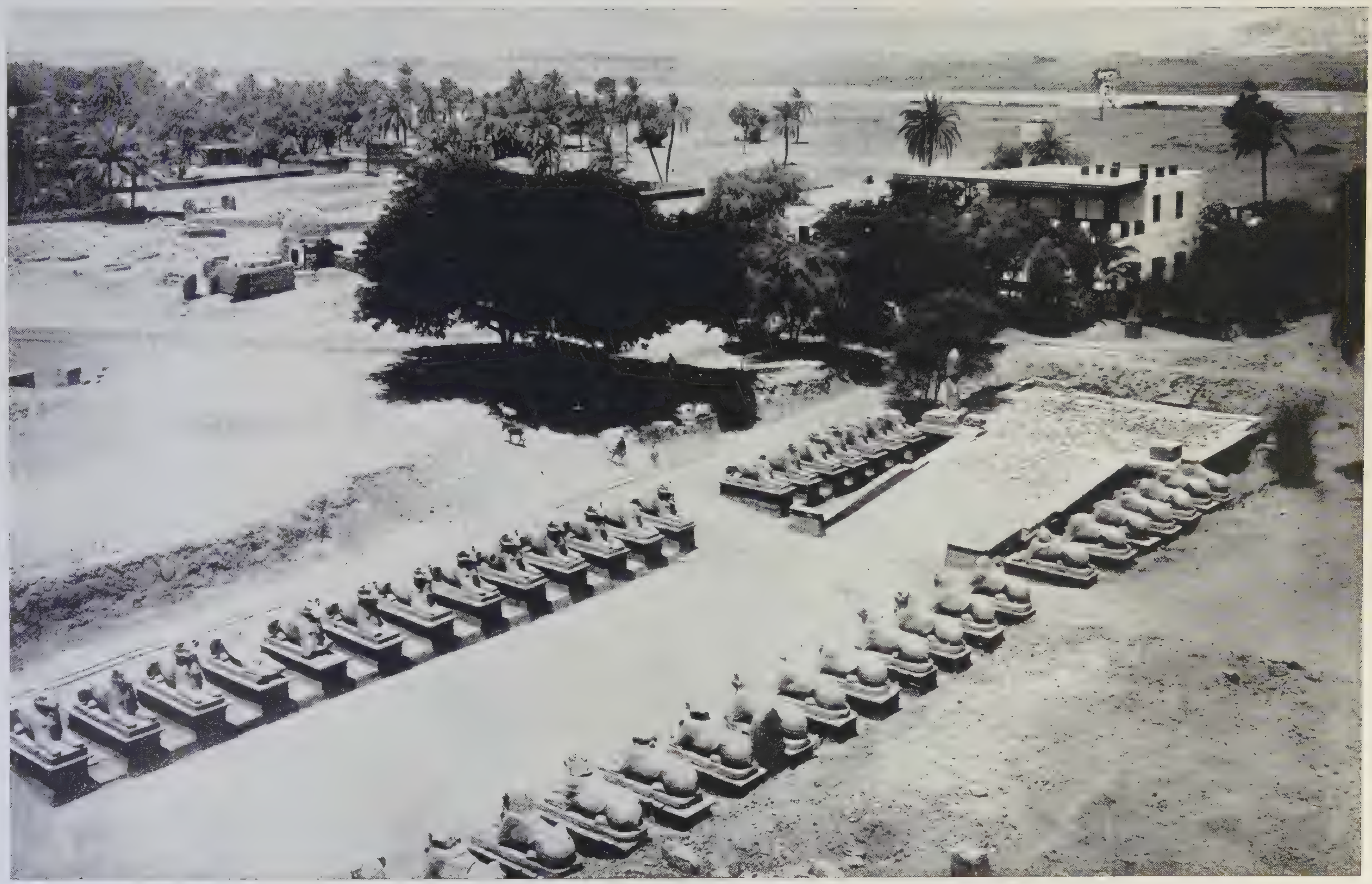


Photo by Gaddis & Seif.

ONE OF THE SPHINX-LINED CEREMONIAL AVENUES OF THE GREAT TEMPLE AT KARNAK

Among the products of the royal workshops at Karnak, whence came official portraits of the Pharaohs, were some remarkable sphinxes, some shaped like kneeling rams (krio-sphinxes), some like human-headed lions (andro-sphinxes). They were fashioned to line the ceremonial pathways of the temples. One such avenue led from the Temple of Khensu to the Temple of Luxor, between the fore-legs of the sphinxes being small figures of Amenhotep III. That shown on this page leads from Karnak to the ancient river-quay, and is about 200 feet in length. The view is taken from the first or north pylon of the Great Temple of Ammon. In former times the Nile took a more easterly course, and ran under the house seen in the photograph.

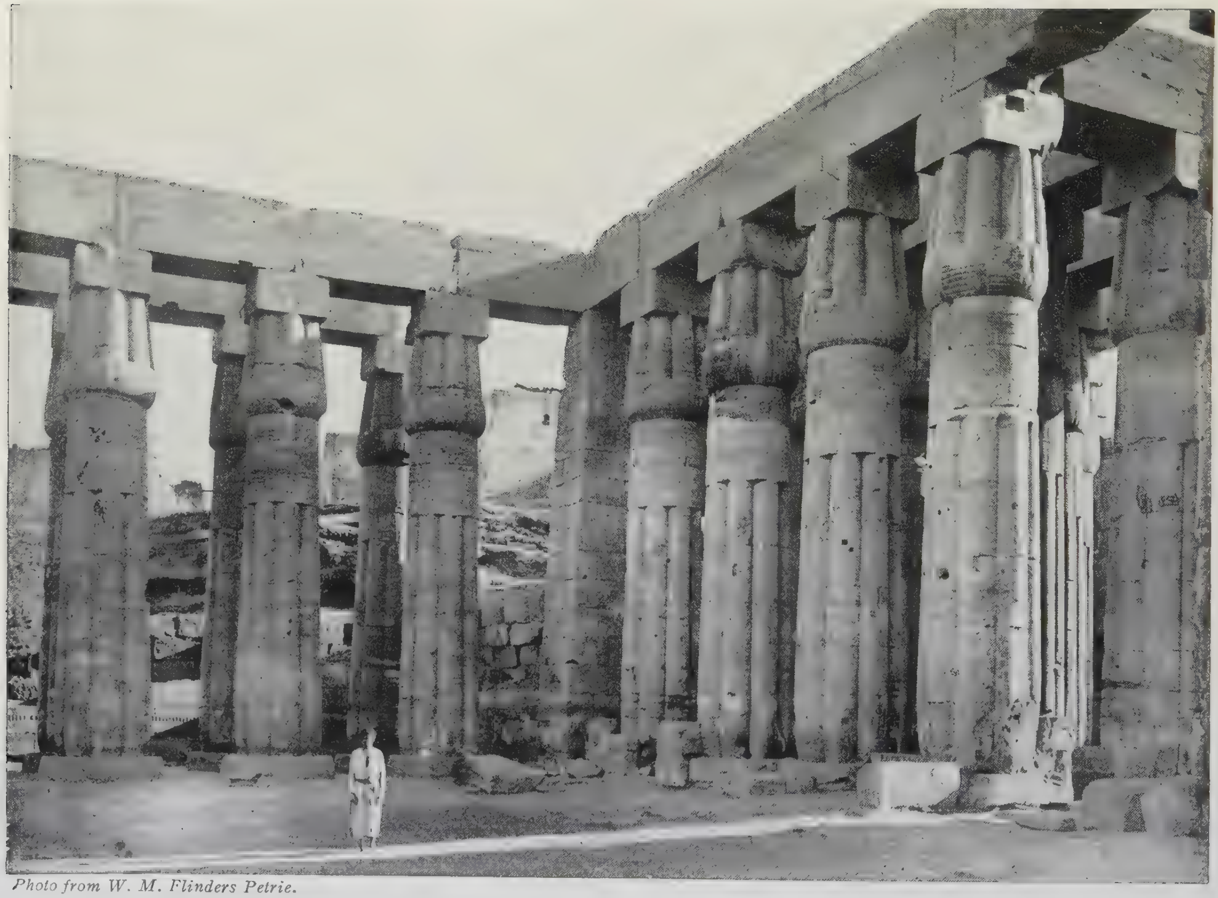


Photo from W. M. Flinders Petrie.

PAPYRUS-BUD PILLARS OF THE TEMPLE OF AMENHOTEP III. AT LUXOR

Unlike some other wonders of the past in Egypt, the ruins of the Temple of Amenhotep III. known familiarly as the Temple of Luxor, are devoid of darkness. Its magnificent columns, now full of air and sunlight, front the busy Nile, while behind ebbs and flows the varied life of the modern village. Children play and pigeons fly around them, and Christian and Moslem—hard by the very court of Ramese II., is a mosque—pursue their religious observances where, some fifteen hundred years before Christ, the people of Thebes paid homage to Ammon Ra and Mut, and their son Khensu.

goddess, and Khensu (sometimes spelt Khons or Khonsu), the god of the moon, these three forming the great Theban Trinity.

After 950 B.C. its power declined, and in 661 B.C. the city was destroyed by the conquering Assyrians, a catastrophe to which the prophet Nahum refers in his warning to Nineveh: "Art thou better than populous No, that was situate among the rivers, that had the waters round about it, whose rampart was the sea (river?), and her wall was from the sea? Ethiopia and Egypt were her strength, and it was infinite; Put and Lubim were thy helpers. Yet was she carried away, she went into captivity: her young children also were dashed in pieces at the top of all the streets: and they cast lots for her honourable men, and all her great men were bound in chains."

The city was rebuilt after this disaster, but in 525 B.C. it was again destroyed, this time by Cambyses; and though later Egyptian kings of the Ptolemaic dynasty restored its temples and carried out great building works, the place was never again of first-rate importance. Let us here, however, try to picture it as it was in the height of its power, somewhere about 1250 B.C., when Rameses II. sat upon the Egyptian throne.

In imagination let us take our stand upon the roof of some tower in the midst of the city, and turn towards the rising sun in the east. Looking across the housetops, our backs being towards the river, we see the open fields stretched out for many a mile; and in the distance there are the peaks of the three desert hills which are a landmark to all travellers who approach the metropolis from the north or south.

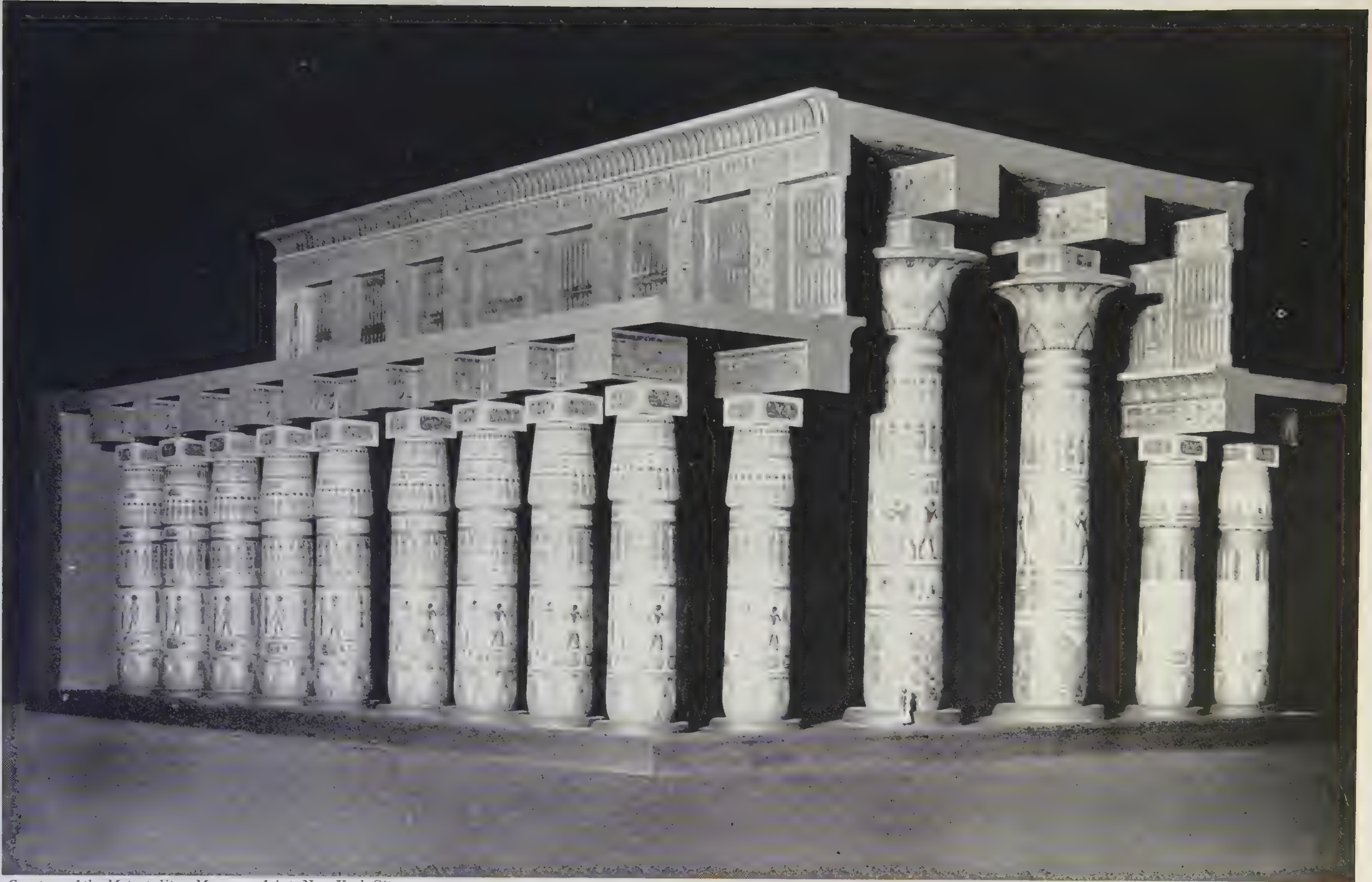
Turning now to look westward, we see the great Temple of Ammon, erected already a hundred and fifty years ago by Amenhotep III., on the edge of the river, the main building being at the south end, the open, sun-bathed courtyard, surrounded by a colonnade of pillars, linking it to the court and pylons lately built by Rameses II. at the north end. Beside this mighty temple are the quays where the river-craft, with their tall masts, lie moored; and across the wide stretch of the waters of the Nile there are again open fields and palmgroves, among which the white villas of the wealthy and the drab-coloured houses and huts of the peasants are scattered. Behind these again is the desert necropolis at the foot of the magnificent hills which are dedicated to the goddess of Hathor, who each evening, to use the figurative language of mythology, receives the setting sun into her bosom.

These hills tower up opposite the city like a rugged wall of gold in the sunshine, but to the north and south they pass into the distance in lower undulations, carrying the eye into the eternal mystery of the desert. At about the middle of the main range there is a great wall of cliffs, and at the foot of these the white terraces of the temple built by Queen Hatshepsut nearly three centuries earlier, can plainly be seen rising above the intervening trees and fields; while beside it is the ancient temple of the Pharaoh Nebhapetra-Mentuhotep, already 800 years old in the time of Rameses II.

Out of sight, on the far side of these cliffs, lies the lonely Valley of the Tombs of the Kings, where the Pharaohs are buried. A little to the south rises a hill which is honeycombed with the rock-cut mortuary chapels and tombs of the nobles of Thebes who have been buried there for the last six hundred years and more; and near its foot is the great temple just built in honour of the reigning Pharaoh, Rameses II. Farther south stands the mortuary-temple of Amenhotep III., 150 years old, its gateway guarded by two great colossi; and to the south of this again are the temples of Amenhotep I. and Thothmes I., erected more than 300 years ago, and the ruined palace of Amenhotep III., where he once lived in splendour with his beautiful queen, Tiyi.

As our eyes sweep in imagination along this desert necropolis, we see various smaller temples built by the different Pharaohs of the past. A little to the north of Hatshepsut's temple, but on the edge of the fields, is the temple of her brother, Thothmes III., the great warrior Pharaoh, whose memory is greatly revered; and to the north of this again is the temple erected by Seti I., the father of Rameses II.

It is a magnificent prospect, this range of great buildings, backed by the splendid hills of the desert; but directing our eyes across the river to the city once more, we gaze with equal wonder, over the noisy streets and flat-roofed houses of Thebes, northwards to the huge temples of Karnak, where the god Ammon has his chief centre of worship. Here white pylons and obelisks of



Courtesy of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York City.

RECONSTRUCTION OF THE GREAT HYPOSTYLE HALL IN THE TEMPLE OF AMMON AT KARNAK

One of the wonders of the world, the Great Hypostyle Hall measures 170 feet by 338 feet. Its twelve central roof-supporting clustered papyrus columns, with calyx capitals, are 80 feet in height, 11½ feet in diameter, and 33 feet in circumference. The additional 122 smaller columns, also in a reddish sandstone, have bud capitals, and are 42½ feet in height and 27½ feet in circumference. This great cathedral-like structure, 5,450 square yards in area, is divided into nave and aisles, the knave being subdivided into three aisles. The walls and columns are covered with coloured inscriptions and reliefs **From its stone-barred windows was derived the Arab name of Karnak (window).**

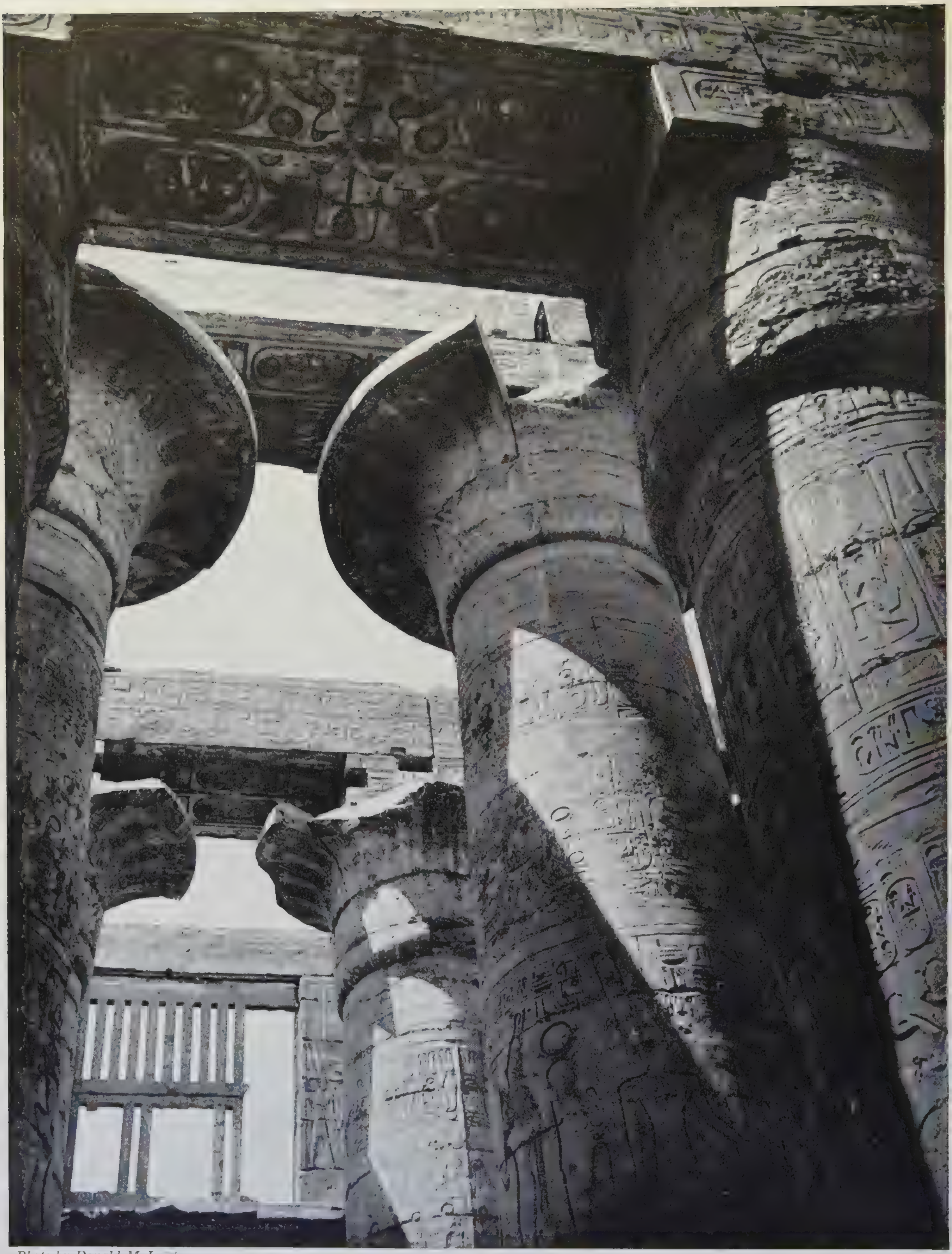
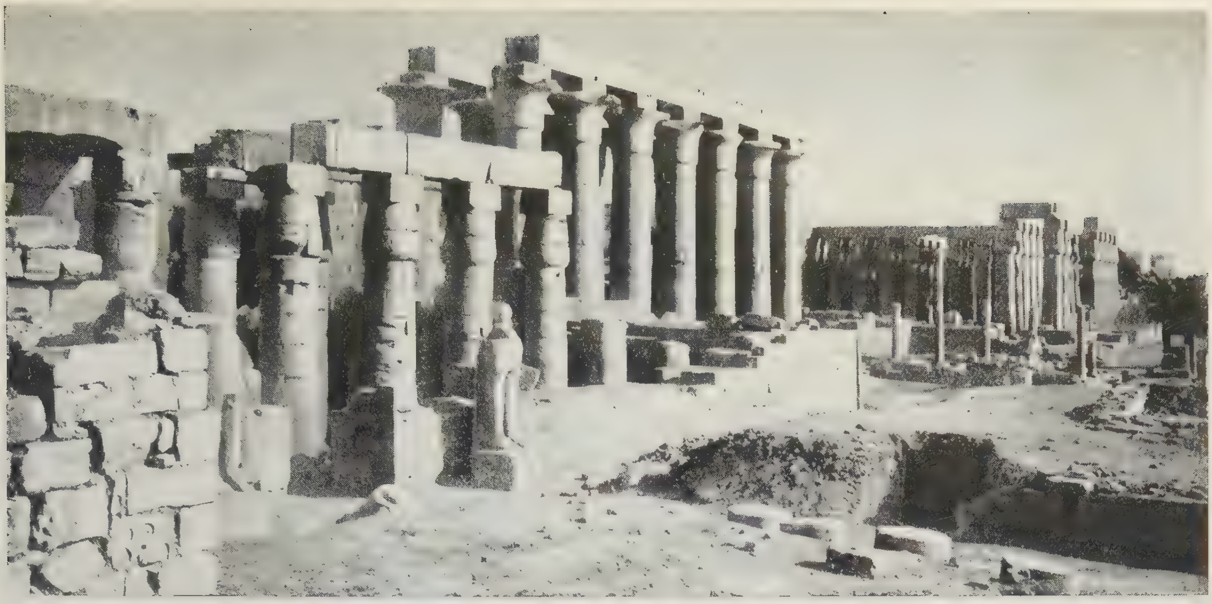


Photo by Donald McLeish.

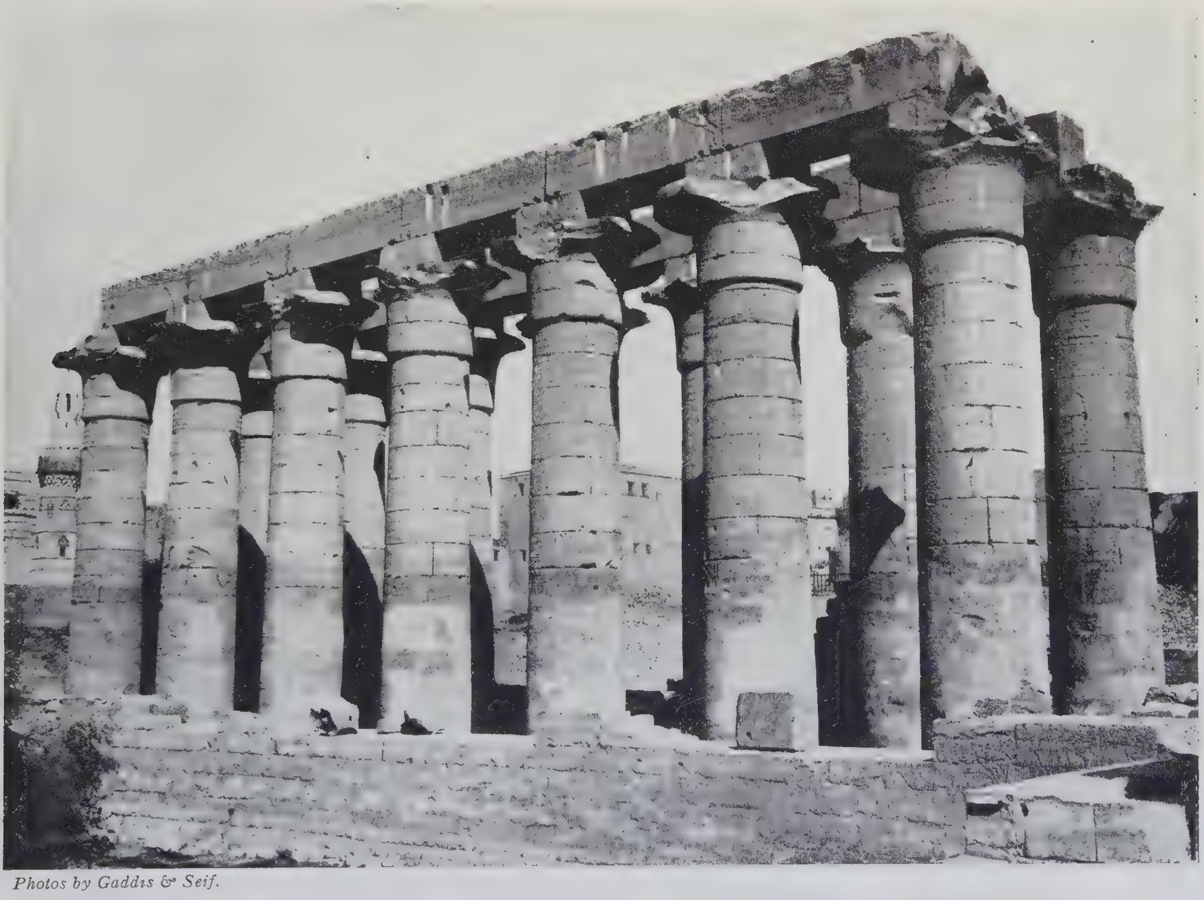
UPPER VIEW OF THE MASSIVE CENTRAL COLUMNS OF THE GREAT HYPOSTYLE HALL

This photograph gives a closer view of the wonderful calyx capitals, 11 feet in height, that adorn the massive central columns of the Great Hypostyle Hall, which stands between the second pylon (of Rameses I.) and the third pylon (of Amenhotep III.) in the Temple of Ammon at Karnak. The massive character of the central columns, many of the reliefs on which retain their colouring, may be best expressed by the fact that it requires six men standing with outstretched arms to span any one of them.



TEMPLE OF LUXOR: THE WORK OF THREE GREAT PHARAOHS

Founded by Amenhotep III. and dedicated to the god Ammon, his wife, Mut, and their son, the moon-god Khensu, the temple at Luxor owes the irregularity of its later sections to the bend of the Nile. Rameses II. built the great court, pyramidal towers, obelisks, and statues; Tutankhamen completed the Hypostyle Hall and decorated the walls. The photograph shows, in the distance, forecourt of Amenhotep III., in centre, the part built by Tutankhamen, and in the foreground the work of Rameses II.



Photos by Gaddis & Seif.

COLONNADE OF THE TEMPLE AT LUXOR, BUILT AND DECORATED BY TUTANKHAMEN

The colonnade of the Temple of Amenhotep III., at Luxor is supposed to have been built to form part of a great hypostyle hall. The walls on each side were decorated by Tutankhamen with scenes representing the first festival to Ammon, after the return of the Court to Thebes from Tell-el-Amarna, when the sacred barques of the gods were brought along the Nile to the temple at Luxor. The procession was represented in interesting detail, but much of the relief work perished with the upper part of the walls.

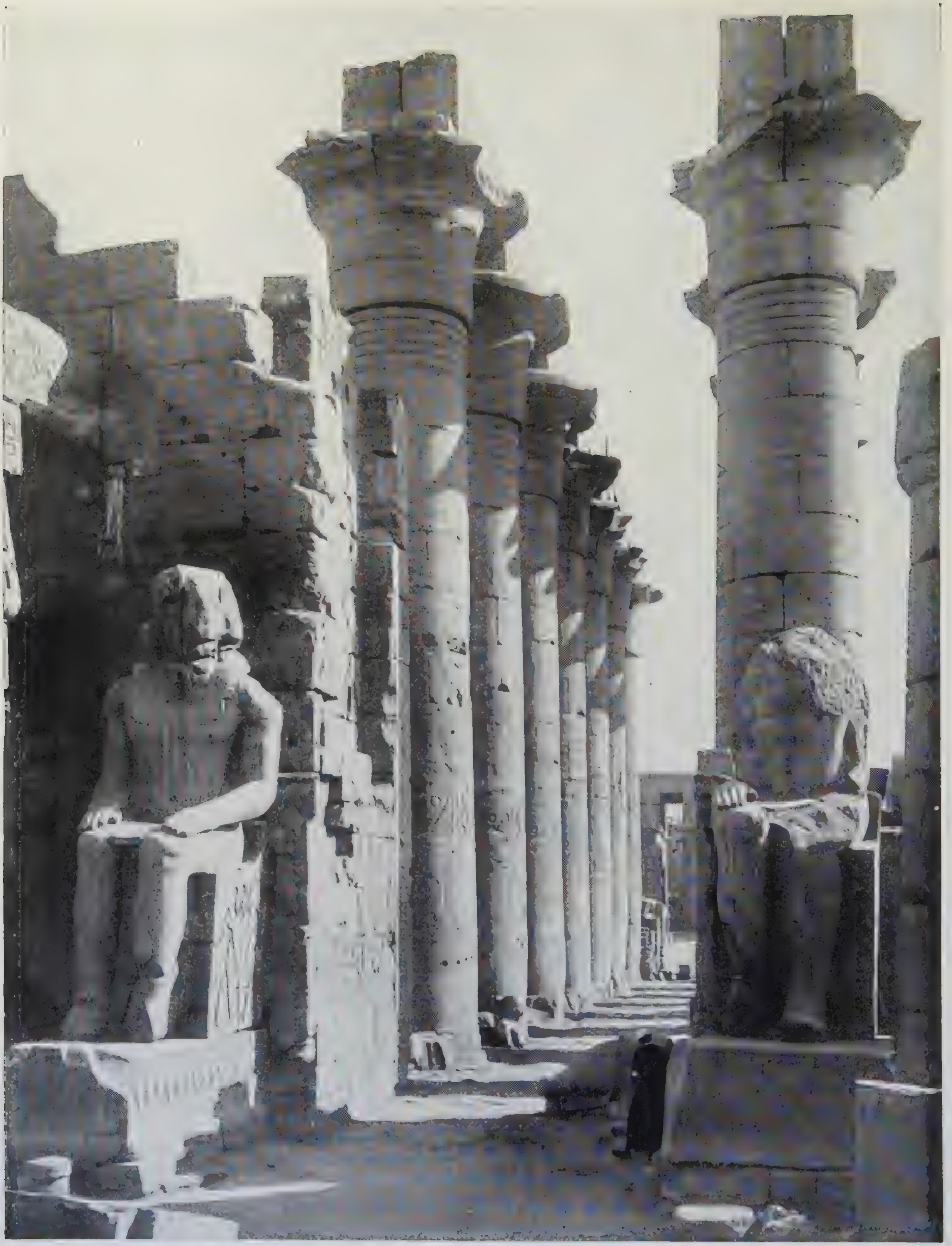


Photo by Donald McLeish.

ANOTHER VIEW OF THE SPLENDID COLONNADE IN THE LUXOR TEMPLE

It is described as the most beautiful group of columns in Egypt. What must it have been when first completed, its lovely contours glowing with colour under the tropic sky, framed with verdure and waving palms, fresh from the hands of architect and artist. The seven pairs of columns are about 52 feet in height, and at each side are colossal seated figures of Rameses II. After the introduction of Christianity, the temple, about 284 yards in length when completed, was converted into a church.

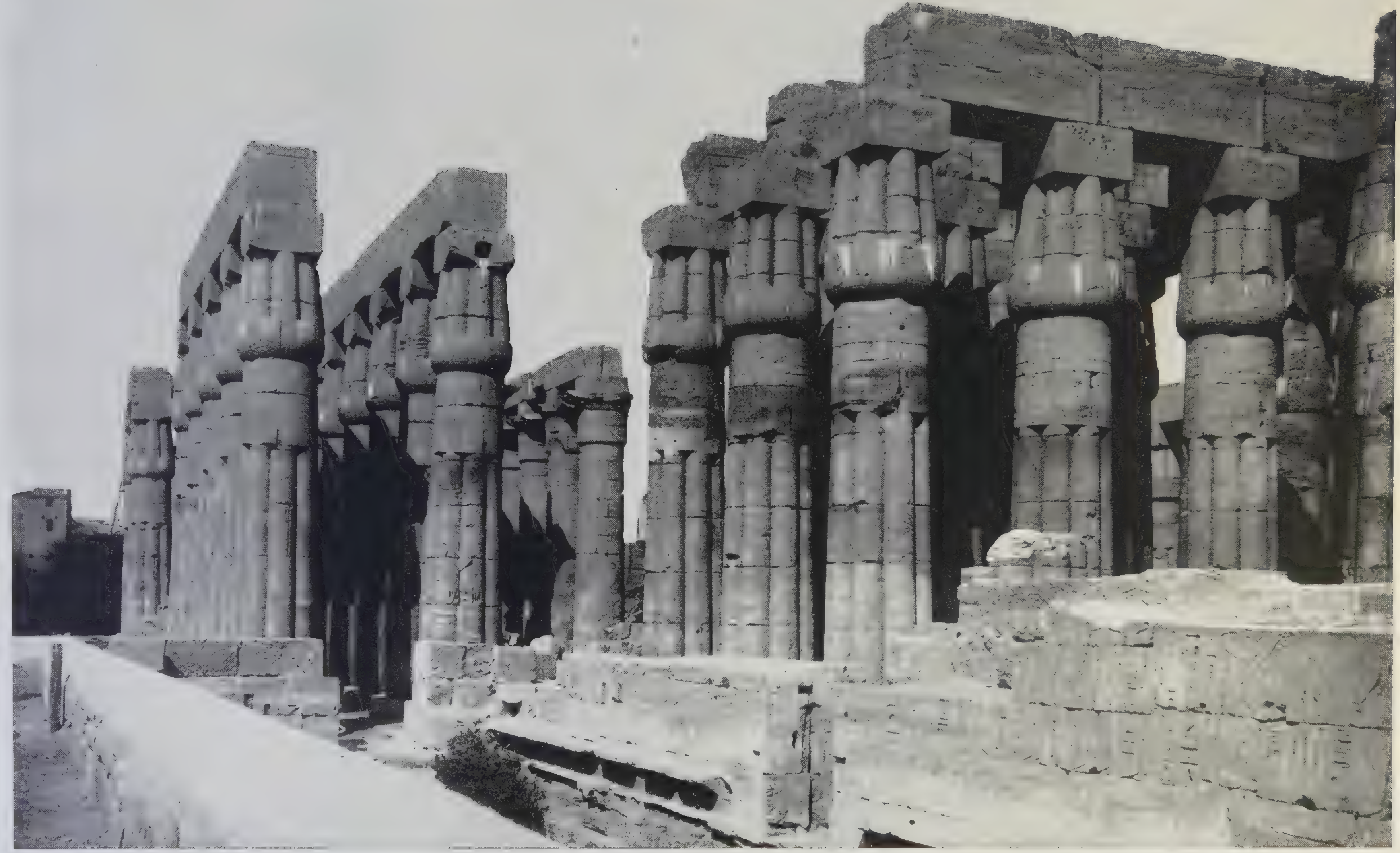


Photo by Gaddis & Seif.

GREAT FORECOURT OF THE TEMPLE OF AMENHOTEP III. AT LUXOR, LOOKING NORTH-EAST

Measuring about 185 feet in length and 167 feet in breadth the Great Court of Rameses II., which lies within the pylon of the Temple of Amenhotep III., was surrounded by a double row of pillars. These pillars, to the total number of 74, are in the form known as papyrus columns, with smooth shafts and bud capitals. Raised above the ground level within the court is a chapel, built by Thothmes III., and restored by Rameses II., and containing three chambers dedicated respectively to Ammon, Mut, and Khensu. The walls of the court are covered with inscriptions and reliefs, and in the southern side are standing statues of Rameses II. averaging 23 feet in height, one in black and the others in red granite.

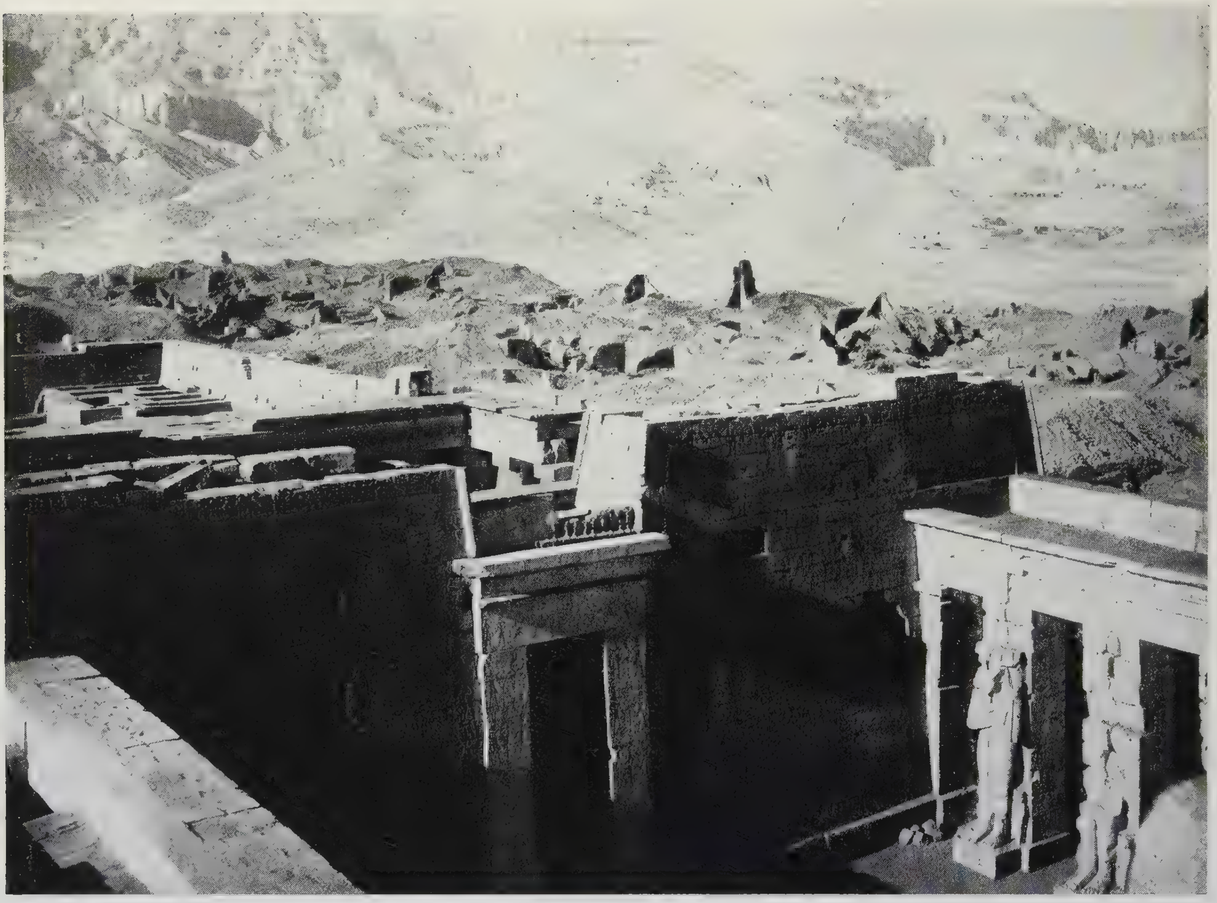


Photo from W. M. Flinders Petrie.

SECOND PYLON OF THE MAIN TEMPLE OF RAMESES III. AT MEDINET HABU

Dedicated to Ammon and planned like the Ramesseum, the main Temple of Rameses III. at Medinet Habu is part of the temple group of the Theban necropolis. The pylon or towered gateway shown in the photograph is remarkable for its inscriptions and sculptures. On the left tower the king is depicted leading before Ammon and Mut three rows of prisoners (Philistines), taken in a campaign of the eighth year of his reign, the successful issue of which is chronicled in the inscriptions on the companion tower.

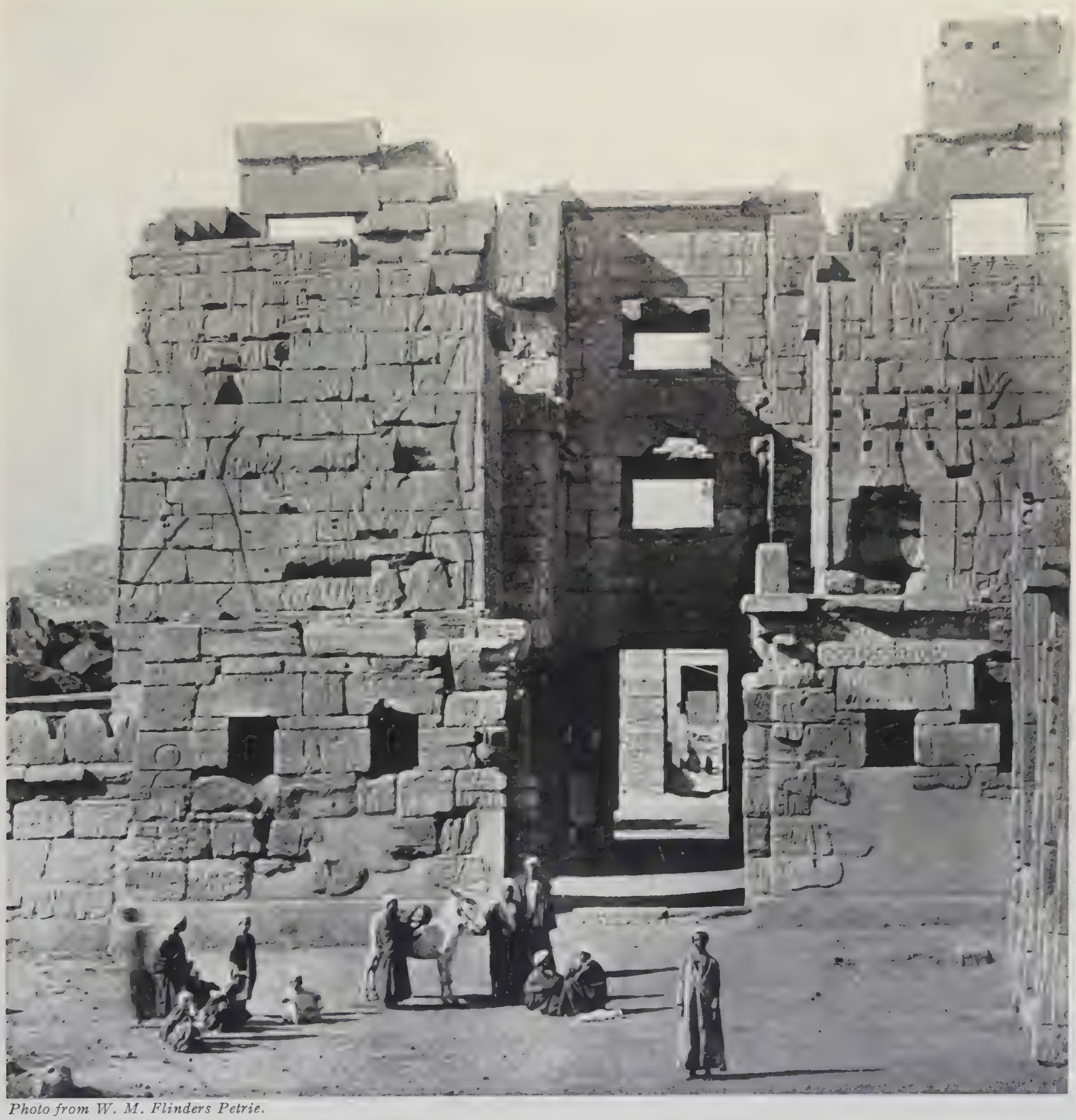


Photo from W. M. Flinders Petrie.

"PAVILION" OF THE TEMPLE OF RAMESES III. AS IT IS TO-DAY

The "Pavilion" serves as a memorial of the triumphant campaigns of Rameses III. and of the twenty-one years of peace which followed his victories over the Libyans and invading barbarians, for it was during this peace that the temple at Medinet Habu was constructed. The pictures on the façades of the towers show Rameses smiting his Nubian and Libyan foes before Ammon-Ra, and seven fettered princes representing the conquered peoples.

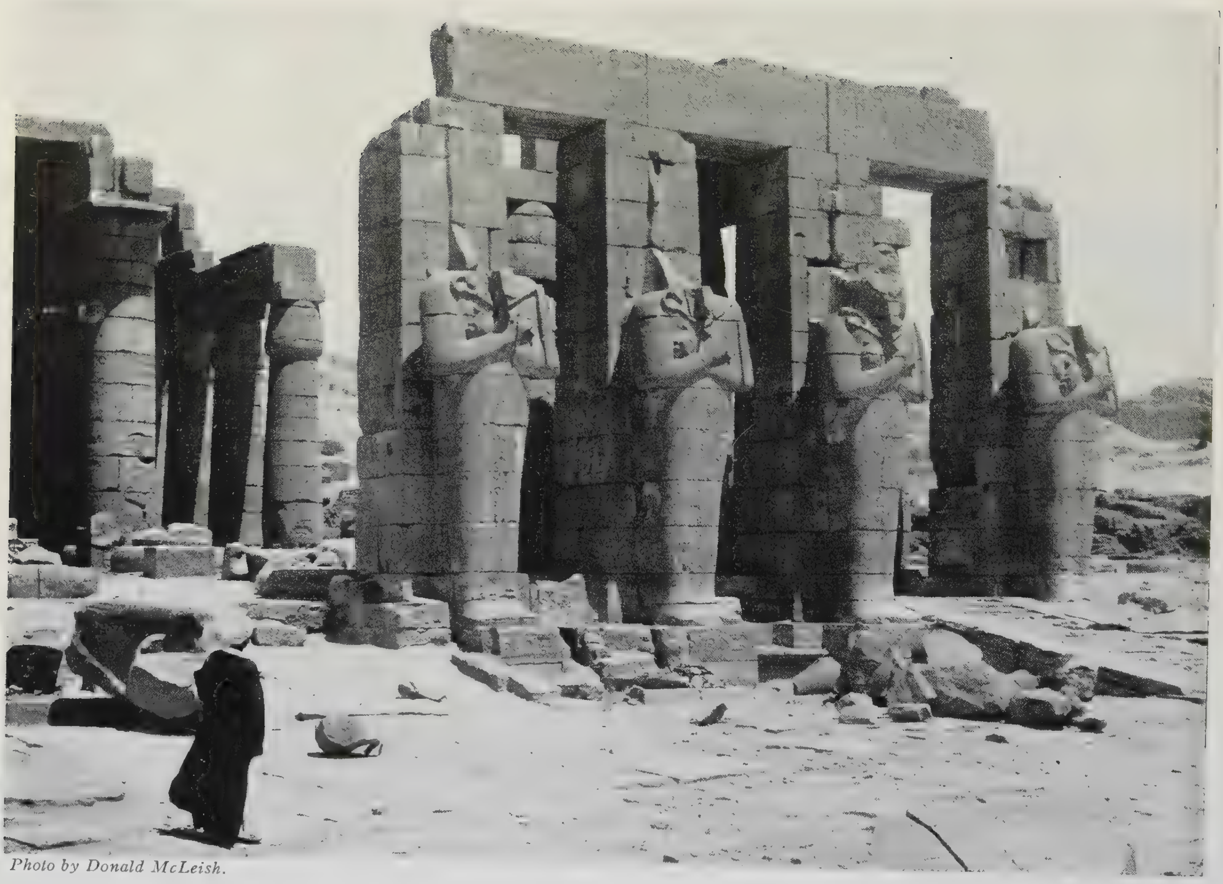


Photo by Donald McLeish.

HEADLESS STATUES IN THE MORTUARY CHAPEL OF RAMESES II. AT THEBES

Of the Ramesseum, or mortuary chapel of Rameses II., at Thebes, only about one-half remains. On the four sides of the second court were colonnades, partly of papyrus-bud columns, partly of square pillars with statues of the god Osiris. The figures of Osiris, which also represent Rameses II., are mostly headless. On the shafts of the columns and the sides of the pillars are represented the monarch, the most celebrated of the Egyptian kings, and one of the greatest of temple builders, sacrificing to the gods.

pink granite rise into the blue of the sky, and the huge Hypostyle Hall, recently finished by Rameses II., can be seen towering above the more ancient part of the temple. A little to the south of the main buildings is the temple of Mut, the mother-goddess, with its gardens and beautiful artificial lake; and to the west is a little shrine of Khensu (the moon) which presently will be rebuilt on a larger scale.

Now let us descend from our imaginary tower and look at some of these buildings more closely. The Temple of Amenhotep III. (known to the modern visitor as the Temple of Luxor) first commands our attention by its size and beauty, and we approach it by the broad Avenue of Sphinxes which runs from here all the way to Karnak, like a great boulevard bisecting the city. Beautiful gardens have recently been planted in front of the new pylons of the temple; and the colour of the flowers, the red and white pennants fluttering from the tall flagstaffs which stand on either side of the doorway, the gold-capped obelisks of pink granite, and the vivid paintings on the white walls of the building itself, combine to create a picture of extreme brilliance. The huge doorway of the temple is plated with electrum and studded with gold, and through it we enter the forecourt, surrounded by richly painted pillars, between which stand huge statues of Rameses as though stepping out into the sunshine from the shadow of the magnificent colonnade.

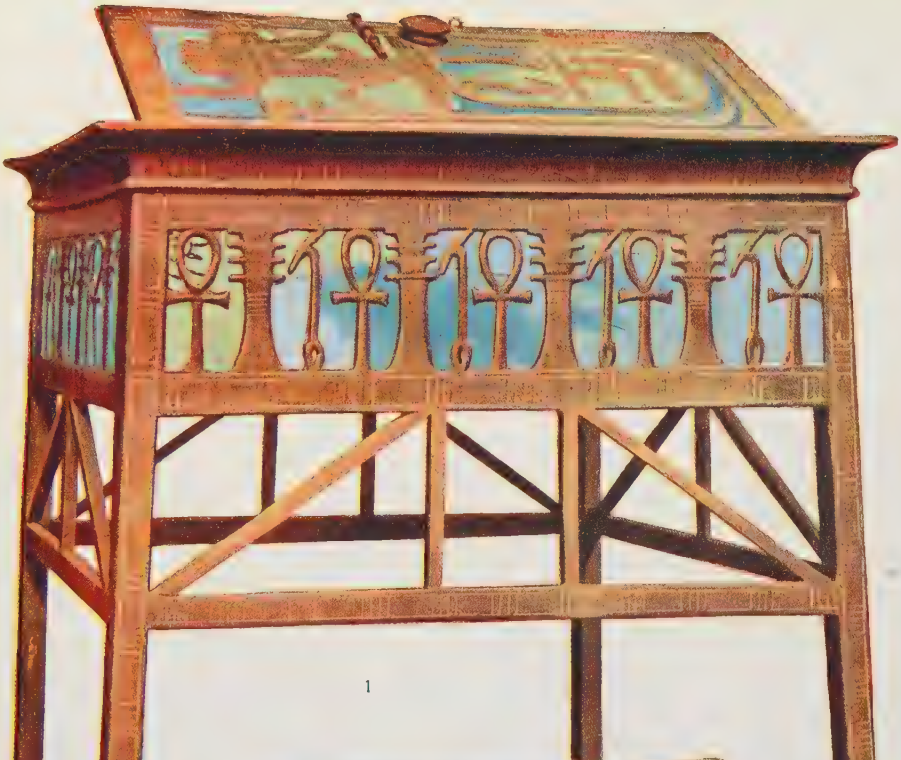
Thence we pass into the great hall built by Tutankhamen a century ago, and finished by Horemheb, on the walls of which are painted and sculptured scenes representing a festival of the god Ammon, and showing the procession which passed on that occasion between this temple and Karnak. So we come to the large forecourt built by Amenhotep III., the pavement of which is partly covered with sheets of silver; and beyond it, approached through a forest of pillars, is the main temple, only open to the priests, where, in a superb shrine, the golden ark of Ammon rests.

We leave the temple and walk out on to the embankment facing the Nile. This is paved with stone, and there are flights of stone steps leading down to the water. Here great river-going vessels are moored, some with richly-decorated cabins built on their decks, and with furled sails of many colours which are reflected in the mirror of the water. Here, on the quays, merchants from distant lands are to be seen moving among the bales and boxes which contain their wares, and groups of sailors sit about in the sunshine. Richly dressed priests, officials, and dignitaries of the city pass to and fro; and here and there a little chariot is to be seen, drawn by two small horses with coloured plumes tossing upon their heads. Carts with wheels are rare, but heavy sledges drawn by oxen are to be observed, and pack donkeys are used, for as yet the camel is unknown.

We walk around the north end of the temple, and so pass once more through the gardens to the great avenue, and make our way between the two seemingly endless rows of ram-headed sphinxes, through the heart of the city, out to Karnak. Just before we reach the main temple we turn off to the right, by another short avenue of sphinxes, and so reach the Temple of Mut, half surrounded by the crescent-shaped sacred lake among the trees, the whole area being encompassed by a high wall. Inside the court of the temple there are long rows of grey granite statues of the lioness-headed goddess, Sekhmet (or Sekhet), the divine wife of Ptah, she being at this period identified with Mut, and in all directions we are confronted with her mysterious, leonine smile.

Yet another avenue of sphinxes, running more or less parallel to the main avenue, brings us to the great Temple of Ammon, the doors of which are made of Asiatic copper, studded with gold. The main feature of this building is the huge Hypostyle Hall, only lately finished, the roof being supported by 134 enormous pillars, the largest of which are 80 feet high and over 30 feet in circumference. It is a vast and dimly-lit hall, the light being admitted through grated windows set high under the roof; but the columns and walls are richly decorated with coloured reliefs, the strong pigments of which counteract the otherwise forbidding aspect of the building. The tremendous size of the columns, however, is awe-inspiring; and the shaven-headed priests who pass to and fro seem like little creeping things, intimidated by the fearful majesty of these courts of Ammon.

Beyond this hall we come to the colonnades and forecourts which stand before the sanctuary, where only the feet of the priests may tread, and here we pause to gaze in admiration at the great obelisks erected by Queen Hatshepsut, which pass up into



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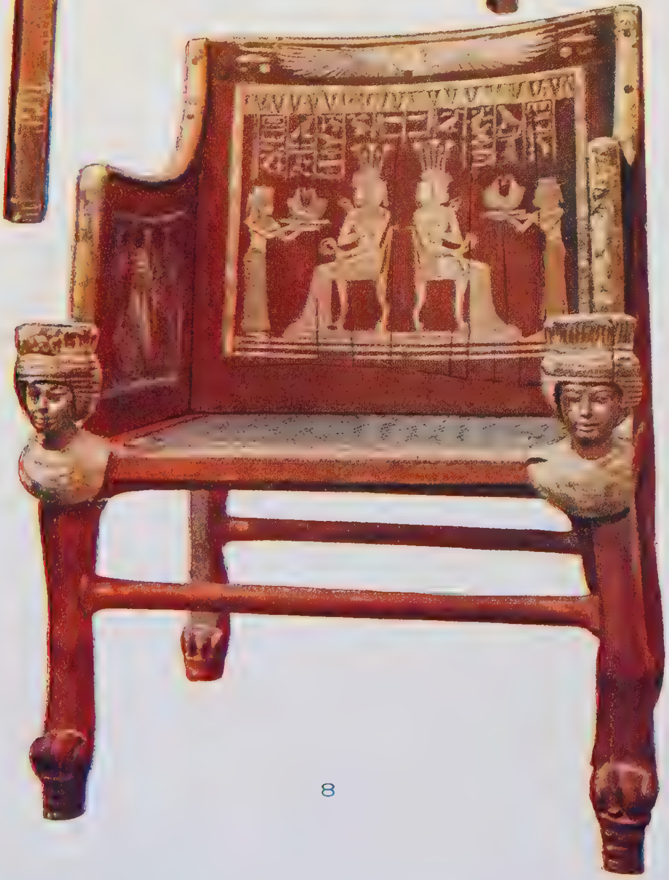

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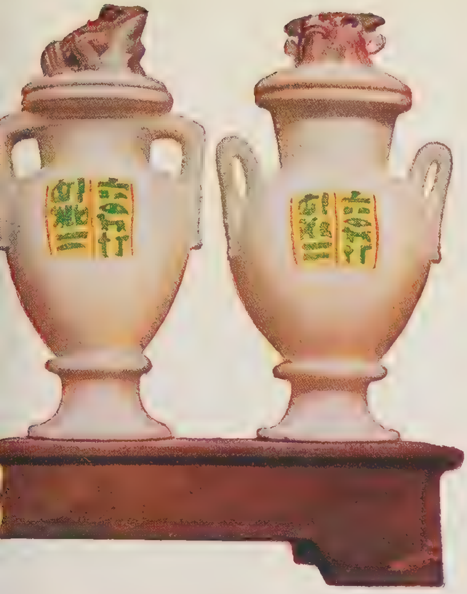
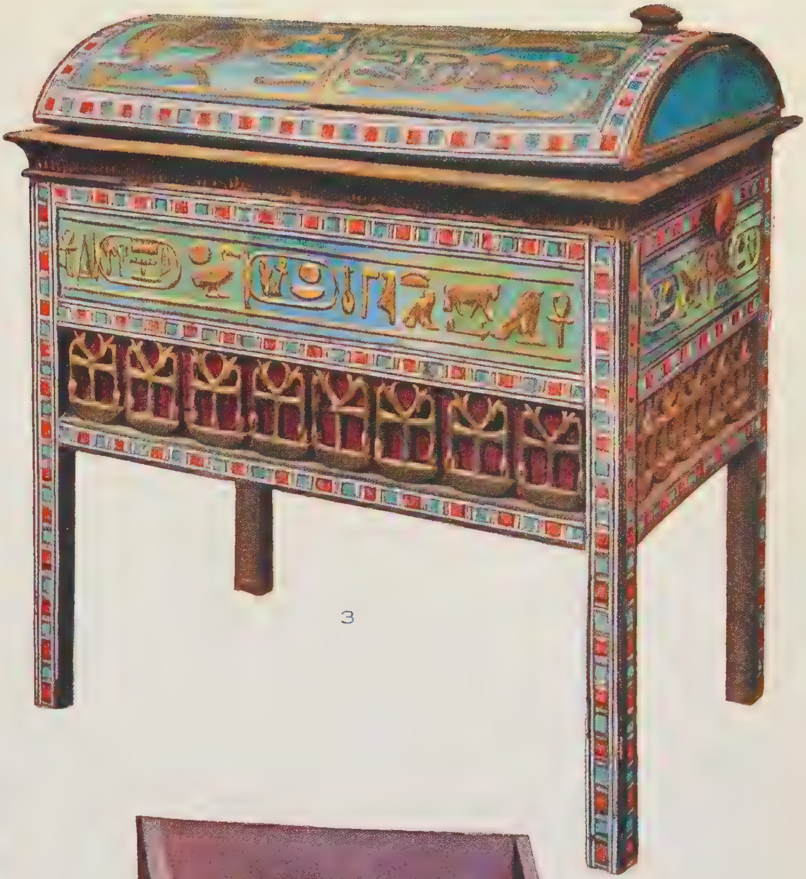
Museum of Egyptian Antiquities, Cairo.

ANCIENT EGYPT'S ARTIST-CRAFTSMANSHIP IN CARVING & CERAMICS

1. Inlaid coffer, combining maximum of strength with minimum of material; frieze of blue glazed faience tiles with hieroglyphs symbolic of life, power, a
stability in gilded low relief. 3. Coffer with inlays of blue faience, white and red ivory, dark ebony and gleaming gold. 8. Carved chair, given to her gran
father, Iuaa, by Amenhotep's daughter, Setamen, fixed by mortice and tenon joints, pegged; decoration on back in gesso and gilt, with frieze of lotus flowers a
back; seat of plaited string. 14. Another chair of state; on each side figure of gazelle and triple life-emblem. 9. Chariot of Iuaa, in carved wood and leath





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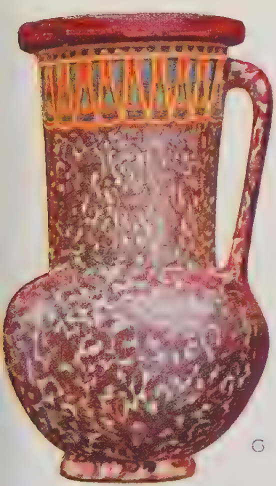

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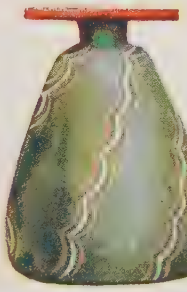

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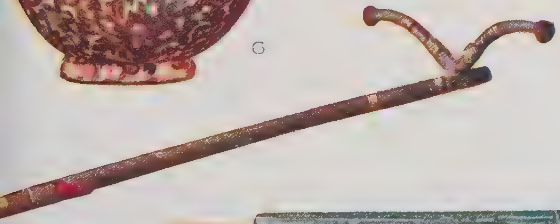

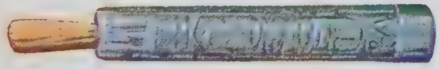

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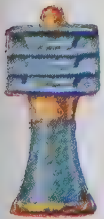

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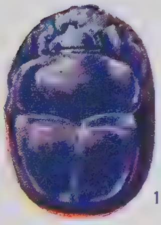

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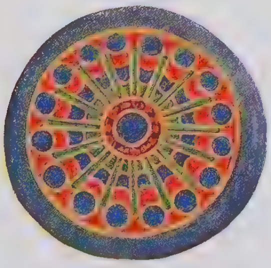

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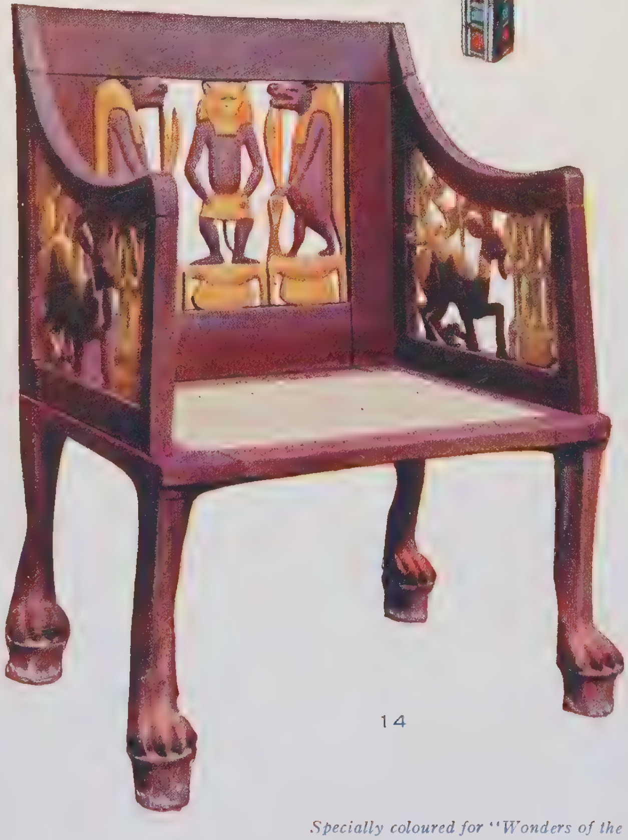

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Specially coloured for "Wonders of the Past."

—EXEMPLIFIED BY SPECIMENS FOUND IN THE TOMB OF IUAA & TUAA

mesh-work. 2. Painted vases on wooden stands, with symbolical heads on lids. 4–7. Examples of vases in wood and terra-cotta painted to represent alabaster, glass, black and white diorite, and red breccia. 10. Amulet of blue glaze. 11. Scarab of blue glass and green felspar. 12. Ornamental lid of dummy vases. 13. Kohl (cosmetic) tube of faience with stopper of papyrus pith. All found in the tomb of Iuaa and Tuaa, whose daughter, Tiyi, in romantic circumstances became queen of Amenhotep III.

the blue of the sky as though they were pointing the way from earth to heaven. Making a detour around these sacred buildings we enter an open, sunny court, at the far side of which is the great Festival Hall erected by Thothmes III., a spacious building having on its western side a number of chambers wherein the King had caused to be sculptured a pictorial catalogue of the flowers, plants, birds, and animals which he had brought back from his wars in Syria. Near by there is the sacred lake, surrounded by trees and gardens, and here, against the stone quay, the festival barque of Ammon is moored, its sides shining with gold.

The buildings and gardens of this great group of temples cover an area of over a square mile, and are surrounded by a stout rampart of brick, outside which the houses of the city are clustered, the main streets and largest dwellings being situated on the east side of the Avenue of Sphinxes, in the direction of the Temple of Amenhotep III.

The houses of the nobles and richer citizens are surrounded by gardens, and are shut in by high walls, so that, even in the city, considerable seclusion is obtained. There is usually a group of palms and sometimes a little vineyard in front of the house, and often a small ornamental pond, wherein lotus flowers grow in profusion. As we walk along the streets we can only see the tops of the palm-trees and acacias above the whitewashed walls, but if we enter through some gateway and walk up the neatly swept garden path to the house itself, we shall see a pillared portico or veranda, beyond which is the main hall where the meals are served, and where comfortable armchairs stand about. In the interior of the house are the bedrooms and kitchens, or, sometimes, these are on the upper floors. There is generally a loggia or veranda on the northern side, where, in summer, the cool north wind may be enjoyed, and another on the southern side, where, in winter, there is protection from the breeze, and the full strength of the sun can be felt.

The dwellings of the middle class are simple, flat-roofed little buildings, having sometimes an upper room with awnings spread before the doorway. Both these and the houses of the wealthy are designed to meet the extremes of the weather, for in winter Thebes is sunny, but frequently cold, there being often actual frost at nights, and in summer it is intensely hot. Rain falls so seldom that it has hardly to be considered, and therefore the roofs are flat, and little protection against a downpour is necessary. This absence of rain, however, causes the roads to be very dusty, and everywhere we meet with water-carriers sprinkling the water upon the parched earth. The irrigation of the gardens has to be continuous, and near each of the larger houses there is a well whence the water is raised and directed into small channels which bring it to the flower beds.

In summer-time the court moves north to Memphis or to Lower Egypt, where the breeze from the sea cools the air; but most of the ordinary townspeople have been born and bred here in the south, and do not mind the great heat prevailing from May to August. At the end of the latter month the Nile rises into flood, and the fields around the city are soon inundated, so that Thebes is almost like an island, and the north wind, blowing across the water, brings some degree of coolness into the streets.

The Palace of the Pharaoh is an extensive building just outside the city, standing in beautiful gardens wherein are artificial lakes, and many little kiosks charmingly decorated in bright colours. In the main halls of the palace, the walls, ceiling, and floor are covered with paintings executed with great skill. Flights of duck are shown rising from the papyrus swamps into the air, and seem to be winging their way towards the open casements; butterflies are depicted fluttering amongst the poppies; and beneath our feet fishes swim amongst the lotus flowers. The pillars are often inlaid with coloured glass; and the furniture is rich with gold and inlay.

As we walk through the streets of the city we cannot fail to be surprised at the wide contrast between the elegance and luxury enjoyed by the wealthy, and the primitive conditions in which the poorer citizens dwell. It is not so much the contrast between affluence and actual want that strikes us, but rather a difference between the manner of life of the upper and lower ranks of society. The poor people are simple and rudimentary in their requirements. Their houses, or rather huts, are almost unfurnished; their garments are few, and their food is of the plainest. Yet they are contented and law-abiding; and since the Egyptians have never been a cruel people like some of their

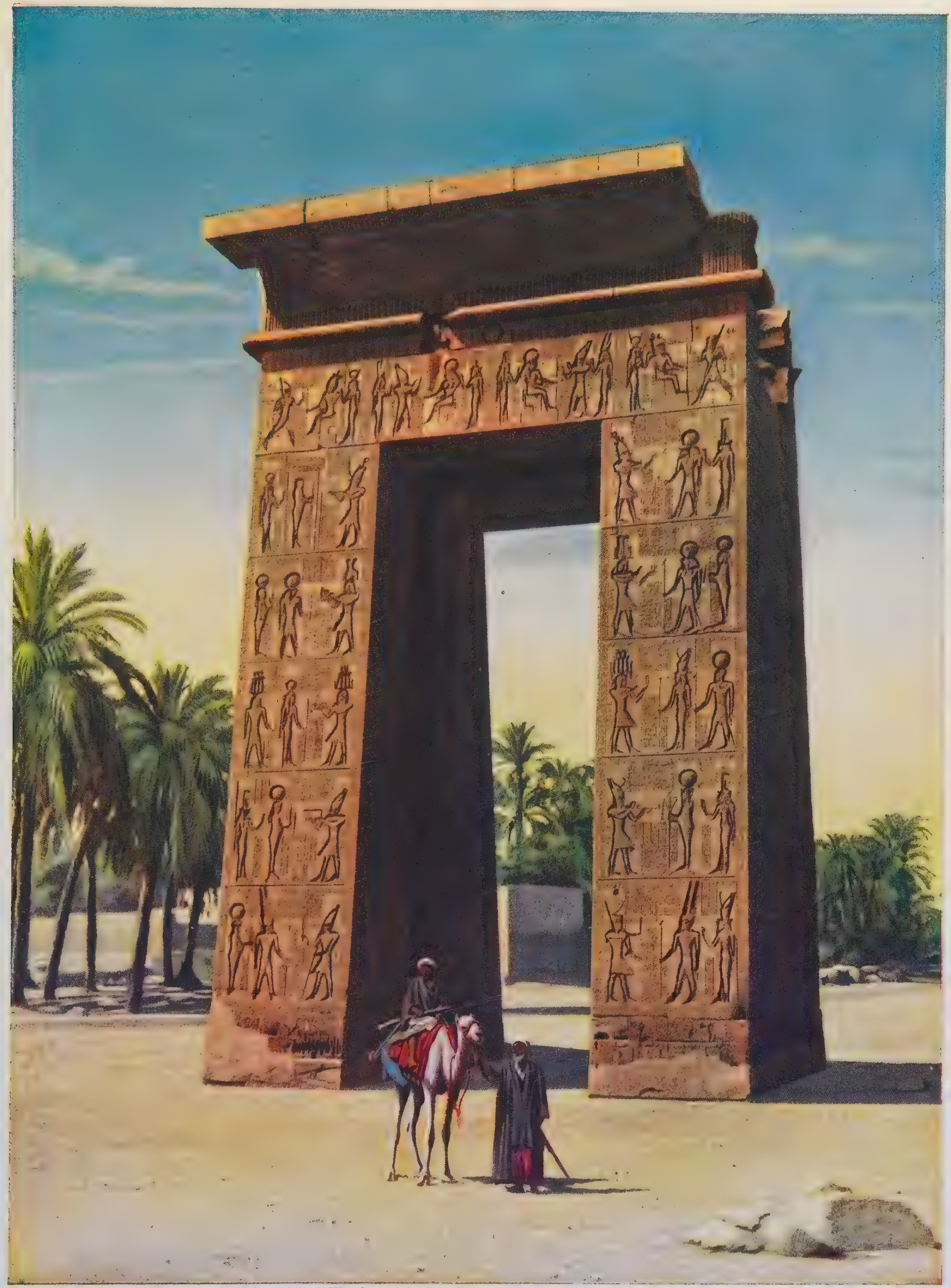
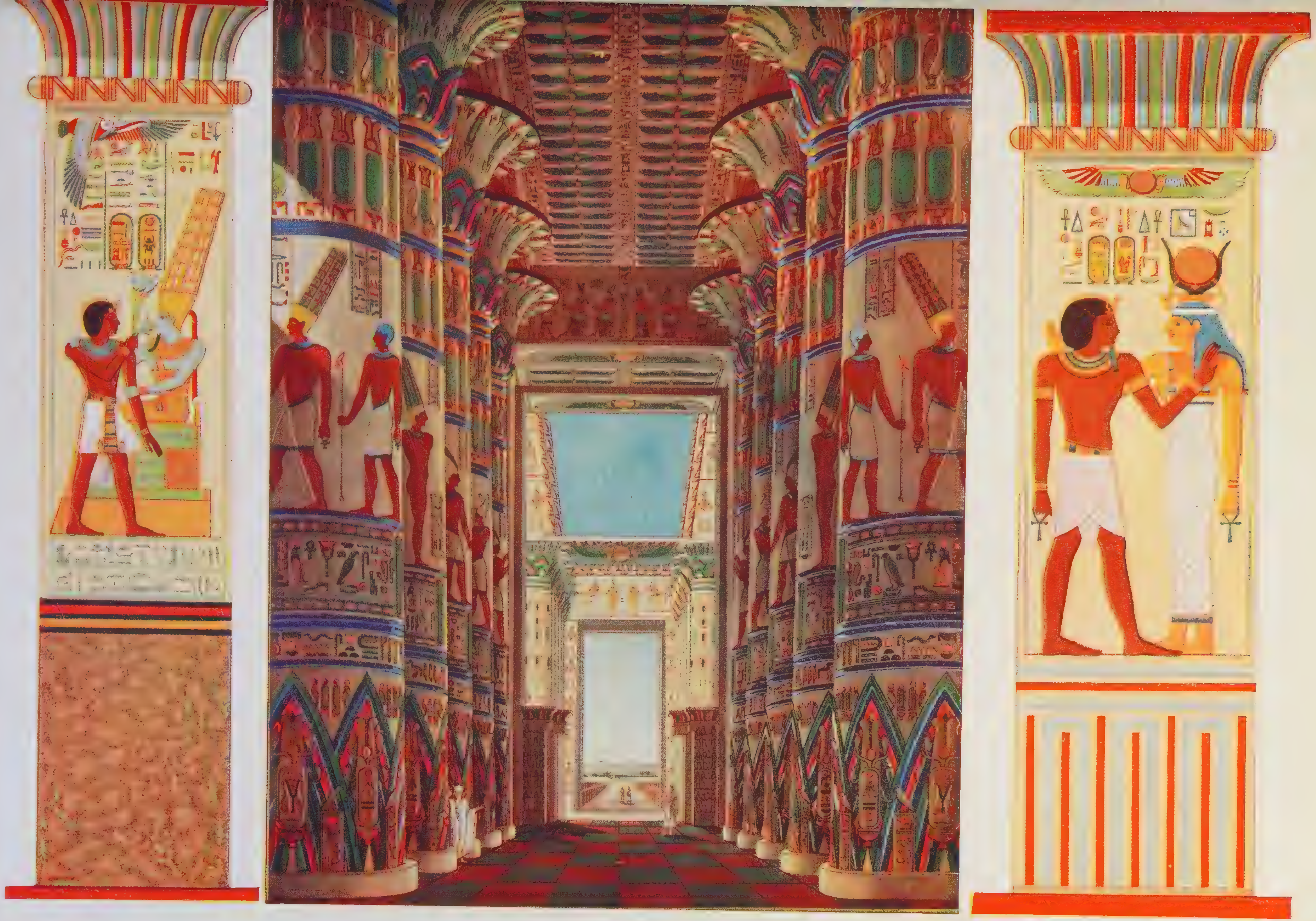


Photo by Donald McLeish, specially coloured for "Wonders of the Past."

BEAUTIFUL PROPYLON OF THE THIRD PTOLEMY AT KARNAK

This portal, named after Euergetes I., Ptolemy III., 247–222 B.C., is in the avenue leading to the Temple of Khensu (see photograph facing page 231). In the reliefs, the king, famous as the conqueror of the Seleucides, is shown sacrificing to the Theban deities.



THE COLOUR OF KARNAK IN THE DAYS OF THE SPLENDOUR OF THEBES

Restorations (centre) of the Hall of Columns in the Great Temple of Karnak; (left and right) painted piers showing Amenhotep II. offering lotus flowers to Ammon, and Amenhotep III. and the

Asiatic neighbours, there is little misery or oppression to be observed. Nevertheless, their condition is almost primeval in its absence of the refinements of civilisation, and their ignorance and superstition are astonishing.

On the other hand the life of the upper classes is elegant in the extreme, and we can see at once that thousands of years of culture have passed in its formation. The houses of the wealthy are very luxurious and very clean; the furniture and ornaments of life all display the highest state of civilisation; and learning and education are to be observed wherever the members of the privileged classes are gathered.

Under such conditions, of course, it is only natural to find that the people are priest-ridden, and everywhere in the city we see signs of the domination of the priesthood of Ammon. The shaven heads of these "servants of the god," as they are called, are to be observed in every street, and the various rites and services in the temples are the events of the day. The air is full of incense and the savour of burnt offerings, and the strange chants of the holy choristers are heard on all sides. Thebes, in fact, is well named "The Mysterious City," for Ammon, who is called "The Hidden One," is master of the lives of all its inhabitants, and, through his learned priests, rules every hovel and every mansion.

Thus, as we leave its busy streets to return to our own times, we carry away with us an impression of a vast area of small dwellings and unimportant streets relieved here and there by a fine house, a lordly highway, or a beautiful garden; but, rising from this jumble, the great and splendid temples of Ammon, King of the Gods, remain in our memory, dominating the picture and uttering a challenge to Time itself.

ANCIENT ARTS AND CRAFTS. I

PEERLESS GEMS OF GREEK SCULPTURE

By Frank Rutter

PEERLESS GEMS OF GREEK SCULPTURE

By Frank Rutter

While the other sections of "Wonders of the Past" are chiefly concerned with the massive works of man in the ages of antiquity, this section is designed to illustrate the beauty of ancient art and craftsmanship in the smaller things, for the element of wonder may inhere in the little not less than in the large. Mr. Rutter, who writes the following chapter of our work, is well known as a writer on modern and classical art.—Editor.

Of all the wonders of the past, what is more wonderful than this—that well over two thousand years ago groups of artisans living in small city-states should have created types of physical beauty which ever since artists of all countries and of all times have endeavoured to excel, but have never surpassed, and only very rarely have equalled.

The beauty of Greek sculpture is not a matter about which debate is possible. To take but one example, which is very well known, the Venus of Milo, so-called because this famous Greek statue, now in the Louvre, was discovered in 1820 near the ancient city of Melos (Milo). The beauty of the Venus of Milo is universally acknowledged, and anybody who pretends that he does not like it is merely adopting a would-be superior pose in order to be different from anybody else.

How did it come about that the sculptors of ancient Greece were able to evolve types of human beauty which have been for a score of centuries the noblest models conceivable by man? There is a reason for everything, and it cannot be doubted that the representation of men and women in Greek art rested upon a solid natural base, namely, the real beauty of the men and women of ancient Greece. The beauty of the originals before them is, then, the first but not the only cause of the exceeding beauty of the work of the Greek sculptors. Why this race should have been so dowered with good looks is a matter into which we cannot enter deeply, but it was the result of a variety of favourable conditions —the climate, good social habits, free healthy lives spent largely in athletic exercises in the open air, and a pre-natal disposition to beauty brought about by the deepseated cult of beauty in the parents of the race.

No survey of Greek art, however brief, can afford to ignore the close relation maintained between sculpture and athletics, for this relation lies at the root of the beauty we are endeavouring to analyse. Now, Greek sports differed from modern sports in three ways. In the first place the Greeks paid even more attention to the style of the performance than to the results achieved. With them it was not a question of "winning anyhow," but winning gracefully or not at all. This attitude towards athletics was partly due to the religious character of the Greek games, but since this statement is liable to mislead a modern reader, it must be qualified by an explanation that "it was the intense conviction of the value to man of such strength and beauty as were promoted by the games, which procured them the patronage of the gods who represented the state and the race." Modern religion is confined almost exclusively to the spiritual side of man, but Greek religion—if shallower—covered a wider field; every human power, aptitude, and enjoyment being regarded as something which should be cultivated and perfected for the honour of the gods.

Secondly, in Greece, athletics were more generally practised than in modern times. The Greeks were not spectators of, but participants in, games, and unless he was deformed or enslaved, every young man spent some hours daily in athletic exercises. Thirdly, these young men practised and competed in their games stark naked.

It is impossible to exaggerate the importance of this last characteristic to the sculptor who was thus able to see day after day the bare bodies of the most perfectly made youths strained in every pose of running, wrestling, and disk-throwing. The Greek sculptor began with a knowledge of the human form which a modern artist might spend a lifetime without being able to acquire.

Yet a further cause contributed to the beauty of Greek sculpture. Greek art was not realistic, but ideal. The sculptor was not content to represent faithfully the athlete who might happen to be before him at any moment. He sought an ideal general type through selection from the particular, and after lengthy study by deliberate choice, adaptation, and abstraction, he evolved his ideals. As he differentiated his gods, giving strength to Heracles (Hercules), swiftness to Hermes (Mercury), and grace to Apollo, so he discriminated between his human athletes, giving the runner the ideal build of limb that would suggest his suppleness, and the wrestler the ideal frame that would contain his hardihood and strength.

How greatly the artist was helped by the continual spectacle of athletes in training is proved by the fact that perfection in rendering the male form was attained many years before the ideal rendering of female form became possible. In the earlier periods of Greek art the rendering of men is far superior to the rendering of women, and it was not until about the fourth century B.C. that Greek sculptors generally showed themselves able to portray either sex with equal perfection. The secluded lives led by Athenian women retarded the Attic portraiture of women, while the Spartan maidens who exercised themselves daily like the youths, had no native sculptors to commemorate their forms.

How quick was the eye of the Greek sculptor to seize and record rare perfections of form was shown by Professor Brücke, of Vienna, who, in his great book on "The Human Figure," pointed out that beautiful details in the human body, found but rarely in nature, are common in Greek sculpture. Once the ideal formation of a muscle or a limb was found, it was piously preserved by the continuity of tradition among Greek sculptors, who kept all that was absolutely good in the work of their predecessors, and successively perfected the art by incorporating new beauties amid the old excellences.

Thus Myron (born c. 480 B.C.) was the first to show how to balance the body in strong motion. His "Discobolus" or quoit-thrower (see illustration, facing page 206) is world famous as one of the earliest and most precious expressions in sculpture of the beauty of a human figure in action. His contemporary, Polycleitus (c. 480-410 B.C.) perfected the representation of the trunk, and his famous statue, the "Doryphorus," or Spear-bearer, was known as the "Canon," because it was held to be the perfect type of a male figure. Although the original of this statue is lost, a fair idea of its beauty may be gained from the copy of it, found at Pompeii, which is now in the Naples Museum.

Usually the aspect of a Greek statue is that of serene calm, and in the masterpieces of the earlier period, as, for example, the superb "Auriga," or Charioteer, of Delphi (illustrated facing page 208), the monumental gravity of the figure is overwhelming in its stateliness; but during the first part of the fourth century B.C., Scopas, who was the foremost sculptor of his time, introduced strong emotion and even passion into the countenances of his figures. No undeniable original of his survives, but his treatment of the eye and brow was considered to be an advance on any previous rendering of these features, and in subsequent works the influence of Scopas is clearly discernible in the treatment of these details.

The expression of mood or feeling was brought to perfection by the Athenian sculptor Praxiteles (c. 400-330 B.C.), whose exquisite modelling of the soft contours of flesh was accompanied by a hitherto unknown power of suggesting intellectuality. The almost complete statue by him of Hermes (see illustration facing page 209), discovered during the excavations at Olympia, illustrates the highest ideal of Greek manhood in its perfect rendering of a noble mind in a body healthy and beautiful.

So far we have considered briefly the way in which the Greek sculptor obtained his wonderful knowledge of form and gradually acquired the power to render all parts of the human body with ideal perfection. But it would be totally inaccurate to picture Greek temples and palaces as places adorned with cold white statues, attractive only in form. There is a widespread tendency to regard Greek art as a "White Art," but this conception is entirely wrong.

Colour was of the very essence of Greek architecture, and colour was used not only for the reliefs and sculpture in the round which ornamented the exteriors of these temples, but also for the

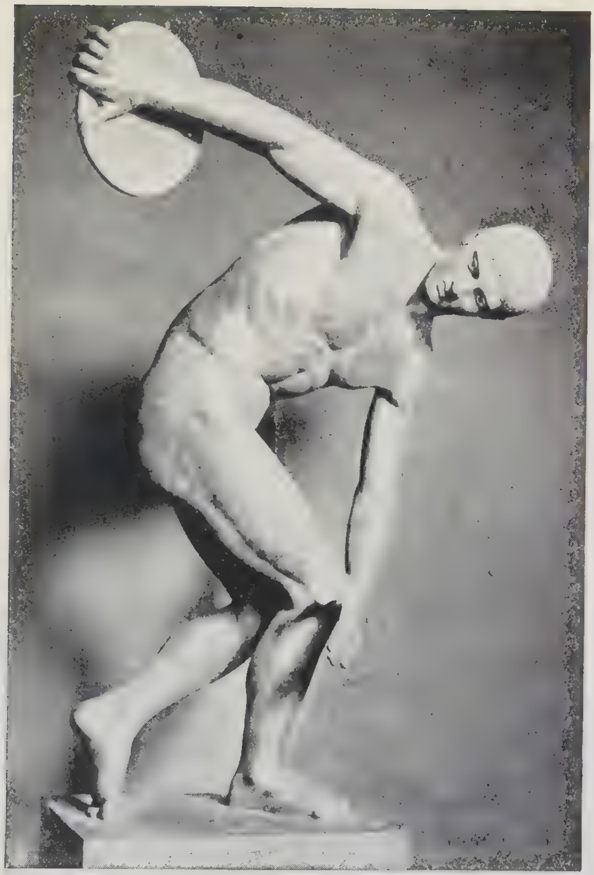


Photo by Anderson.

THE DISCOBOLUS, OR QUOIT-THROWER

Famous bronze statue by the Greek sculptor Myron (fifth century B.C.), restored, in Museo Nazionale, Rome. The best of the copies in marble is in the Palazzo Lancelloti, Rome.

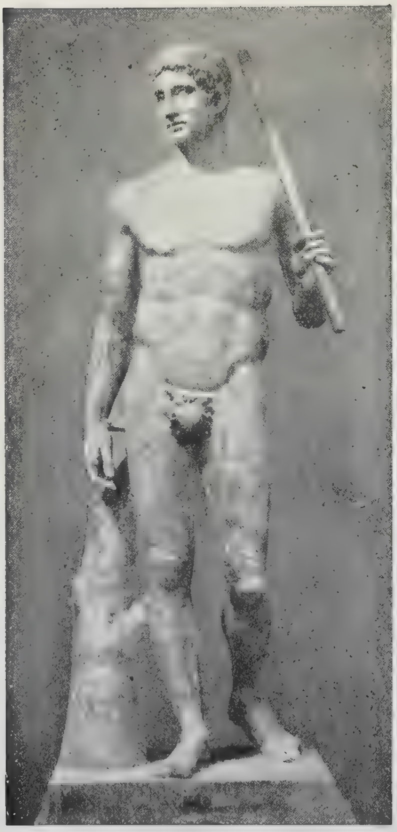
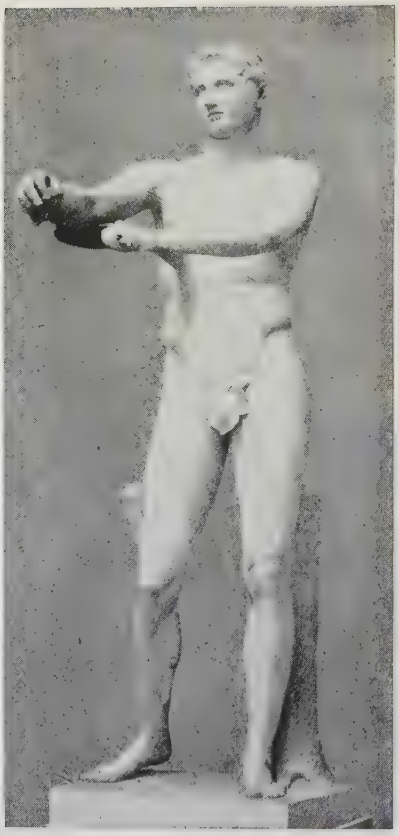


Photo by Anderson.

DORYPHORUS, OR SPEAR-BEARER

Bronze statue (in Vatican, Rome) of youth with spear. Replica of figure by Polycleitus, a contemporary of Myron. It is known as the "Canon."



APOXYOMENOS, OR SCRAPER

Athlete cleaning right arm with scraping-iron, after Lysippus, a contemporary of Alexander the Great. Of Pentelic marble, it was found in 1849 at Rome, and is now in the Vatican.

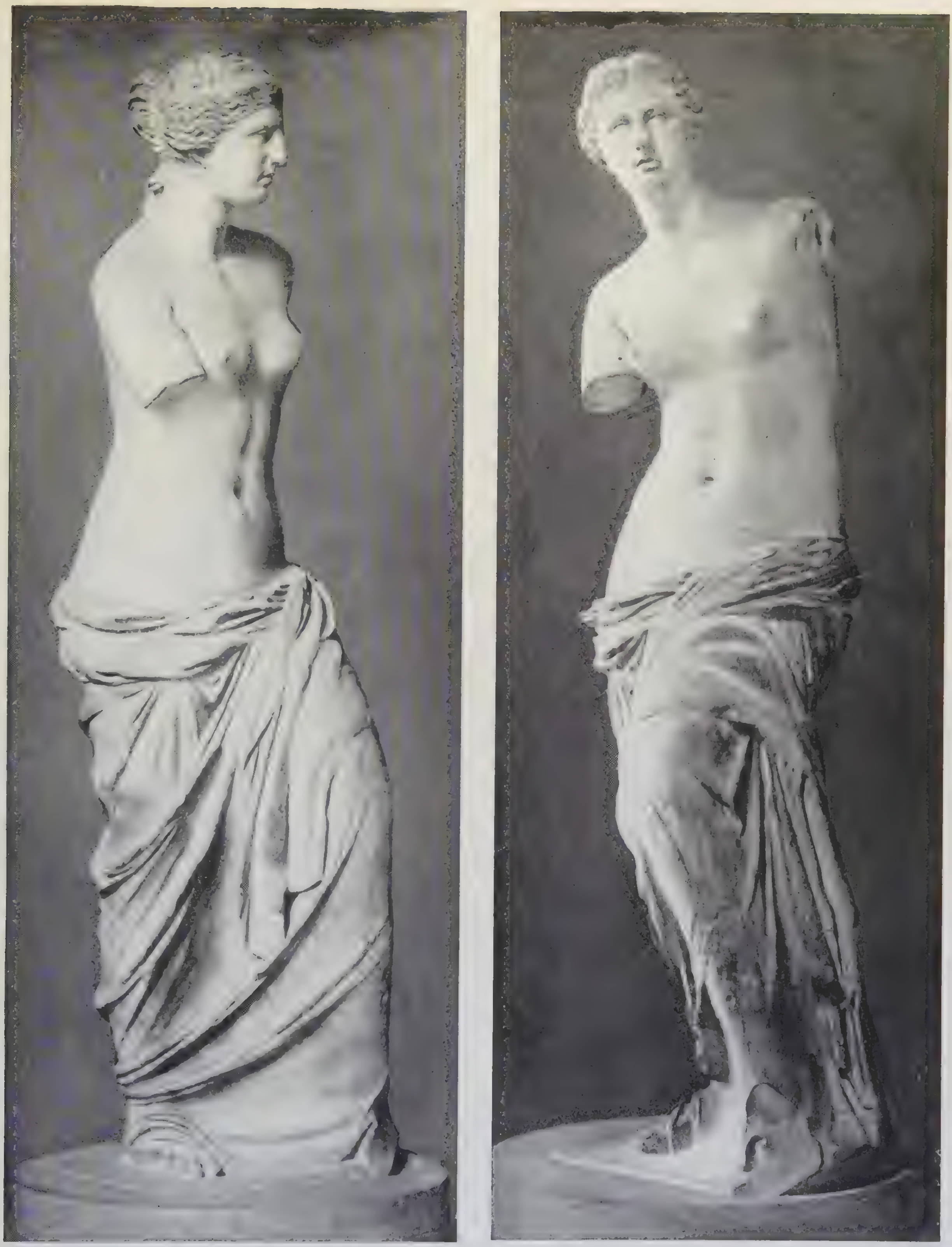
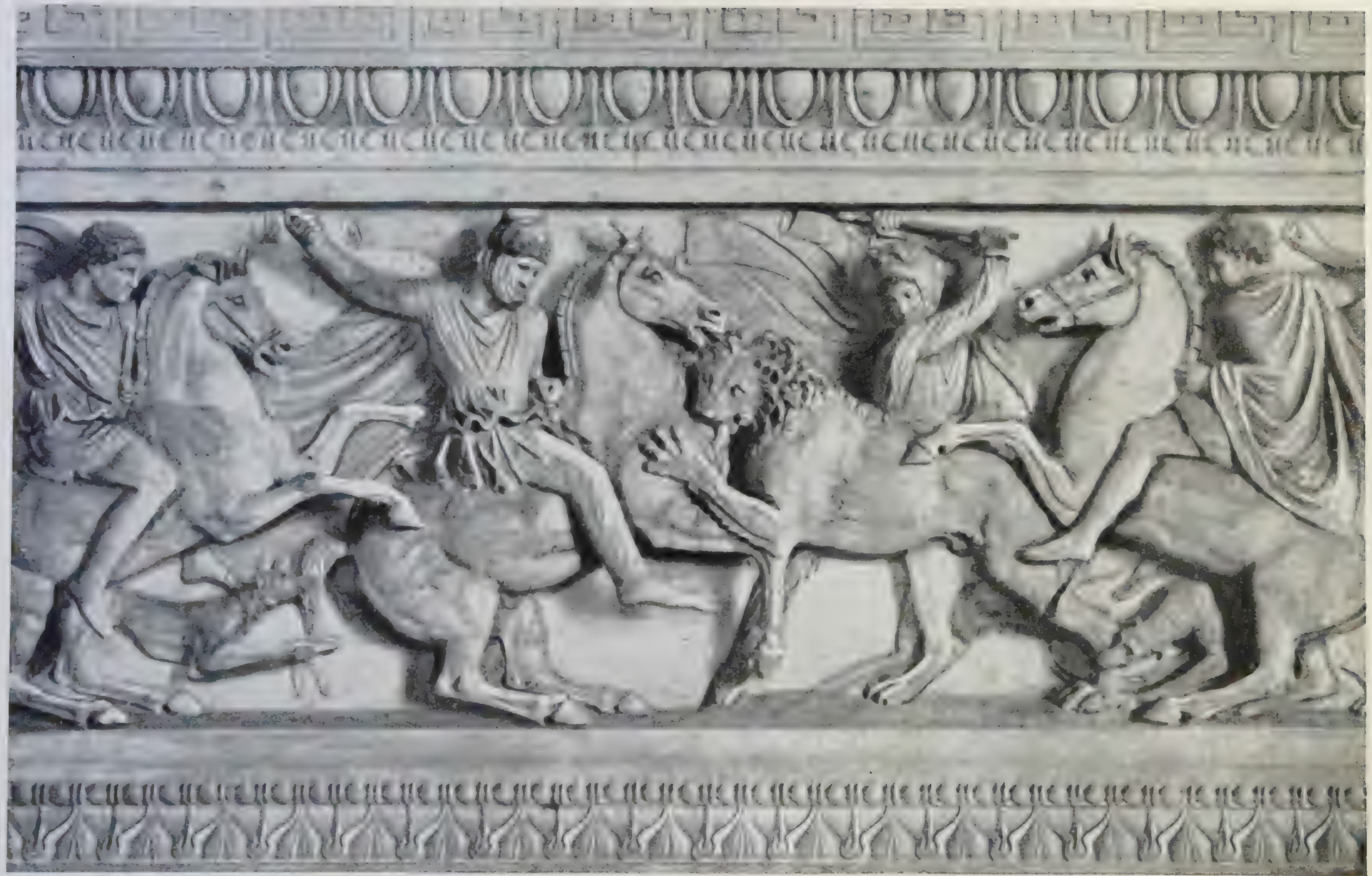


Photo by Alinari.

ONE OF THE MOST FAMOUS OF GREEK SCULPTURES: THE VENUS OF MILO

Of Parian marble, and found in 1820 by a peasant near temple ruins in the island of Melos (Milo), in the Greek Archipelago, and now a celebrated treasure of the Louvre, Paris, this glorious masterpiece of an unknown sculptor probably belongs to the second-third century B.C., but was inspired by the canons of an older school. The goddess, known to the Greeks as Aphrodite, and to the Romans as Venus, is supposed to have been holding a shield and gazing at her reflection in the polished surface.



Constantinople Museum.

GREEK SCULPTURE AS EXEMPLIFIED IN THE DECORATION OF THE SO-CALLED TOMB OF ALEXANDER AT CONSTANTINOPLE

Here is shown part of the "Tomb of Alexander," a sarcophagus so called because its beautifully sculptured reliefs commemorate the victorious battles and hunting exploits of the Macedonian king. The tomb is one of several that were discovered at Sidon in the last quarter of the nineteenth century, and is presumed once to have held the remains of some ruler of the ancient Phoenician city who enjoyed the special favour of Alexander the Great. The reliefs are accepted as the work of a skilled Greek sculptor who lived towards the close of the fourth century B.C., but has remained so far unidentified.

single figures or "substantive sculpture" which we have been considering. Not only were the figures in decorative reliefs, etc., tinted throughout, but accessories such as armour and horse-trappings were added in bronze or other metal, so that the whole presented a variegated and vivid effect. That the Greeks coloured their sculpture is not a mere conjecture, for careful examination in recent years of the temple sculpture found at Olympia, Ægina, and elsewhere has revealed a number of sculptured fragments still bearing traces of colour.

The charming little statuettes found in great numbers towards the end of the nineteenth century at Tanagra, in Bœotia, give us an excellent idea of the colouring of Greek statues in the fourth century B.C. When first recovered from the ground in which they had been buried for some 2,300 years, these figurines were bright with colour as "the flowers that bloom in the spring," and though some of the freshness disappeared on exposure to the air, the examples at the British Museum give us some notion of what the original appearance must have been of a gallery of Greek sculpture.

This use of colour dates from the earliest times. The limestone sculpture belonging to the archaic temples of Athens, now preserved in the Acropolis Museum, show crude strong colouring. Only a few colours were used, principally a bright brick-red and blue, and these were used not imitatively but arbitrarily to serve a decorative design. Thus men are given blue hair, oxen are painted green, and no attempt seems to have been made to reproduce the colour of nature.

In later times this early crude colouring gives place to a harmonious tinting more in accordance with natural appearances. The most perfect example of Greek colouring extant is the great sarcophagus found at Sidon, now preserved at Constantinople, on which are depicted in coloured relief two scenes from the life of Alexander the Great, one being a lion hunt in which he takes part, and the other a battle scene. In the last-named everything is coloured, the bodies of the horses, the dress and arms of their riders and the footmen, their hair and eyes, even the background. Though the effect aimed at is intentionally decorative, there is no glaring discrepancy with natural appearances, and—greatest marvel of all from a technical standpoint—the semi-transparent colour is laid on in such a way that it mingles with and does not conceal the transparent shine of the natural marble.

Apart from the colour, which constitutes its unique attraction, this relief admirably illustrates the mingling of precision with ideality which is characteristic of Greek sculpture. This is no realistic rendering of any actual incident in the battle, but by selected and carefully composed details it tells the story of the fight. On the extreme left we see Alexander himself overthrowing a Persian horseman who has already turned to fly from him; next a Macedonian footguard impetuously attacks a Persian infantryman; in the centre a Greek cavalryman strikes down another Persian; farther on a light-armed Greek sustains the charge of a Persian horseman, while on the extreme right the veteran Parmenio hurls a Persian general into the arms of an attendant Persian. It should be observed that, though the Greeks are clearly winning, the Persians are more numerous —twelve to six—while the dead bodies on the ground, four Persians and one Greek, show the proportion of losses on either side.

Thus a perfect synthesis of the progress and result of the battle is clearly narrated, and the story is packed in a design of absolute symmetry. The perfect balance of side with side and group with group is accomplished so tactfully that we hardly notice the science of the composition until we have begun to exhaust the interest of the various duels depicted. Perfect as sculpture, this relief is equally convincing as history. It is a somewhat late product of Greek art, but from every point of view it is a masterpiece.

The idealism of the Greek artist consisted in getting the very best he could from nature and putting it together in the most beautiful way. He always wanted models, and the more models he could get the greater were his resources for creating composite beauty. Thus we are told that when the painter Zeuxis was commissioned to paint a figure of Helen of Troy for the people of Croton, he made it a condition that he should have opportunities of studying the forms of the most beautiful maidens in the city. From the models offered him by the city, he selected five for more detailed study, and so great was the reverence for art in those days that the names of these five were handed down in

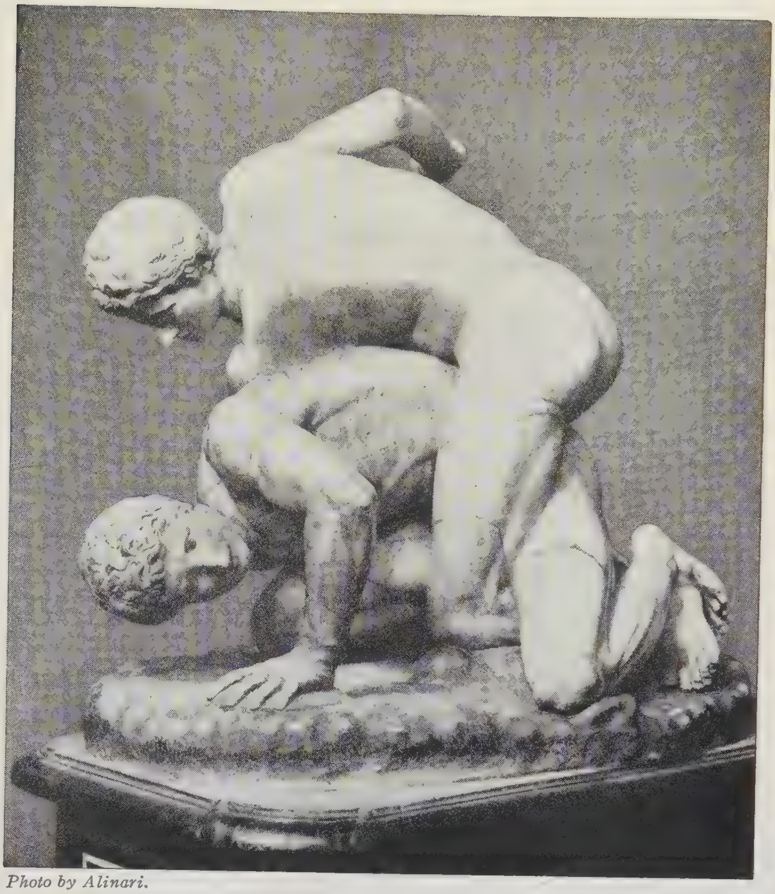


Photo by Alinari.

THE GROUP OF WRESTLERS

In ancient Greece outdoor games afforded splendid opportunities to the sculptor. The Group of Wrestlers, one of the gems of ancient sculpture in the Uffizi Gallery at Florence, is a remarkable example of this, though the heads and parts of the legs and arms are restorations. It was found in Rome in 1583, and is assigned to a pupil of Lysippus.

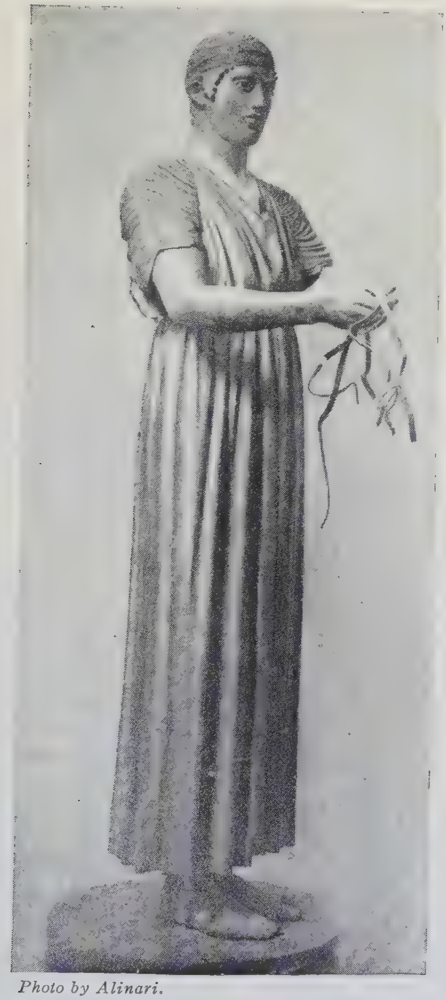


Photo by Alinari.

THE AURIGA, OR CHARIOTEER

Another masterpiece of Greek sculpture. It was found at Delphi, the ancient Greek town famous for its oracle of Apollo.

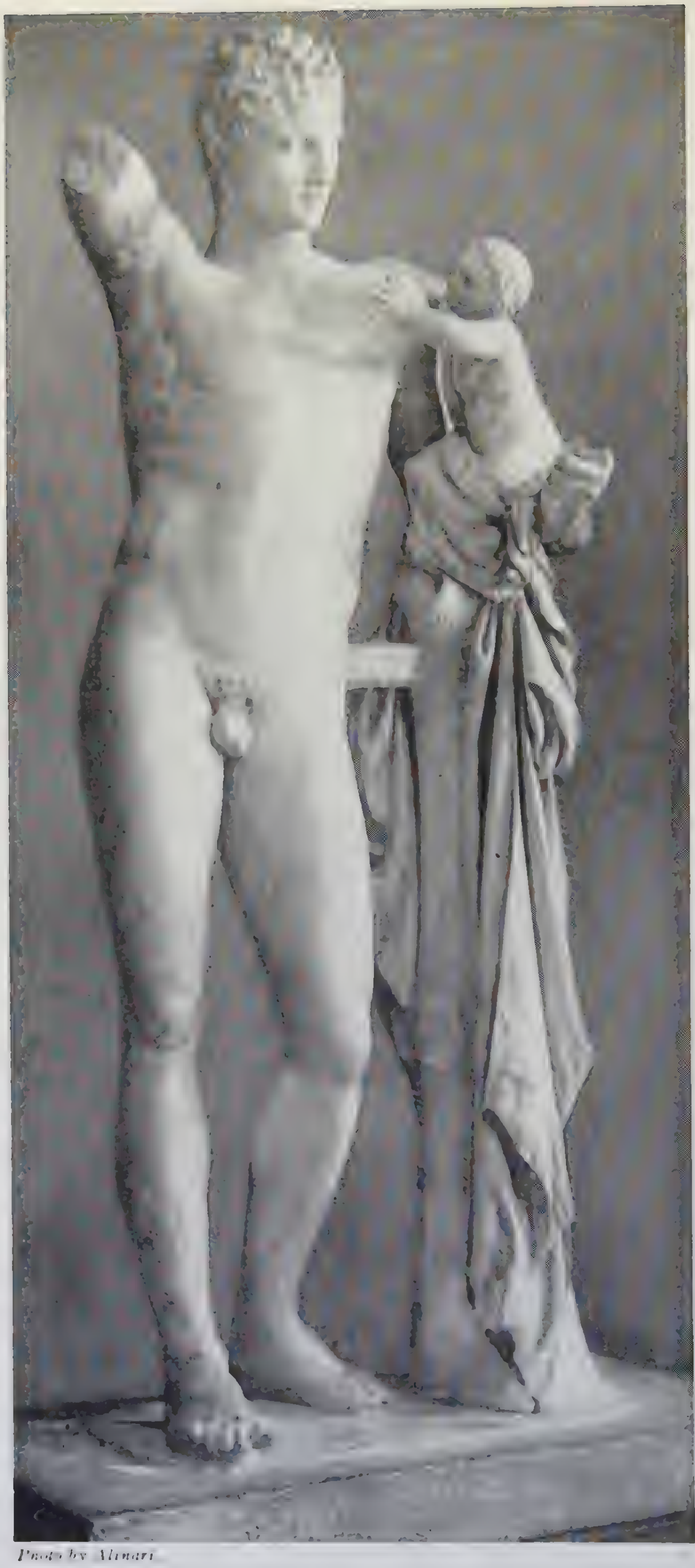


Photo by Alinari

THE HERMES OF PRAXITELES

This, the single undisputed original, in Parian marble, of the work of the Athenian sculptor, Praxiteles, was discovered at Olympia, Peloponnesus, in 1877. The Greek god Hermes, the Roman Mercury, is represented holding the infant Dionysus in his left arm. Apart from the mutilation of right arm and legs, the statue is well preserved.

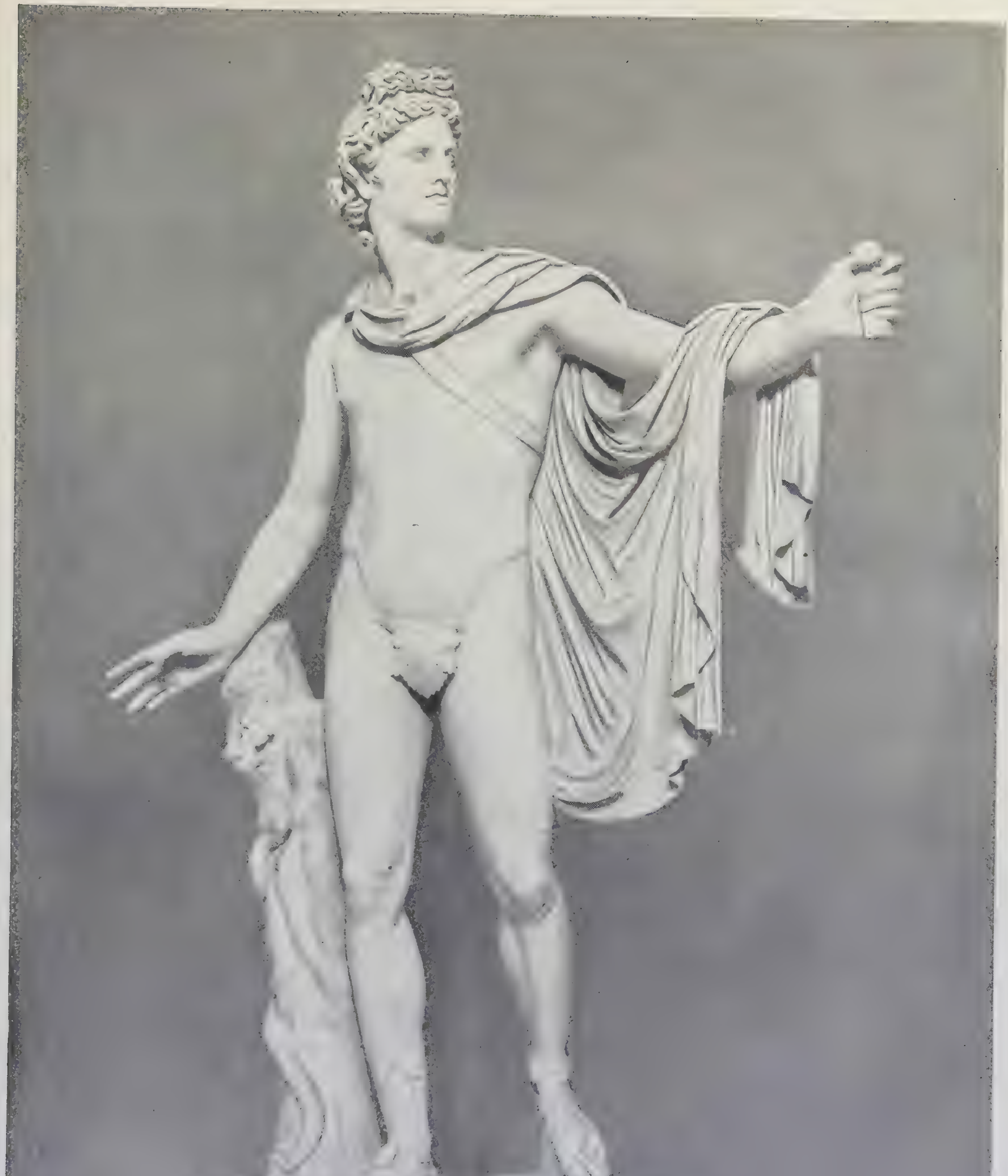
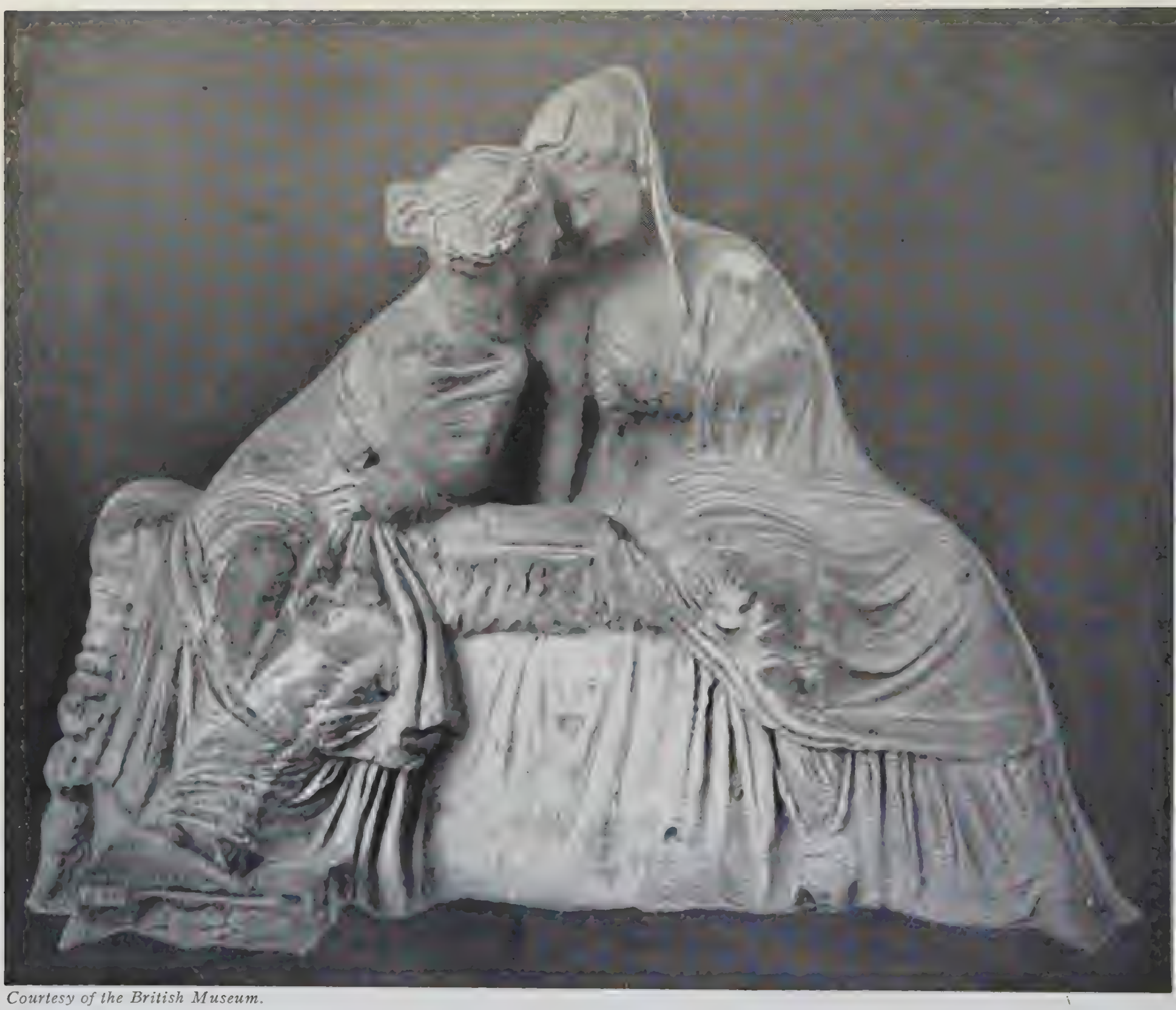


Photo by Anderson.

THE APOLLO OF THE BELVEDERE: SCULPTURED 2,000 YEARS AGO

Statue of Apollo, in Carrara marble, discovered about 1500, in the ruins of Porto d'Anzio, the ancient Antium. Acquired by Pope Julius II., it was placed in the Belvedere Gallery of the Vatican. The left hand and right forearm were restored by Giovanni Angelo Montorsoli (1507–63). It represents the Greek god, naked save for a cloak secured round the neck and draped from the left arm. Apollo is usually represented as a tall, handsome, beardless youth holding bow or lyre, and was the patron of athletes.



Courtesy of the British Museum.

ANCIENT GREEK FIGURINES EXCAVATED AT TANAGRA

This delightful little terra-cotta group of two women seated together on a couch conversing was found with a number of others of a similar kind during the modern excavations made in Tanagra, a town of ancient Greece, in Boeotia, near the frontier of Attica. Examples of the artistic handiwork of the Greek potter, they are not only pleasing to the eye; they have served to throw considerable light on the costumes worn in ancient Greece. There are a number of other examples in the British Museum.

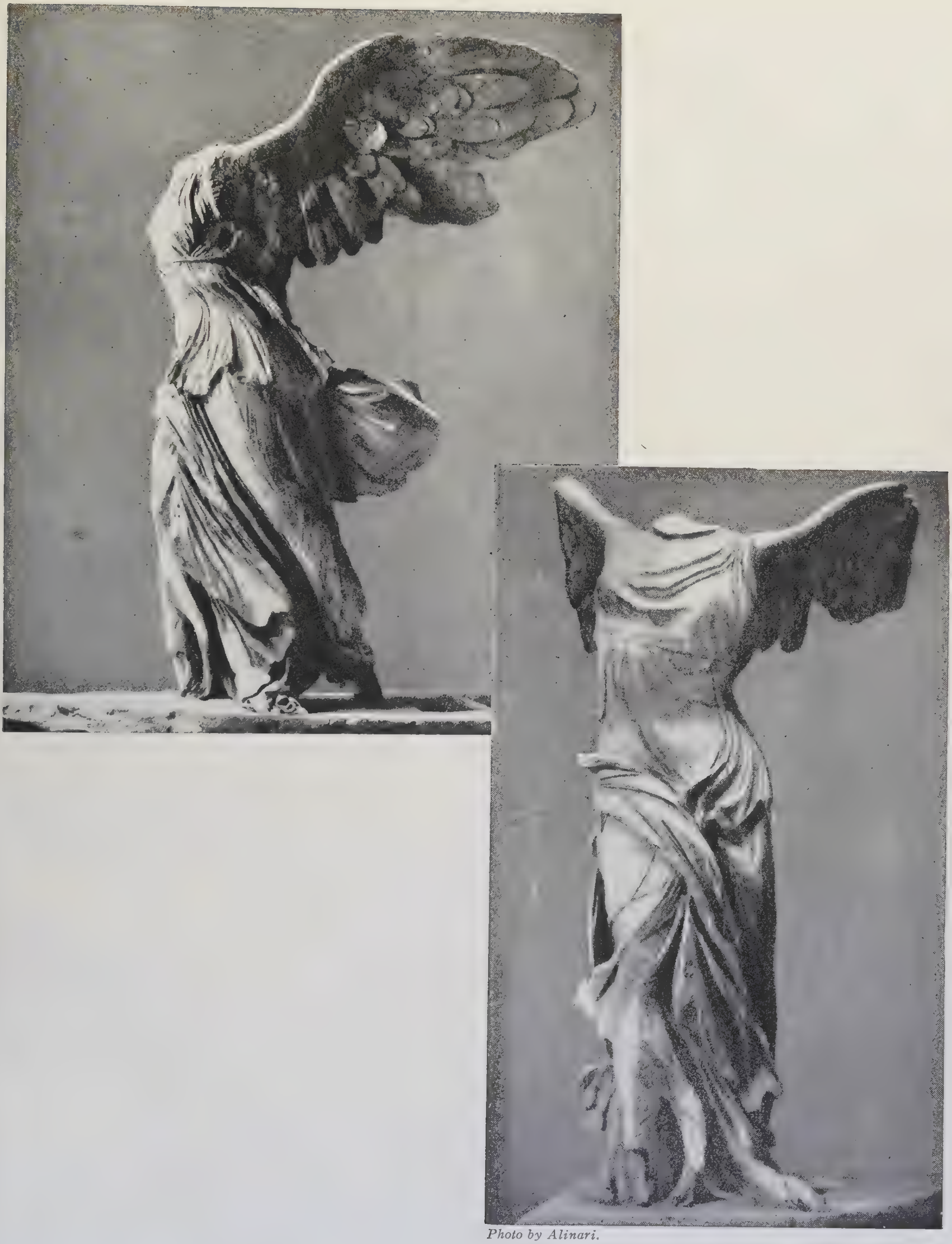


Photo by Alinari.

THE WINGED VICTORY OF SAMOTHRACE

The figure stands in the prow of a trireme, her drapery swept back by the wind. Of Parian marble, found in 1863, at Samothrace, the statue is now in the Louvre, Paris.

honour to future generations by the historian Dionysius of Halicarnassus.

The Greek gods were idealised human beings. Zeus in sculpture is the ideal Greek father of a family; Apollo is the ideal athlete; and if it can be argued that the Greek sculptors dragged down their gods from heaven to earth, so also it must be universally conceded that they raised the representation of men and women to a divine level which has never been excelled.

ANCIENT ARTS AND CRAFTS. II

THE EXQUISITE ARTISTRY OF ANCIENT EGYPT

By Donald A. Mackenzie

THE EXQUISITE ARTISTRY OF ANCIENT EGYPT

By Donald A. Mackenzie

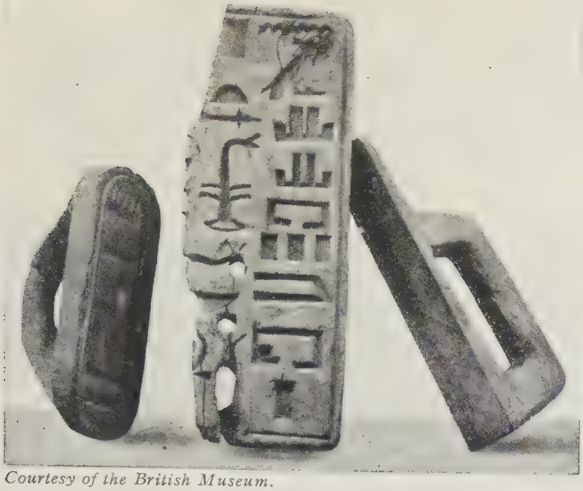
Author of "Egyptian Myth and Legend," etc.

THE abundance of the exquisite furnishings in the Tutankhamen tomb emphasise the luxurious mode of life that obtained in ancient Egypt during its brilliant Empire period. Not only had the Pharaoh and his courtiers great wealth at their disposal, but were able to employ scores of accomplished artists and designers, and hundreds of highly-skilled and painstaking craftsmen whose devotion to their work and their joy in the efficient performance of it are manifested in these wonderful examples that have been preserved for us for over thirty centuries. Even although no other relics of ancient Egyptian civilisation had been discovered, these in themselves are sufficient to indicate that its arts and crafts had a long history, stretching back for many centuries, and that the supreme degree of excellency achieved was cultivated after long and gradual efforts had been made to realise those high and exemplary ideals which the industrious and enthusiastic workers had set before themselves.

Another remarkable feature of the finds is the note of modernity which they strike. The beautiful and highly-decorated furniture was used by a people whose habit of life bore many points of resemblance to our own. These ancient Egyptian aristocrats, for instance, sat in chairs just like modern Europeans. At meals they were waited upon by male and female servants, who brought them the various dishes in order and distributed finger-bowls and flowers. In this respect they differed not only from most Orientals, who squatted on carpets, but even the ancient Romans, who during meals reclined on couches. The Egyptian menu, withal, was as long and varied in character as that of any modern banquet. Even during the Pyramid Age, about two thousand years earlier than that of Tutankhamen, there was abundance at the elaborate meals provided in the houses of the great. A tomb inscription, translated by Breasted, gives an example of an Old Kingdom aristocrat's menu, which includes "ten different kinds of meat, five kinds of poultry, sixteen kinds of bread and cakes, six kinds of wine, four kinds of beer, eleven kinds of fruit, besides all sorts of sweets and many other things."

Another interesting reference to Egyptian customs at meals is found in the Biblical story of Joseph. When that distinguished Hebrew, who had evidently been completely Egyptianised, provided entertainment for his brethren, "they sat before him, the firstborn according to his birthright, and the youngest according to his youth; and the men marvelled one at another." Apparently they were not accustomed to so much formality. Joseph himself sat apart among the Egyptians, "because the Egyptians might not eat bread with the Hebrews, for that is an abomination unto the Egyptians" (Genesis xliii.; 32, 33).

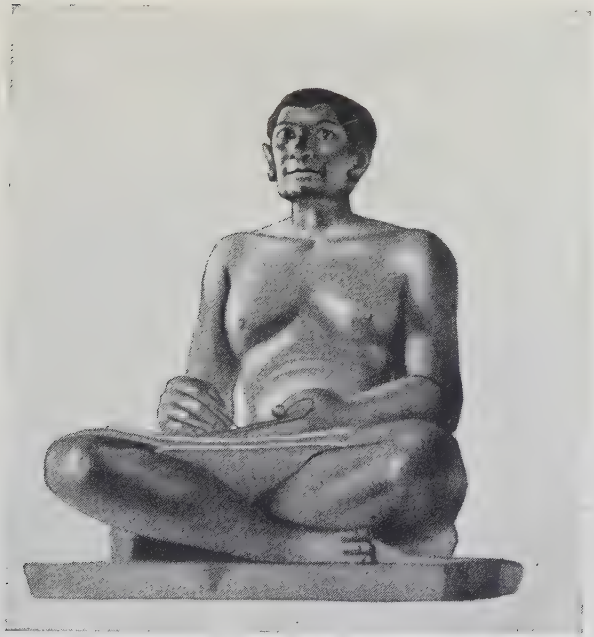
There was a form of the caste system in ancient Egypt. It had grown up during the long years of its history prior to the time of Tutankhamen. The great lords would not eat with foreigners, nor with their own countrymen who were of lower rank than themselves. Withal, in each social circle, respect was shown to age; the elders were reverenced. At court functions there were positions of honour and "seats of the mighty," the greatest seat, of course, being that of the Pharaoh, a seat which, by its design and ornamentation, emphasised his pre-eminence among his subjects. That this distinctive custom did not always prevail in ancient Egypt is suggested by a recent study by Dr. Alan Gardiner of an archaic sculptured stone belonging to one of the early dynasties. On it an official is shown "seated upon a throne such as is later reserved almost exclusively to the Pharaoh and the gods." Dr. Gardiner notes in this connexion that "the



Courtesy of the British Museum.

USED BY TUTANKHAMEN'S PLASTERERS

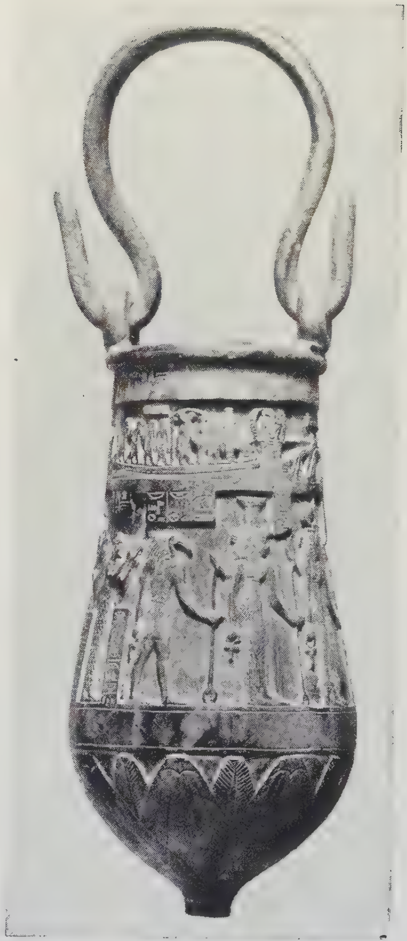
The right-hand object shows that the smoothing tool of the plasterer has practically undergone no modification in historical times, as it dates from the eighteenth dynasty, and is similar to the tool commonly used to-day. In the centre is a mould for stamping on the wet clay or plaster of the granaries of the Temple of Ptah, and the wooden stamp at the left bears the name of Amenhotep III.



Louvre, Paris.

THE KEEN-EYED SCRIBE

Reproduced from a coloured statuette found by Mariette in a tomb of the Serapium, this fine figure of a scribe dates back to the fifth or sixth dynasty (c. 2700–2550 B.C. and 2550–2350 B.C.) and the face and form are full of character. The sculptor gives us a complete character study of his sitter, whose attention is riveted upon the subject he is about to record upon the papyrus, while he sits in the immemorial pose of the East.



Turin.

BRONZE VOTIVE BUCKET

Examples of these are familiar in museums. They were suspended in tombs, and the decoration, as here, was usually concerned with representations of the gods. In this example there is a fine balance of design.

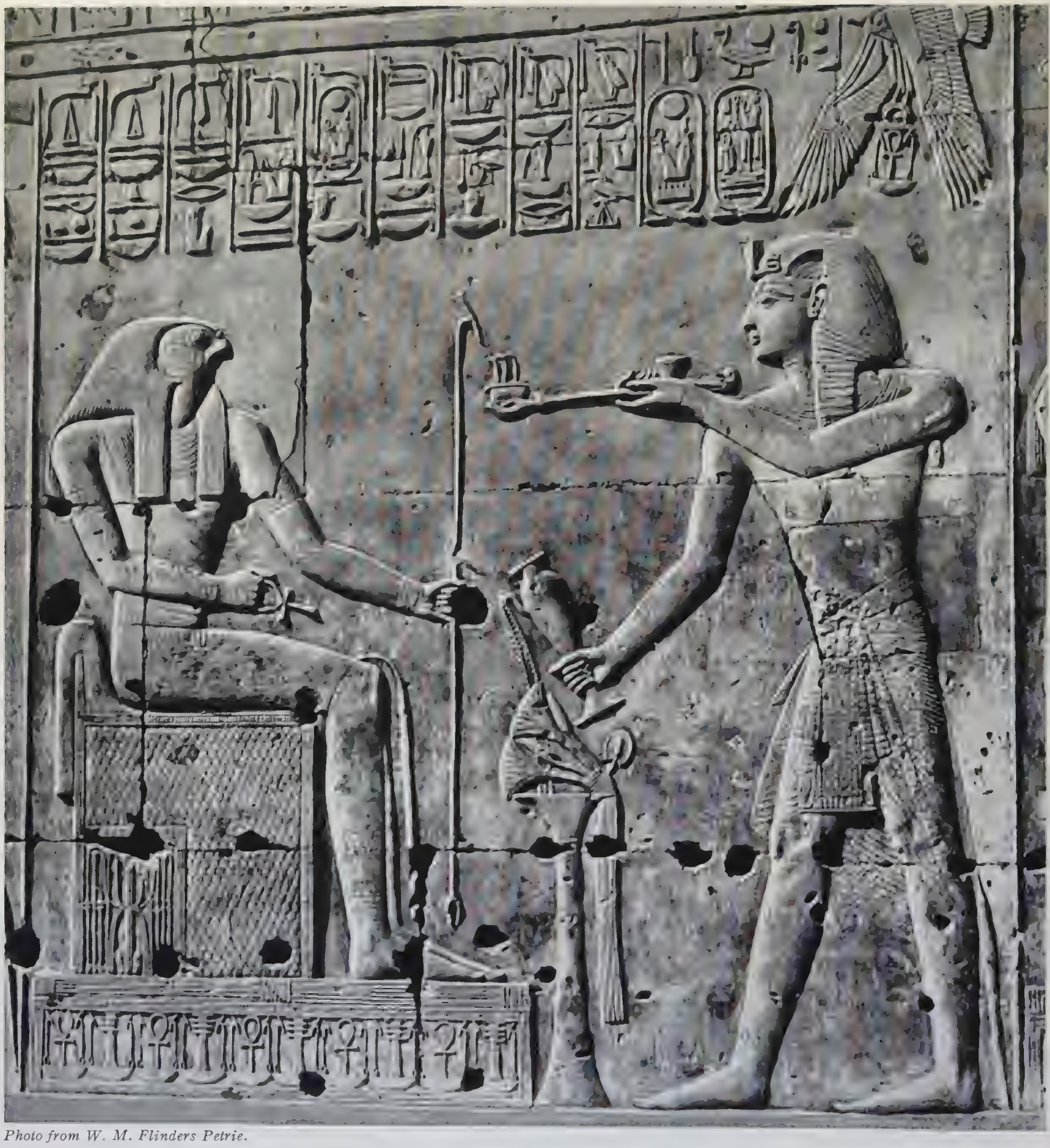
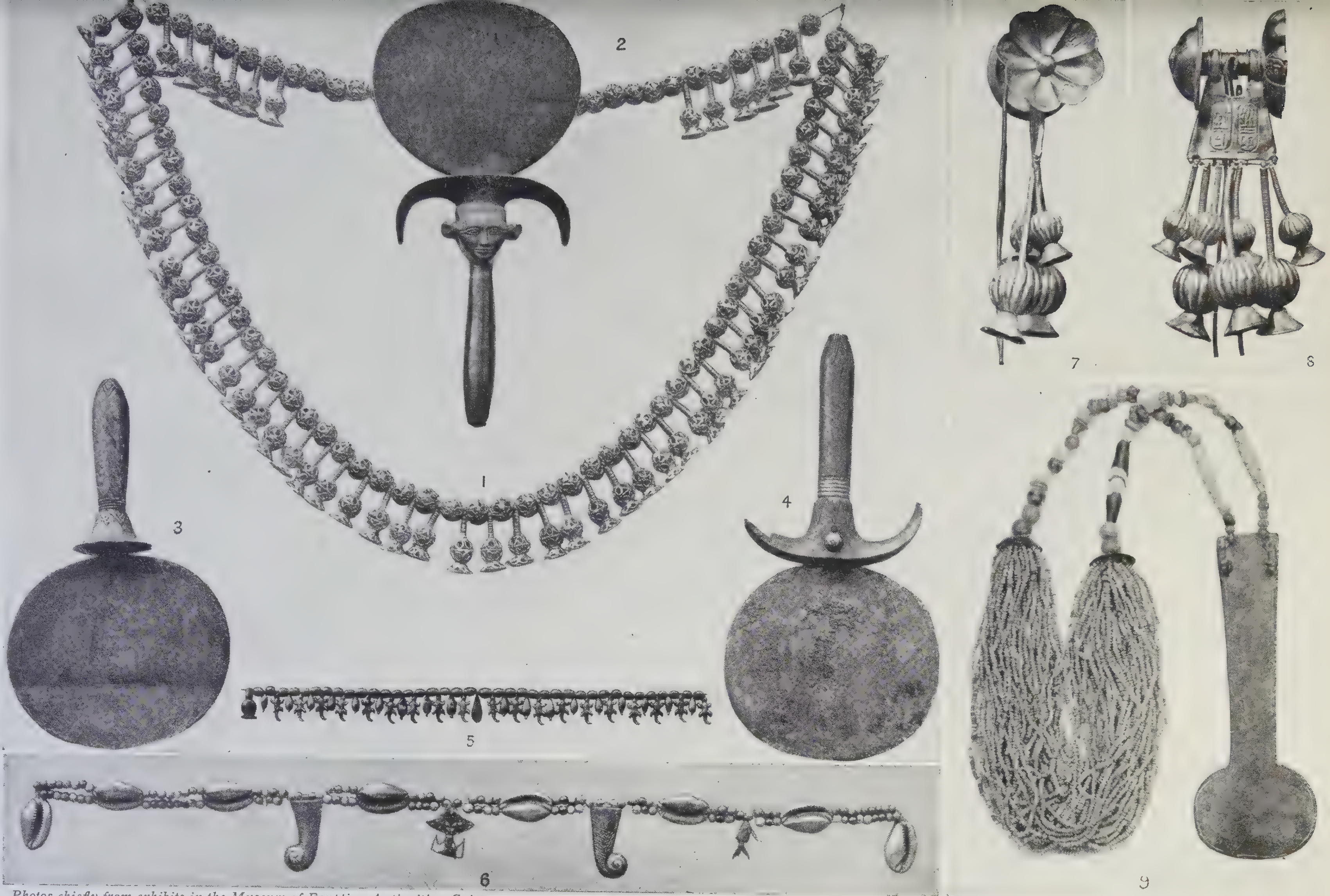


Photo from W. M. Flinders Petrie.

HIGHLY FINISHED WALL SCULPTURE IN THE TEMPLE OF SETI I. AT ABYDOS

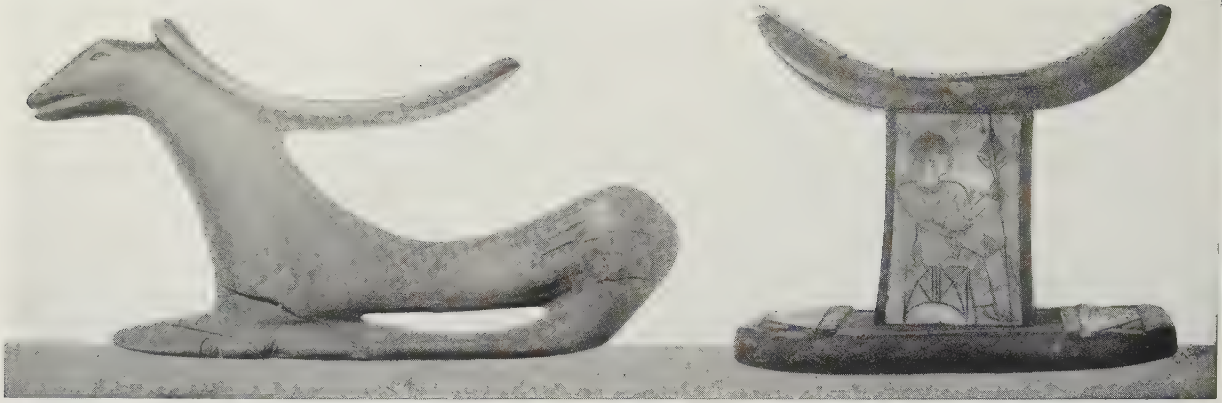
Another of the series of sculptures showing the high degree of Egyptian craftsmanship 1300 years B.C. The king is offering to the god Sekhmet incense in a long-arm censer, while he pours a libation into a bowl over which a bunch of beautifully-carved lotus flowers is seen. Note the ripple of the water as it flows. The god is represented with a falcon head, and is understood to be promising bravery and strength to the king in return for his oblations.



Photos chiefly from exhibits in the Museum of Egyptian Antiquities, Cairo.

COMMON OBJECTS OF MY LADY'S DRESSING TABLE IN ANCIENT EGYPT 3,000 YEARS AGO

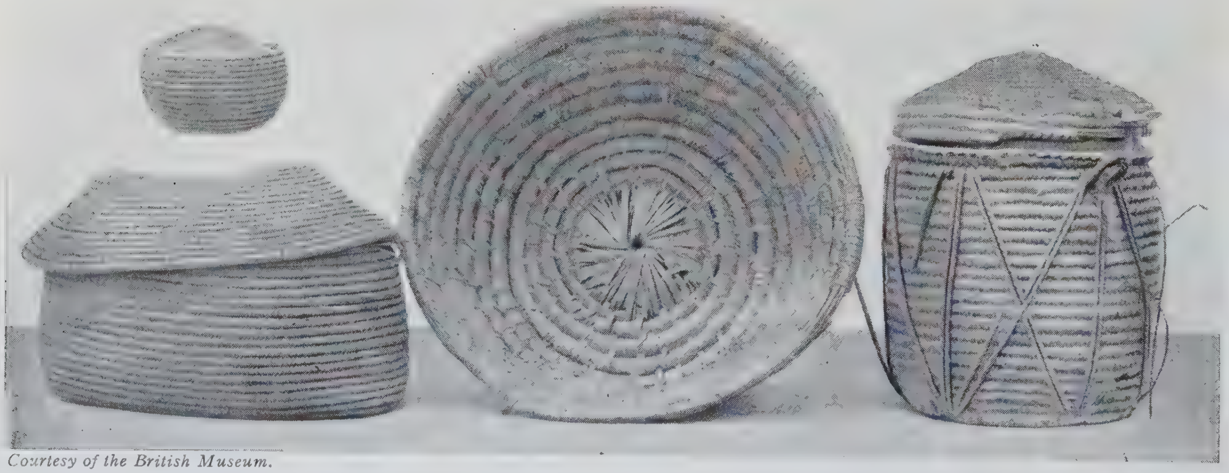
Some charming examples of Egyptian craftsmanship in jewelry are here illustrated. 1. a gold necklace belonging to Queen Tausert, wife of Setnekht; 2. bronze mirror, with handle representing the goddess Hathor; 3. and 4. bronze mirrors with the lotus motif in the handle; 5. necklace of gold and cornelian beads with drops in shape of lizards and flowers and lapis lazuli pendant; 6. necklace of gold, cornelian, lapis lazuli, and felspar beads, some in shape of locks of hair, fish, and cowrie shells, with inlaid pendant; 7. and 8. charmingly shaped jewelry of Queen Tausert found in a small pit in the Valley of the Kings; 9. necklace of glass beads and glazed pottery, with bunch of strings containing numerous small beads and a bronze "menat" or counterpoise. The bunch of small beads went across the chest, while the large beads lay over the shoulders and back, the menat acting as a counter-weight.



Courtesy of the British Museum.

THE HEAD-RESTS USED BY ANCIENT EGYPTIANS GAVE WIDE PLAY FOR FANCY

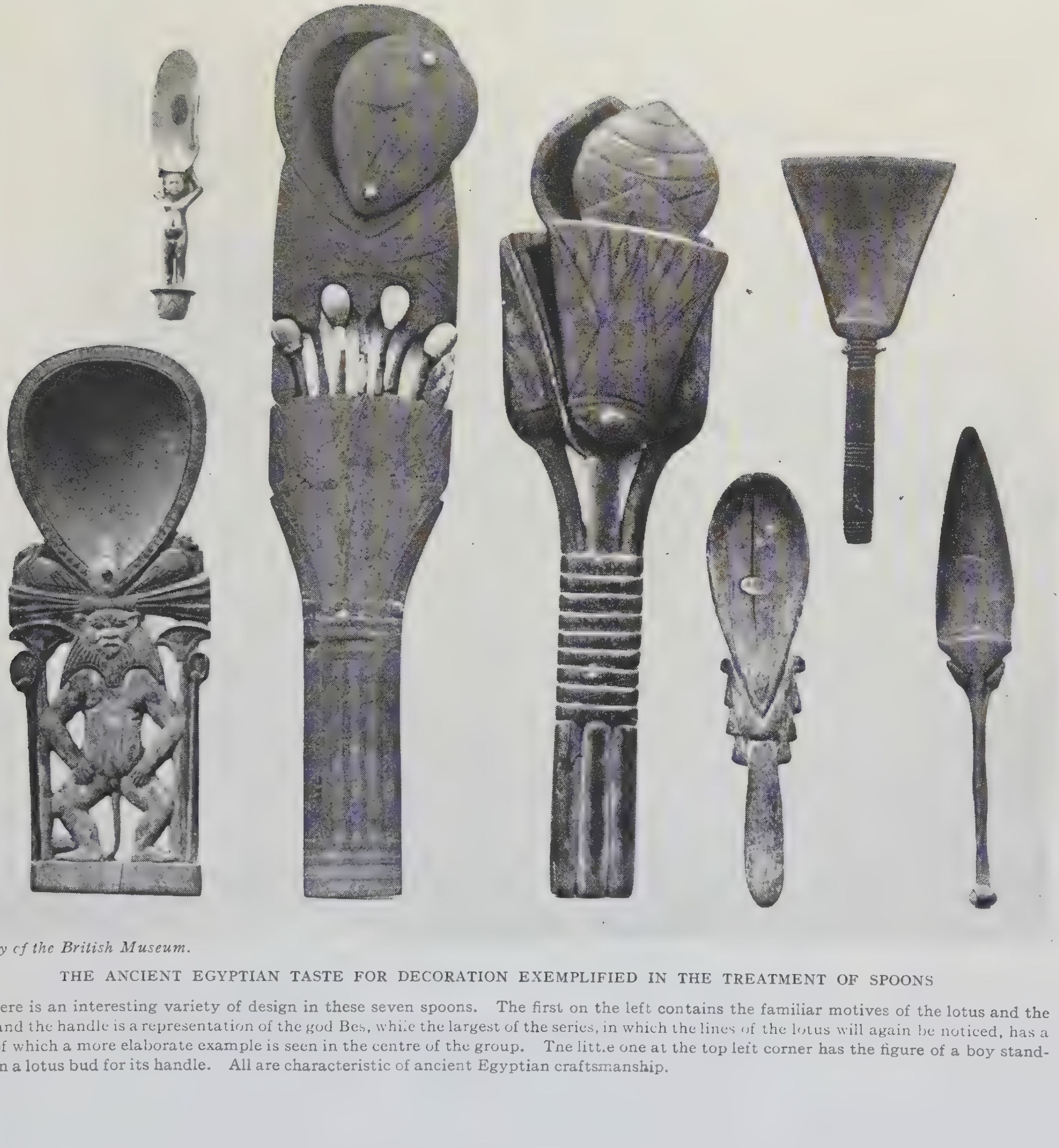
Although European and American notions of nocturnal comfort may differ from those of the Egyptians, whose pillows were fashioned of wood, as here illustrated, these head-rests were much better adapted for a hot climate than the familiar pillow. The instinct of the Egyptians for decorative ornament is well seen in these examples, the first a happy adaptation of the outline of a hare with ears extended, the second made of light-coloured wood, with ebony inlay and ivory plaques and rosettes. In both, but especially that on the left, is evidence of genuine craftsman's delight. Such head-rests are commonly used among the native races of Africa and are known familiarly by the name of "Kaffirs' pillows."



Courtesy of the British Museum.

BASKETS MORE THAN 3,000 YEARS OLD THAT ARE NOW IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM

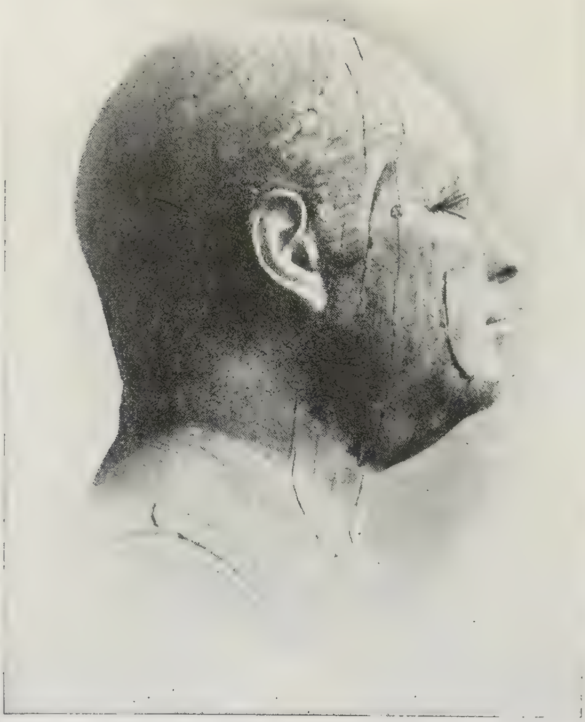
There is nothing but the circumstances of their finding to distinguish these examples of ancient Egyptian craftsmanship from any that might have been made in modern times and suffered from exposure to weather. Basket-making is one of the essential industries common to civilized and semi-civilized peoples, and being a simple application of means to an end, there is also an almost universal repetition of shapes. Palm leaves, fibre, and reeds were used by the ancient Egyptians in the manufacture of these baskets.



Courtesy of the British Museum.

THE ANCIENT EGYPTIAN TASTE FOR DECORATION EXEMPLIFIED IN THE TREATMENT OF SPOONS

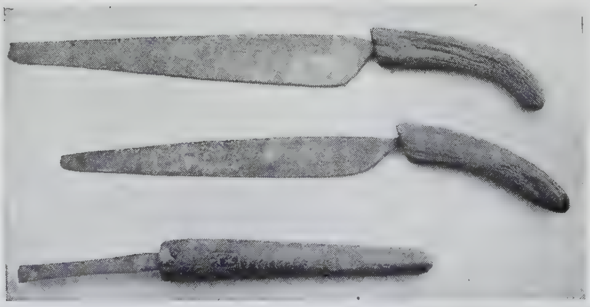
There is an interesting variety of design in these seven spoons. The first on the left contains the familiar motives of the lotus and the ducks, and the handle is a representation of the god Bes, while the largest of the series, in which the lines of the lotus will again be noticed, has a cover, of which a more elaborate example is seen in the centre of the group. The little one at the top left corner has the figure of a boy standing upon a lotus bud for its handle. All are characteristic of ancient Egyptian craftsmanship.



Museum of Egyptian Antiquities, Cairo.

AN EARLY EXAMPLE OF EGYPTIAN PORTRAITURE

The wooden statue, about 3½ feet in height, of which the above is the head, found at Sakkara and known as the Sheikh-el-Beled, is one of the earliest and finest examples of ancient portraiture. The subject, a personage of some importance during the fourth or fifth dynasty (c. 2850–2700 B.C. and 2700–2550 B.C.) has been rendered in the most natural and truthful fashion, the treatment being as free and unconventional as that of the Greek sculptors many ages afterwards, and as vital and convincing as any masterpiece of modern sculpture could be.



Museum of Egyptian Antiquities, Cairo.

EIGHTEENTH DYNASTY CUTLERY

Chased with hieroglyphics, among which appears the name of Thothmes III., these knives are little different from those in use to-day.

ceremonial instruments of more recent date" were "objects of everyday use in an earlier age."

By Tutankhamen's time society had grown exceedingly complex, and rank was symbolised by the very furniture, as well as by the colours and designs of the clothing worn. The gorgeous throne found in the tomb could not be used by anyone except the Pharaoh; the beds and couches were similarly reserved for him, and were consequently placed with his body in the tomb for his exclusive use in the Otherworld.

The use of furniture and the habit of sitting in chairs and stools in quite the modern manner was of great antiquity in Egypt, as has been indicated by the archaic example of a sculptured representation of a seated official which has been referred to. Even in pre-dynastic times, some three thousand years before Tutankhamen's age, the high-born lords and ladies had already made demands on the artistic artisans for comely seats, and for spoons of ivory which had beautifully carved handles depicting figures of animals.

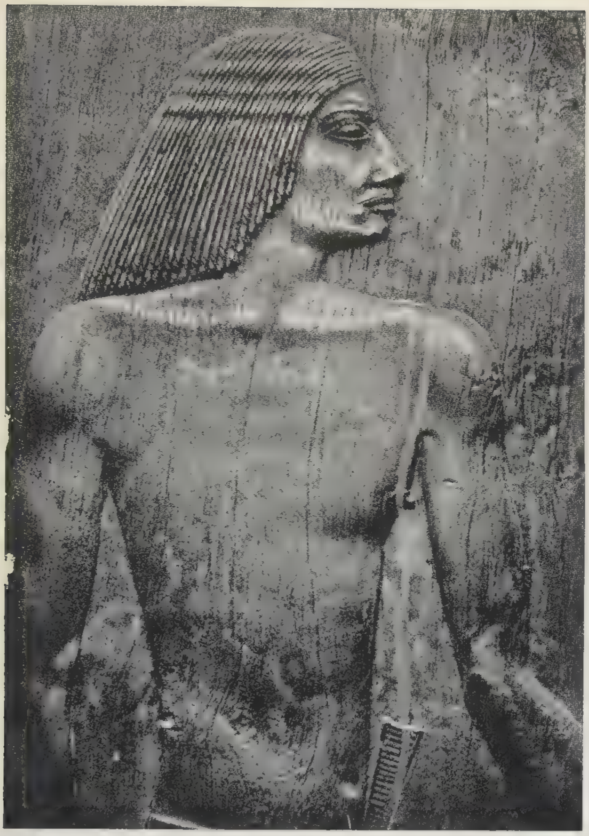
During the early dynasties chairs and stools were manufactured from rare and costly materials in charming designs that take the eye at a glance. Some seats had legs of bulls and cows, which were cut in ivory. Even at that early period ebony was procured and worked with wondrous skill; and, what is more remarkable still, beautifully inlaid with ivory in artistic designs. When we come to the Old Kingdom times, during which the great pyramids near Cairo were erected, the furnishings of the houses of the great are found to have been of a quite elaborate character. The inlaid ebony chests display a high degree of craftsmanship, while the ivory carving, even when minute, is of supreme excellence.

One of the most beautiful and highly-finished examples of work in ivory of this period is the small portrait of Khufu (Cheops)—one of the builders of the three great pyramids of Gizeh—which was found by Professor Flinders Petrie. Stools and chairs and beds of this age display most exquisite workmanship. Tables were not common; food was placed instead in gold and alabaster vessels. Chairs were used at meals, but to a more limited extent than during the later Tutankhamen period, for in the tomb scenes the high-born ladies are often represented sitting on mats and carpets in the customary Oriental fashion which still obtains to a large extent, especially in Asia, in our own day.

The touch of artistry and the love of display were not, however, absent in these far-off Egyptian times, which were almost as old to Tutankhamen as his times are to us. Rich carpets and mats and luxurious cushions were provided by highly-skilled artisans. Soft leather was greatly favoured, and not only artistically cut into beautiful designs and elaborately ornamented, but also dyed in most brilliant colours. Stools and chairs had comfortable and beautiful leather seats, and leather was likewise used for beds and for highly-decorated canopies. The royal linens were as fine almost as silk, and were embroidered and coloured according to the fashions of the age, and especially to symbolise the rank of the wearer, for there were royal and aristocratic colours and blends of colours then as in later times.

In the luxurious Empire Age of Tutankhamen the possession and use of furniture became much more prevalent than in earlier times. Indeed, it seems that the aristocrats considered it necessary to sit in chairs and recline on couches so as to emphasise their rank in society. As they sat at meals, the musicians squatted on the floor. The poorer classes were generally represented in tomb pictures and Sculpturings sitting or kneeling on the ground or on mats; some have their legs drawn up in front, while others favour the fashion usually adopted by modern tailors on their benches, and by Indian Brahmans when engaged in solitary and silent meditation. Among all classes kneeling was adopted as a position of respect in the presence of a superior or of a deity. The priests kneeled and prostrated themselves in the temples.

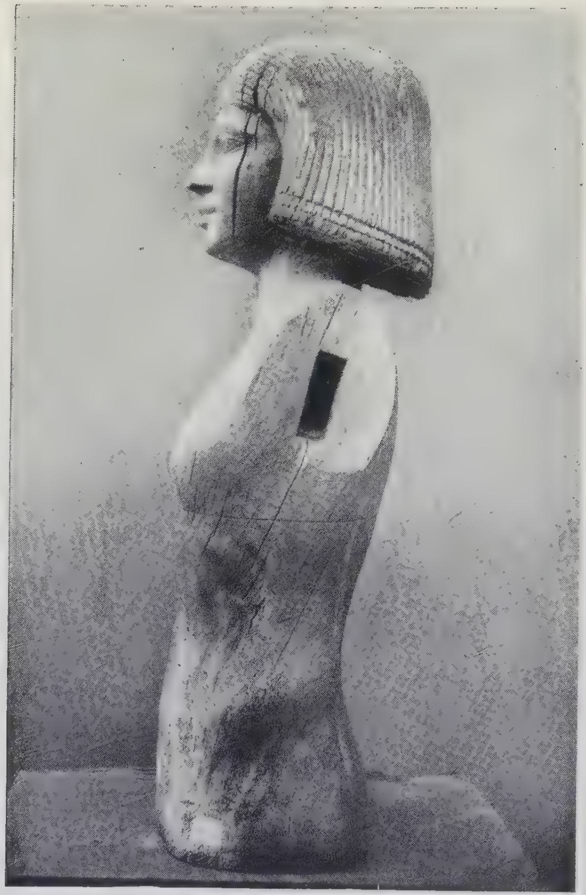
The beds and couches of the great, apparently like their chairs, symbolised, as has been stated, their high position in society. Common people slept on their ground mats; the middle classes favoured wicker bedsteads, as did the aristocrats of earlier times, using wooden head-rests of elegant design. Some of the palace couches appear to have been constructed to symbolise by their very loftiness the elevated positions of those for whom they were reserved. In the twentieth-dynasty tomb of Rameses III. (1198-1167 B.C.) an exceedingly high royal couch is depicted,



Museum of Egyptian Antiquities, Cairo.

HIGH OFFICIAL OF THE PYRAMID AGE

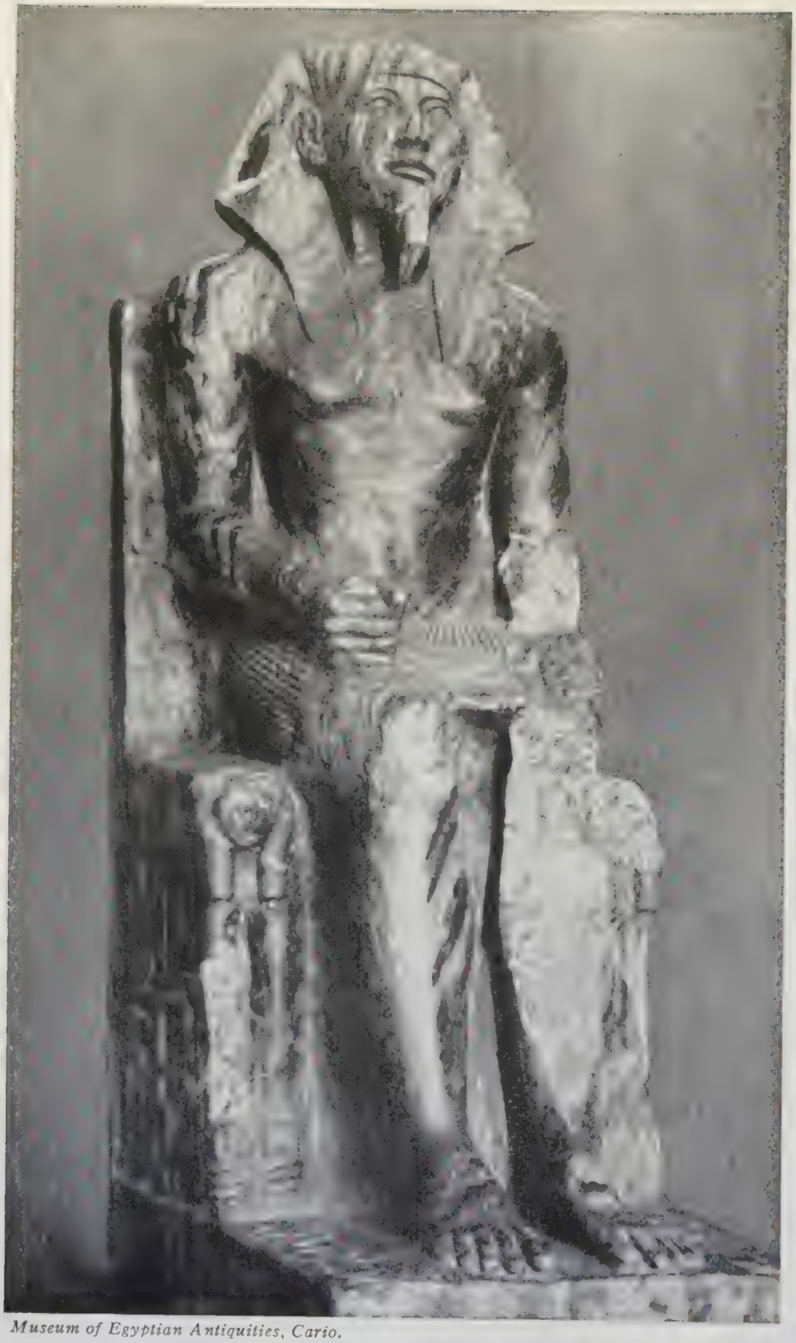
Note the firm modelling of the mouth and jaw in this fourth-dynasty wooden panel of Hesi-ra. Although side-face, the eye is given in full view; but this is an archaic feature running through Egyptian reliefs from the earliest to the latest periods.



Museum of Egyptian Antiquities, Cario.

AN UNKNOWN LADY FROM SAKKARA

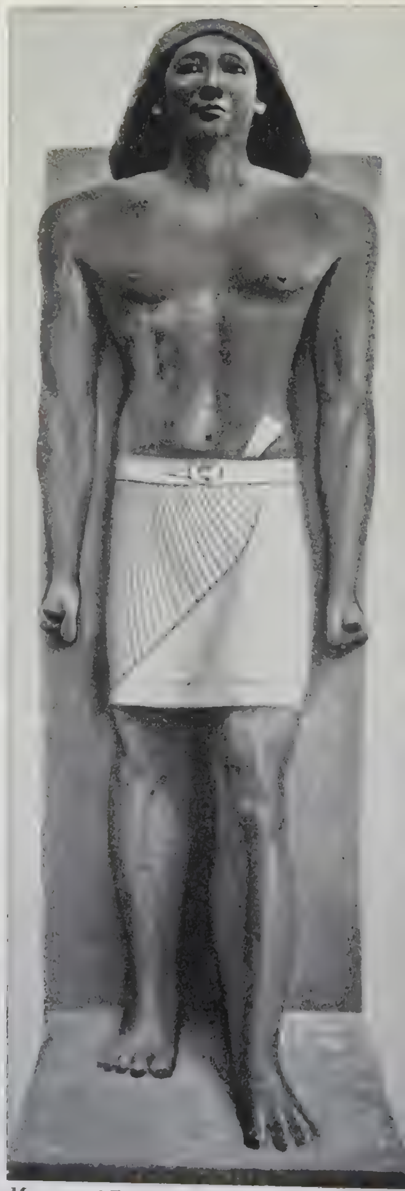
As an example of early sculpture in the round, this figure with its fine free curves, could not well be excelled. Of the same period as the relief of Hesi-ra, she was once known as the wife of the famous Sheikh-el-Beled.



Museum of Egyptian Antiquities, Cario.

GRANDEUR AND VITALITY: EGYPT'S NOBLEST WORK

Khafra was a fourth-dynasty king, the builder of the second pyramid, and better known by the name given him by Herodotus, Chephren. His diorite statue brings forcibly home to us the unsurpassed freedom and vigour of this period of Egyptian art—in the features, calm; in the pose, majesty; and in the body, the beauty of physical health.



Museum of Egyptian Antiquities, Cairo.

STATUE OF RANEFER

One of the first excellences of fourth-dynast art is the absence of conventionality; but ar can lack this and yet be inaccurate. That thi fault, too, was avoided, witness the statue o Ranefer.

and beside it are steps which were apparently used for climbing into it with appropriate dignity. The cow, lioness, and the so-called "typhonic" (possibly hippopotamus) couches in the Tutankhamen tomb (of which illustrations appear facing pages 38, 39, and 40) are of this type, and resemble the lofty couch of much later date favoured by an Assyrian monarch on a Nineveh marble slab in the British Museum.

Tables were freely used during the Tutankhamen period. Those favoured at Banquets, from which food was served, were generally round, and had a single central support, which was sometimes carved in human shape, the figure of a foreign captive being specially favoured. Square and oblong tables had three or else four legs, and were constructed not only of wood but of stone and metal; the surfaces were invariably painted or inlaid with religious symbols and texts. The chests and coffers used for storing clothing and jewelry were supreme works of art, as may be seen from the illustration in colour facing page 36.

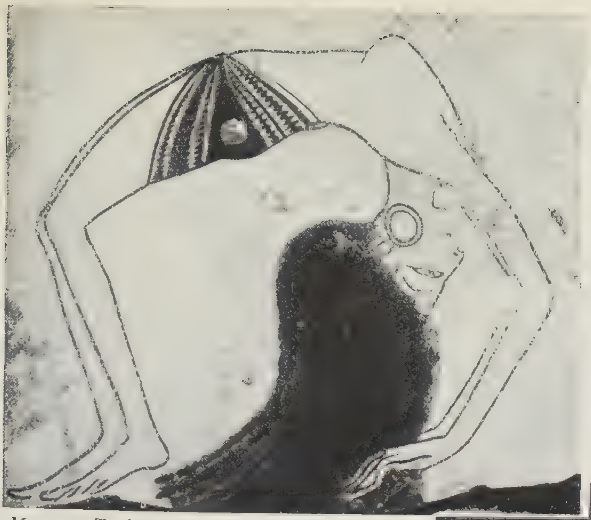
Amidst the splendour of palace luxury, as in the humblest homes, the children, who have been the same in all ages, amused themselves by imitating their elders. They had their toys and their games; the girls were little mothers and the boys little hunters and soldiers and venders of wares. When the bodies of children were mummified, their parents deposited beside them in the tombs the small vases and bowls and other toys with which they amused themselves during life and were supposed to require in the Otherworld. Little carved and painted dolls have been found associated with the tiny mummies. Some are rudely shaped; others are of quite elaborate character, with hair, strings of diminutive beads, and gaudy attire. Occasionally the dolls have movable arms and legs.

There were, even in these far-off days, mechanical toys, such as workers baking bread or washing clothes; the limbs were attached by pins, and could be set in motion by pulling a cord, just like the modern "jumping jacks." Grotesque monsters with mouths that could be made to gape and close with a snap were also popular. The little balls used in games were likewise placed in the tombs. Evidently there were artisans who employed themselves making toys in ancient Egypt as in modern Europe, and no doubt the custom prevailed of making presents of these in connexion with such occasions as festivals.

But it was not only in toy-making that the ancient artists and craftsmen gave way to flights of fancy and humour. On flakes of limestone (called *ostraca*) and on potsherds, which have been recovered from old rubbish heaps, and are preserved in the museums, the students made trial sketches, while accomplished artists amused themselves by making comic and satirical drawings. One of the latter character shows a fox attired as a priest engaged in performing a temple ceremony, another a mouse driving a chariot and offering a lift to a cat, a third a musician blowing a pipe and inflating himself out of shape, a fourth a little Jew solemnly driving a harnessed monkey, a fifth a Pharaoh and his wife waging war by shooting arrows against one another, as if to suggest that there were occasionally lively domestic conflicts in the royal palace.

In some of these sketches the draughtsmanship is of the highest order. But it was in the solemn tomb paintings, illustrating scenes of life that were to be repeated in the Otherworld, that the energies of the artist were officially directed. These pictures are invariably of a high order of merit and afford abundant evidence of the exacting training received in the temple schools of art and the wonderful skill with which life-like impressions were conveyed with anatomical exactness, a fine sense of proportion, and an appreciation of the rhythmic flow of free and graceful outline. In the paintings there is a fresh and frank appreciation of pure and vivid colours.

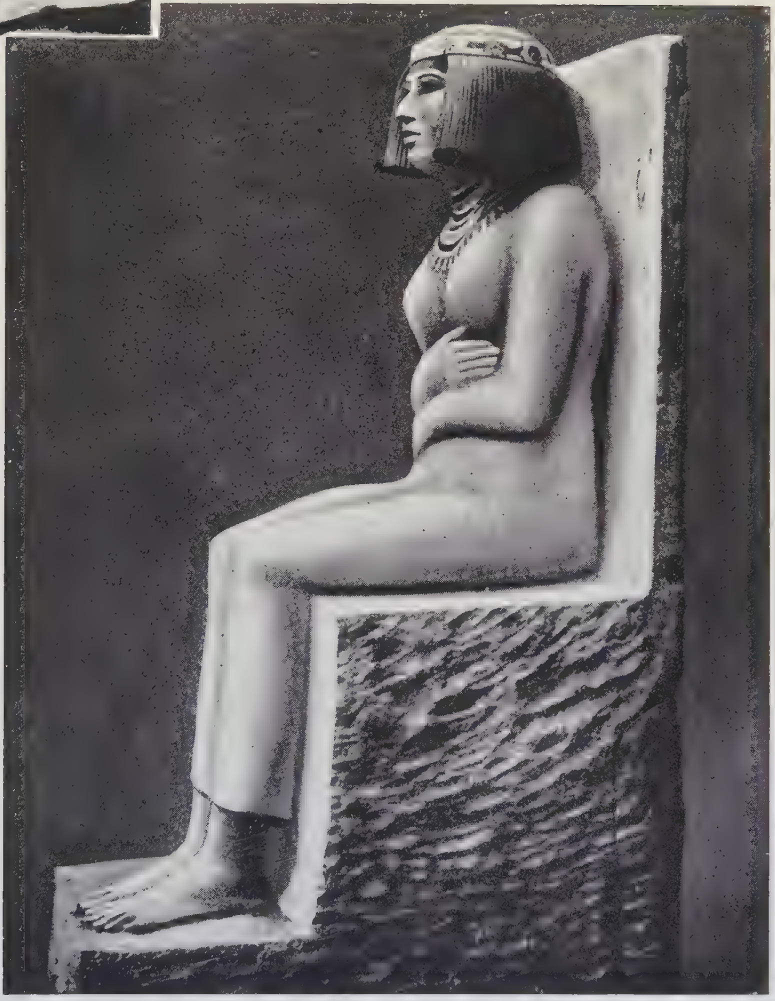
The jeweller's art, like that of the painter's, was of great antiquity. Tomb pictures of the Old Kingdom period show the artisans at work, weighing precious metals, smelting them with the aid of blowpipes, casting ornaments, and hammering and soldering them. Bracelets, as old as the first dynasty, have been found by Petrie at Abydos on the desiccated arm of a queen, which had been wrenched from the body by tomb-robbers and hidden in a crevice and forgotten. These reveal wonderful workmanship, with ornaments of gold, turquoise, and amethyst artistically blended. Finger rings and flint knives with handles of embossed gold, date back to the pre-dynastic age. Beautiful gold chains are as old as the Pyramid period.



Museum, Turin.

EGYPTIAN GIRL GYMNAST

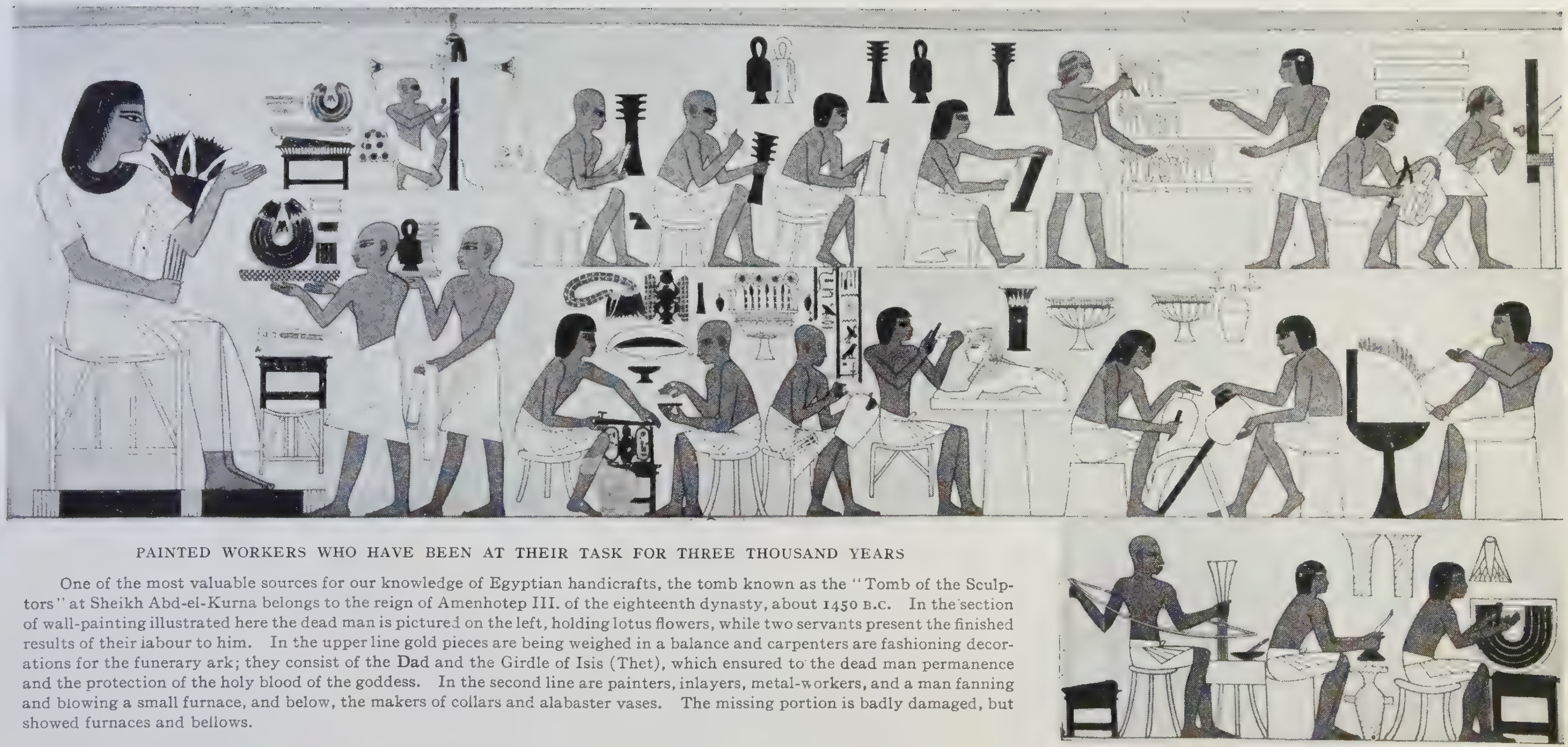
The bold curve of the drawing on this ostrakon surely gives the lie to those who speak of the uniform conventionality of Egyptian art. It dates from about the nineteenth dynasty.



Museum of Egyptian Antiquities, Cairo.

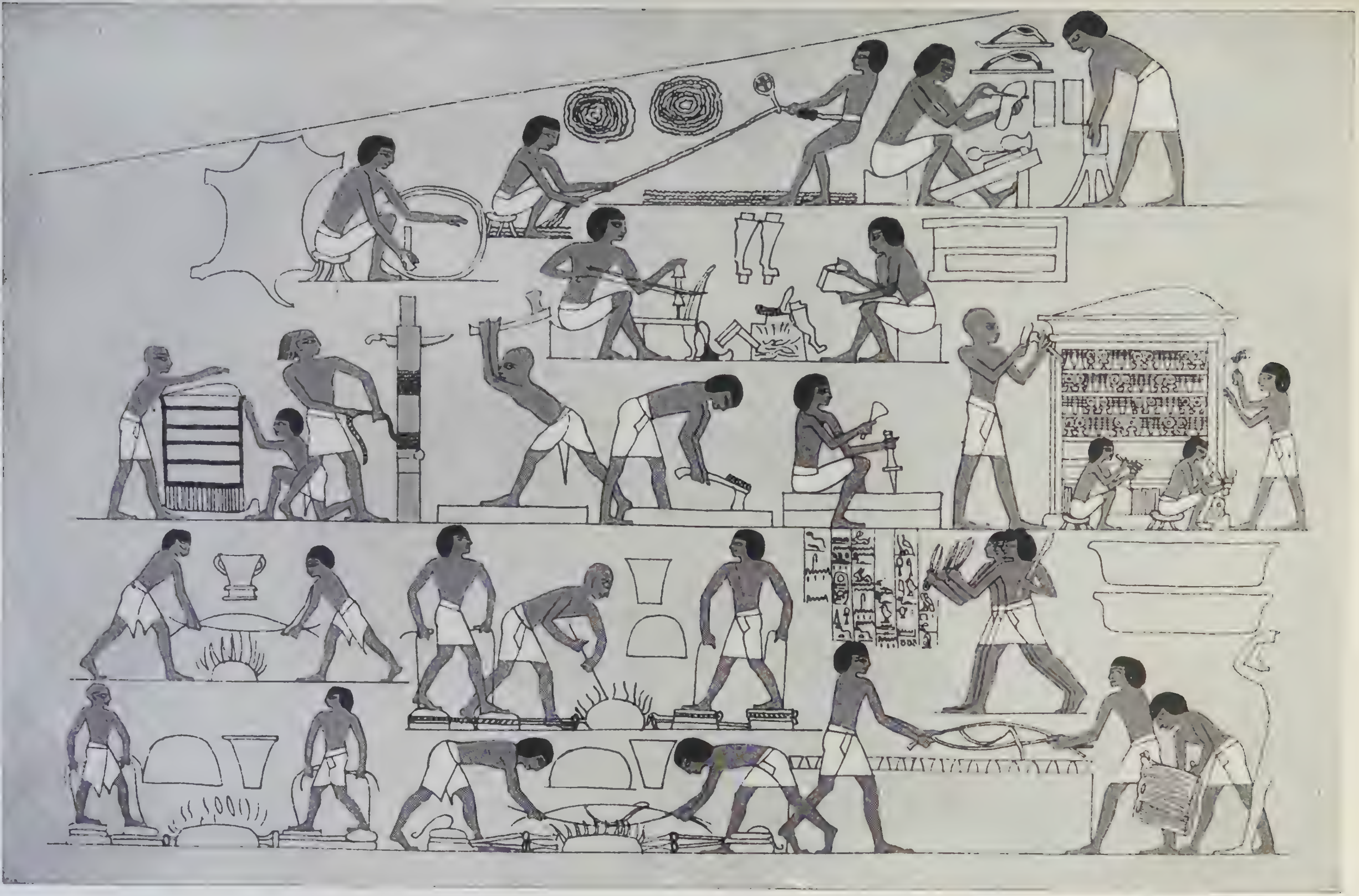
PORTRAIT STATUARY UNEXCELLED FOR CENTURIES

In the fourth dynasty art reached a degree of excellence not seen again for many generations in Egypt. This exquisitely-modelled statue of the Lady Nefert, a princess of the blood royal, is in a remarkable state of preservation, and beneath its close-fitting robe, which opens at the neck, the body seems instinct with warmth and life. The dignified face is surrounded by a ponderous wig which shows the natural hair on the forehead and is confined by a richly ornamented bandeau. The statue was found in a ruined mastaba-tomb at Medun, near the pyramid of King Sneferu.



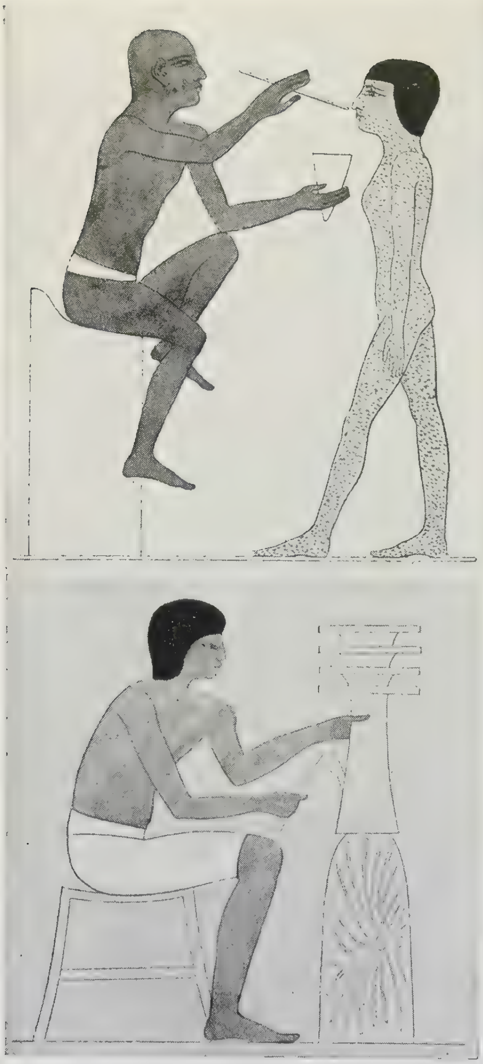
PAINTED WORKERS WHO HAVE BEEN AT THEIR TASK FOR THREE THOUSAND YEARS

One of the most valuable sources for our knowledge of Egyptian handicrafts, the tomb known as the "Tomb of the Sculptors" at Sheikh Abd-el-Kurna belongs to the reign of Amenhotep III. of the eighteenth dynasty, about 1450 B.C. In the section of wall-painting illustrated here the dead man is pictured on the left, holding lotus flowers, while two servants present the finished results of their labour to him. In the upper line gold pieces are being weighed in a balance and carpenters are fashioning decorations for the funerary ark; they consist of the Dad and the Girdle of Isis (Thet), which ensured to the dead man permanence and the protection of the holy blood of the goddess. In the second line are painters, inlayers, metal-workers, and a man fanning and blowing a small furnace, and below, the makers of collars and alabaster vases. The missing portion is badly damaged, but showed furnaces and bellows.

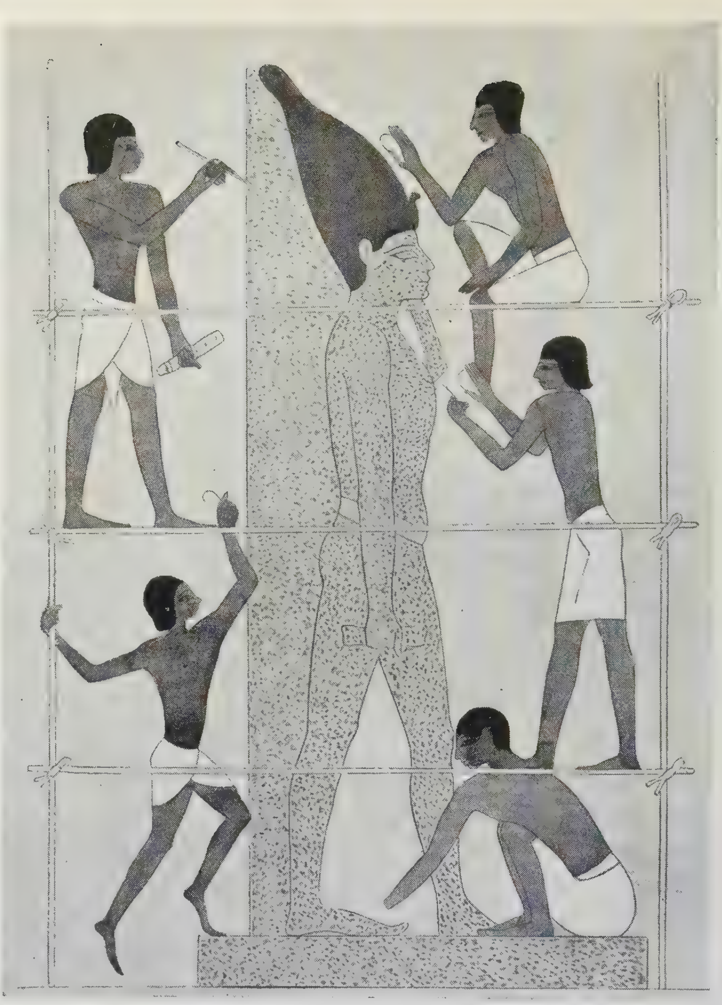


SCENES FROM A HILL TOMB OUTSIDE THEBES: CEASELESS TOIL FOR THE GLORY OF AMMON

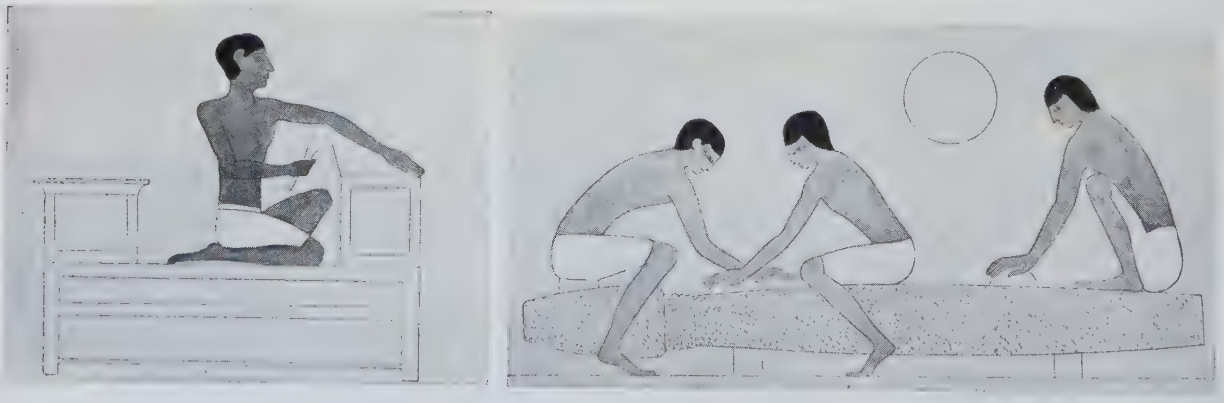
Rekhmara, prefect of Thebes in the reign of Thothmes III. of the eighteenth dynasty, had a richly-decorated tomb made for himself in the same district as the "Tomb of the Sculptors." In this section of the wall-paintings we see work being undertaken for the Temple of Ammon. Above, a man cuts strands of leather which are then twisted with a rope, while [illegible] are engaged in the manufacture of sandals. Below, carpenters are making a small shrine, and blocks of wood are being sawn and hewn, while inlayers decorate a larger shrine with mystic symbols. In the lowest band of painting all the processes in the smelting and casting of gold are shown—the furnaces, the bellows, and the gold being poured into moulds.



At top, the artist is intent upon the painting of a wooden statue with those lasting colours known to the Egyptians, and below a workman fashions a Dad, or sign of stability; the original significance of this strange emblem is not known with certainty.

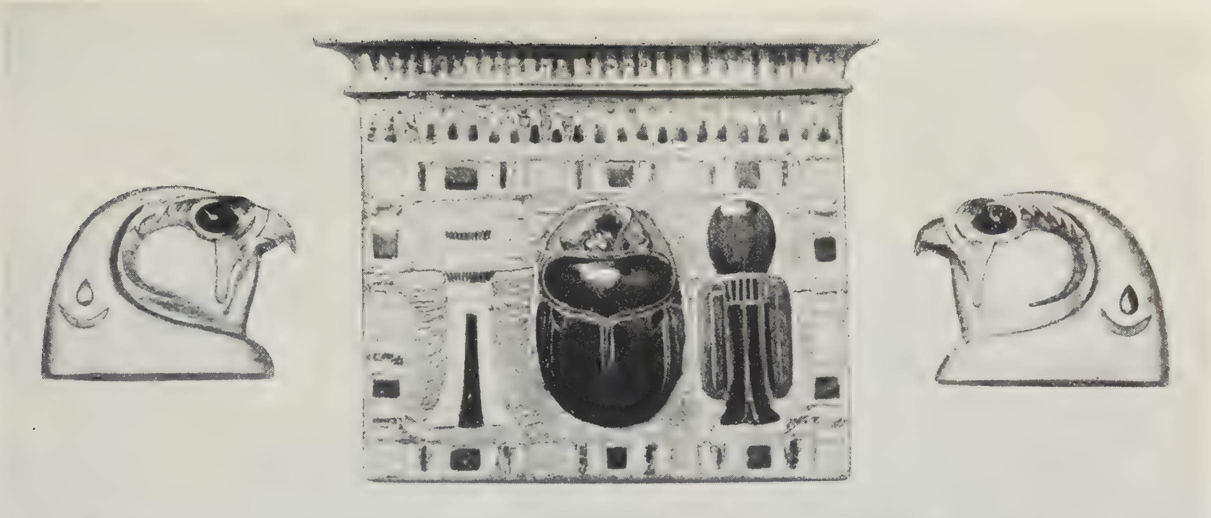


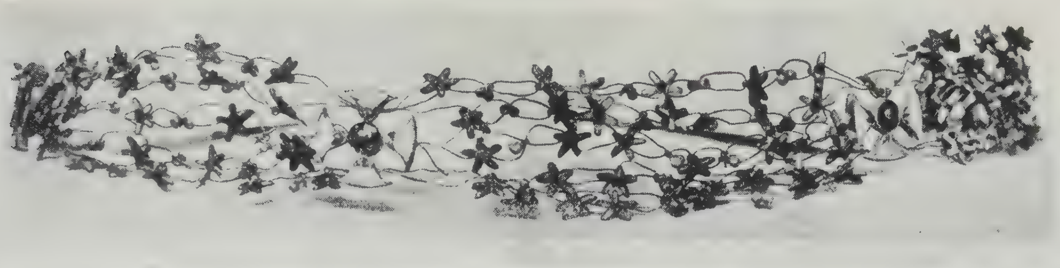
Masons are here shown at work on a colossal statue of King Thothmes III., during whose reign Rekhmara was prefect of Thebes and exercised nearly all the privileges of royalty while his master was absent on his many foreign campaigns. One, sitting on the scaffolding, polishes the crown and another the feet; one works on the breast with chisel and hammer, while two more design hieroglyphs on the back. Of these last the upper figure is drawing the outlines with reed-brush and palette while his fellow comes after him and engraves them with a chisel. Altogether a most homely and spirited picture is presented as the long-dead workmen climb nimbly about the modern looking scaffolding absorbed in the exercise of their craft.

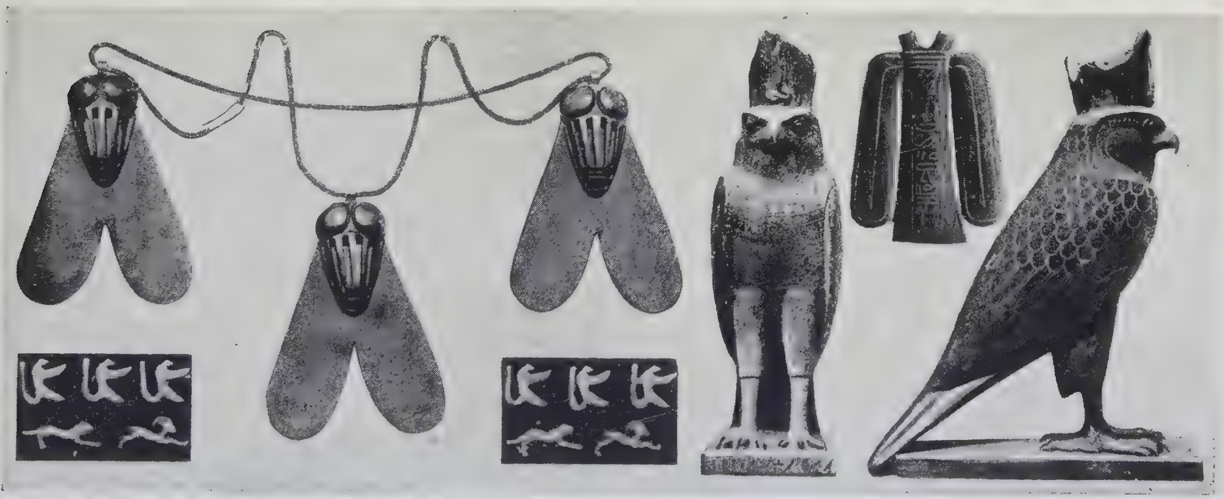


PICTURED SCENES OF ART AND CRAFT FROM THE TOMB OF REKHMARA

On the left a joiner is making a bed, and on the right stone-workers are industriously engaged in polishing a monolith. The finds at Luxor teach us what excellent carpenters the Egyptians were, while the tools which the polishers are using have hardly changed to this day. In looking at these illustrations of busy craftsmen at their work, we seem to hear an echo from that throbbing industrial life which grew from immemorial times on the banks of the Nile, and went on, heeding little, one thinks, the rise and fall of those dynasties which form the bulk of what we know as Egyptian history. It is the vital magic of such paintings that makes the dry bones of the past to live again for us in these latter days.



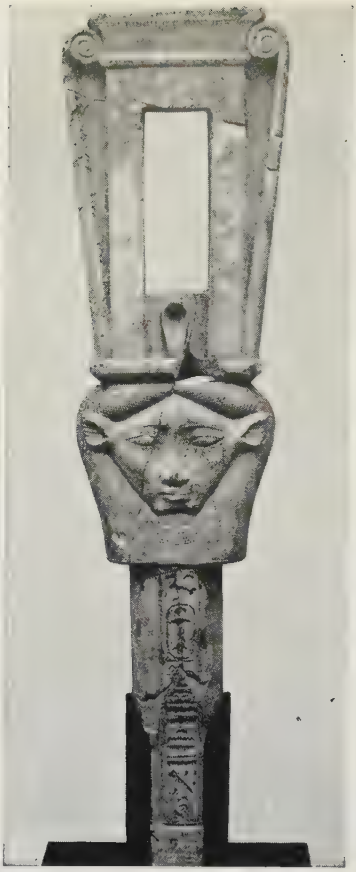




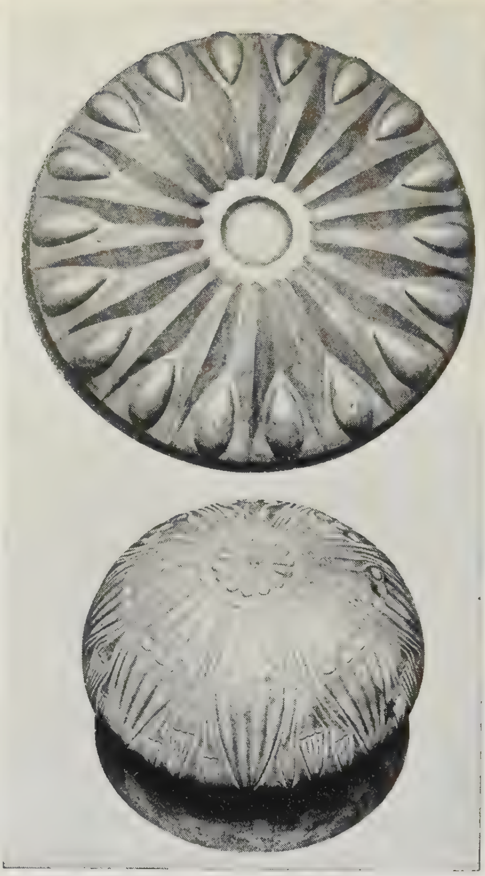
Museum of Egyptian Antiquities, Cairo.

BEAUTIFUL JEWELRY THAT WAS MADE FOR THE USE OF THE DEAD

1 and 3. Two clasps for a necklace in the form of falcons' heads. 2. Inlaid pectoral of the priest Hatiai. 4. Funerary crown of gold threads and flowers with blue petals and carnelian centres, from the treasure of Princess Khnumuit. 5. Golden bees on a chain and collar-pieces, from the treasure of Queen Aah-hotep. 6. Two falcons and a girdle-buckle, specimens of gold and silver inlay-work. Though these jewels were usually made exclusively for the dead, and were consequently of more delicate structure, those of Queen Aah-hotep were worn by her in life. Circa eighteenth dynasty.

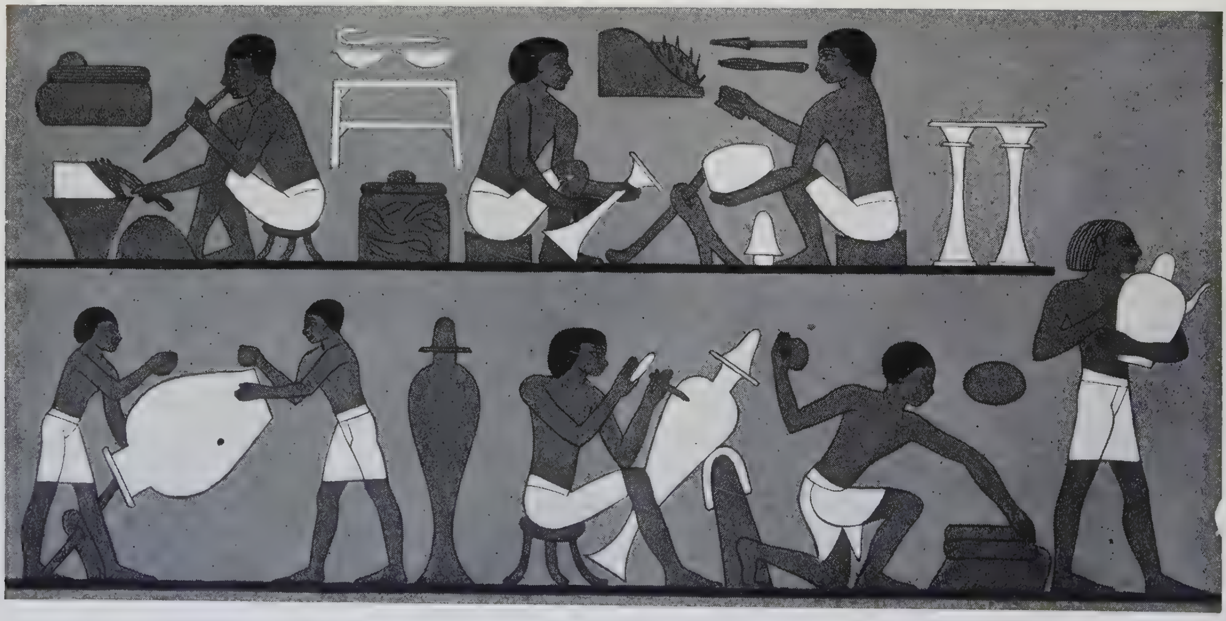


FAIENCE SISTRUM



FINE SILVER REPOUSSÉ WORK

Left: Twenty-sixth dynasty sistrum, a musical instrument connected with Isis-worship. Right: Silver was known later than gold in Egypt, but the eighteenth and nineteenth dynasty work in these bowls from Mendes leaves not a trace of the beating or polishing.



MAKING GOLDEN VASES THAT RIVALLED THE WARES OF GREECE IN PURITY OF OUTLINE

The inscription on this wall-painting from the necropolis at Thebes tells us that the goldsmiths are "making vases of gold on silver." Perhaps the action of the man with a chisel in the lower register points to inlay-work; although silver-gilt may be what the artist intends. In any case, the free, accurate curves of the wares reflect no less credit on the painter than on the goldsmiths.

By the time of the Middle Kingdom, some five centuries before Tutankhamen's age, the royal ladies of Egypt wore exquisite gold diadems with inlaid gems that have never been surpassed for their arresting delicacy and charm. Two examples of these, found at Dahshur, are preserved in the Cairo Museum. One is of minute and profuse floral design, and is strengthened by shapely Maltese crosses; the other is of more symbolic character, but no less imposing and finely wrought. To the same period belong a butterfly of granulated work, suspended to a chain and strong pectorals (breast ornaments), engraved in openwork in gold. Of more elaborate, but rarely of more chaste and graceful character, is the jewelry of the Tutankhamen Age of Empire. Gold and jewels were more abundant and more lavishly used. Silver had also come into more general use. It was probably imported from Cilicia, and it was never used with more artistic effect than in the manufacture of highly ornamented bowls.

Among the other crafts, that of the dyer is worthy of special mention. Here wonderful technical skill was displayed. The Egyptian chemists had introduced the use of mordants, and wonderful shades of green and blue were obtained from copper. With the coloured yarns the weavers produced elaborately designed cloths on their mechanical looms.

The æsthetic spirit was constantly and successfully cultivated by a religious spirit of devotion to art. In an Old Kingdom tomb scene two craftsmen are employed drilling out very shapely stone vessels with patience and skill. Their feelings are rendered articulate by the hieroglyphic texts carved in front of them, for one of them says: "This is a most beautiful vessel"; and the other answers: "Indeed it is." Evidently the craftsmen found pleasure in their work and aspired to excel.

During the period of transition and change which preceded the reign of Tutankhamen, a distinctive note of naturalism crept into the art products of all varieties. It had already been manifested in the reign of Amenhotep the Magnificent, the father of the "heretic" Akhnaton and the grandfather of Tutankhamen's queen. Two beautiful inlaid coffers found in the tombs of Amenhotep's father-in-law and mother-in-law, and illustrated in colour facing pages 196 and 197, are notable examples of the new art movement. Both are beautifully shaped, carved, and inlaid. One has a frieze of blue glazed faience tiles, with the signs—"ankh" (life), sceptre (power), and Osirian "dad" (stability), —in gilded low relief. Royal symbols, figures of the king and royal inscriptions, entered into the scheme of the design, which is a perfect unity of symbolism and beauty. The form and workmanship of the coffer is as satisfying to the modern artistic eye as it was to the ancient people to whom it had a religious as well as an æsthetic appeal. In the other coffer the inlays are not only of blue faience, but of white and red ivory, dark ebony, and gleaming gold. The prominence given to the colour blue—that deep rich "Egyptian blue" so greatly admired in our own day—was due to the fact that it was the sacred colour of the god Ammon of Thebes. But its effective use in the scheme of decoration and in association with other colours was wholly due to the promptings of a cultivated æsthetic sense.

Akhnaton appears to have fostered the spirit of naturalism which characterised the art movement of his age. In fragments of vividly coloured tiles and in the decoration of furniture the sudden release from immemorial formalism is emphasised to a marked degree. The designers no longer adhered to conventional method of presenting natural objects, nor did they confine their attention mainly to those which were regarded as religious symbols. They drew with their eyes fixed upon the objects and selected those which appealed to their sense of the beautiful, or those that lent themselves to purely æsthetic use.

The duck-head supports of the folding stool found in the Tutankhamen tomb (illustrated facing page 41) are an excellent example of the influence exercised by this new art movement. These ducks have no symbolic significance in themselves. They are purely and simply art objects which attracted the designers and made æsthetic appeal to them. The same spirit is evinced in a fuller and more vivid manner in a fragment of painted pavement found by Petrie amidst the ruins of the palace of Akhnaton at Tell-el-Amarna. Spirited bulls, romping in the marshes, disturb the birds, which take sudden flight into the air, and are depicted with the grace and animation of nature. The colour sense of the artists was richly cultivated, and they revelled in new shades of colour, no longer confining themselves alone

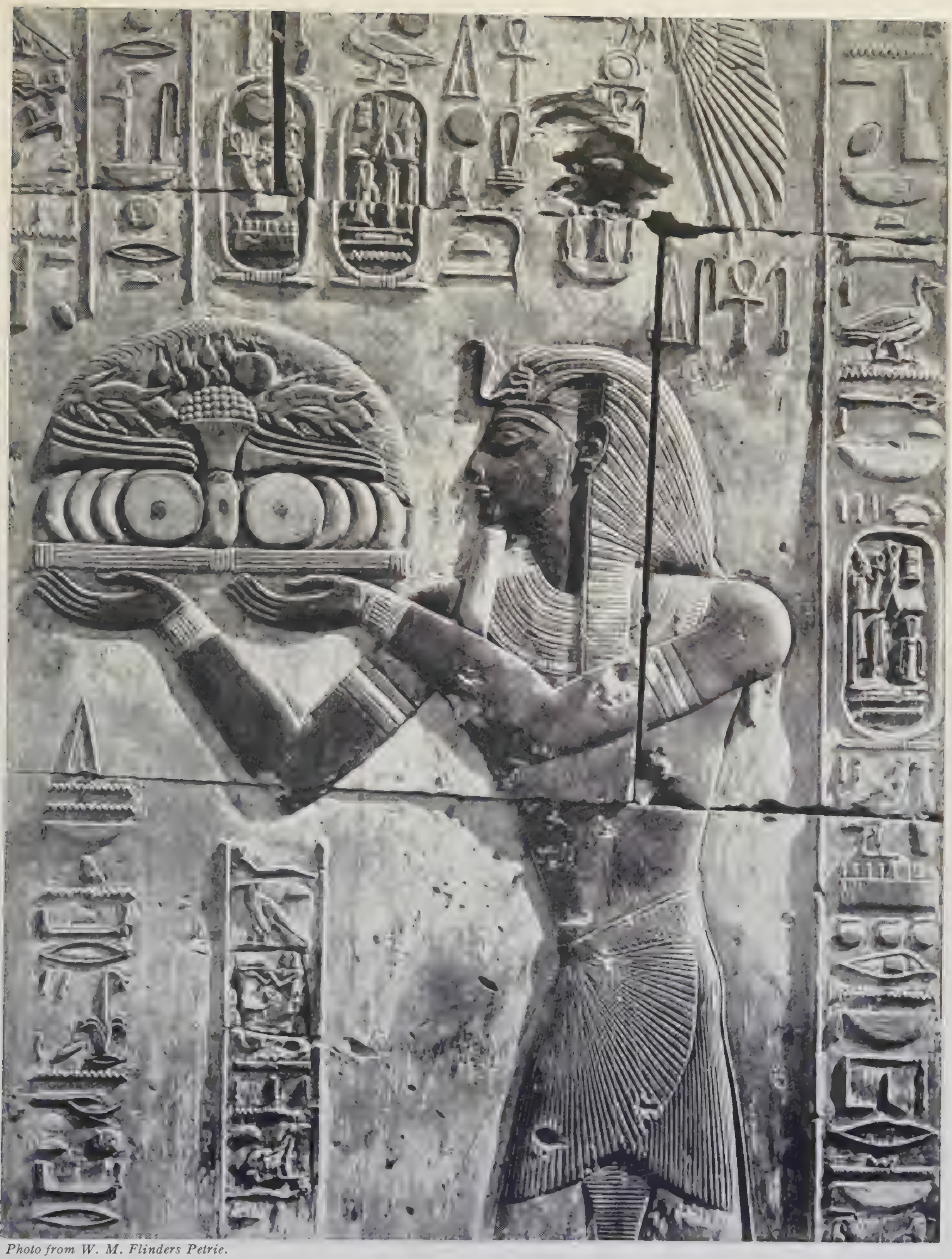


Photo from W. M. Flinders Petrie.

THE DECORATIVE EFFECT OF WALL SCULPTURE IN THE TIME OF SETI I., 1300 B.C.

Although the strikingly decorative and beautiful sculptures in the Temple of Seti I. at Abydos show this branch of Egyptian art when it had lost much of its early vitality and truth and had become highly conventionalised, the technique of the sculptor was excellent, and in every detail there is evidence of care and patient craftsmanship. Seti I. is shown offering a mat on which are cakes, geese, figs, pomegranate, and a basket of grapes, all symbolical of the offerings actually made to the god Sekhmet.

to the glaring reds and blues and greens of their predecessors, but introducing those exquisite shades of violet and purple-blues which are seen on the hills of Egypt under certain atmospheric conditions, and the different shades of reds, russet browns, and yellows they seem to have caught from the desert sands and the ridges of limestone and granite in the Nile valley. The sculpture work was profoundly influenced also, as is shown by the examples found at Tell-el-Amarna in 1912 and now in Berlin.

The studies of Nefertiti, Akhnaton's queen, one of which is reproduced facing page 42, are not surpassed even by the finest products of the Greek age. Indeed, they reveal an elegance and a degree of refinement which contrast sharply with the masculine strength and vigour of Greek sculpturing. The Egyptian lady is more delicately sensitive and feminine than any female depicted by the Greek masters, whose athletic and full-blooded goddesses belonged to an order of women quite different from those gentle aristocrats of the Tutankhamen age. Here again Egyptian art and religious ideas combine, for it was a religious necessity to the Egyptians to produce "living images" of those they portrayed in stone. The influence of the new art movement, however, was directed towards a more complete realisation of nature's own subtle and refined modelling.

The Tutankhamen tomb relics reveal a tendency to revert to immemorial formalism and to overload the designs with religious symbols. But the spirit of exulting freedom remains, and even runs riot in gorgeous and intricate decorative effects, as shown by the wooden casket on which Tutankhamen is depicted as two human-headed lions in heraldic opposition, wearing the horns and plumes of the god Ammon and trampling his enemies under foot (see illustration facing page 39). The stiff and frozen formalism of the symbolism is relieved, however, by the graceful and vigorous modelling of the lion bodies, the generous curves of the tails, and the decorative arrangement of the vultures' wings, while the elaborate scheme of painted decoration forming the borders imparts a dazzling brilliance to the entire scheme. The whole casket is adorned with a minuteness of detail and elaborate finish and variety, which excel the best art products of this character from China or Japan. Another example of exquisite craftsmanship is a red wood stool inlaid with ebony and ivory (see illustration facing page 41). An armless chair of great beauty, with human and other figures cut out on the back which are meant to symbolise the idea of eternal life, is worthy of special mention.

But no piece of furniture from the Tutankhamen tomb is more wonderful than the throne, which in itself breathes an air of steadfastness, dignity, and aggressive power. It is shown in part in the photograph facing page 39. The arms run from two uræi serpent symbols of the Pharaoh, each wearing the "double crown" of the "Two Lands" (Upper and Lower Egypt). The legs are of lion shape, and in front they are surmounted by lion's heads. On the chair back, which has a comfortable slope, are beautiful and symbolic decorations, while the arms are exquisitely carved and otherwise adorned. This is the first example that has ever come to light of a throne of an Egyptian emperor. Its strength and loveliness reveal not only the splendour of its age, but the supreme degree of excellence reached by designers and craftsmen, who not only imparted beauty but eloquence to their work, so that they leave even a modern admirer in no doubt as to what they meant, although they wrought in such hard material as ebony and ivory. Among the furniture of all ages the Tutankhamen throne is of outstanding merit and charm.

The Egyptians of the Empire period excelled not only in elaborateness of design, but in the beauty achieved by simplicity of treatment in both form and colour. The king's clothes-box is of beautiful proportion and notable for its black and white design, with soft brown woodwork in its supports. Another clothes-box, which contained clothing for both the king and the queen, has a curved lid, and is similarly in black and white. Of delicate shape and finish is a white, fretted tabouret, while an ebony stool with ivory inlays of daisy designs is at once gracefully and exquisitely wrought. Everything the artistic workmen of Tutankhamen's time touched they made beautiful. So small and insignificant an object as a sandal-buckle (see illustration facing page 41) for the Pharaoh was transformed into a work of arresting and luxurious art, with floral designs in gold, depicted with minute care and instinct with animation and grace.

The jewelry and other examples of the goldsmith's art are on a similarly high level.

But no art relics in the tomb are of more surpassing excellence than the symbolic vases cut out of solid alabaster. The wonderful unguent vases especially are of elaborate design, flanked with lotus and papyrus motifs in open work, and in beautiful proportions and wonderfully free and graceful forms. One can only guess at the time employed by the exact and artistic craftsmen who produced these amazing works of art; their work is flawless, and there are no indications of accidents due to thoughtlessness or carelessness. Not only do they bear eloquent testimony to the taste and inspiration of the designers, but to that loving care and tireless exertion displayed by the ancient craftsmen of unknown names who glorified their age by their exemplary industry and their whole-hearted devotion to the service of art.

The unguent vases symbolise the "Two Lands" (united Upper and Lower Egypt), and are adorned with the Egyptian symbols of longevity, as are so many of the fine products of ancient Chinese craftsmanship of semi-religious character. "A hundred thousand years" is the interpretation of these Egyptian longevity symbols, and apparently that was the period which the priestly supporters of Tutankhamen hoped he would enjoy as a result of the pious provision they had made for his welfare in that Otherworld, the wonderland of Paradise, beyond the sky, in association with the gods and goddesses who controlled the destinies of ancient Egypt. The great figures of the cows, lionesses, and "typhonic" wonderbeasts supporting the couches display fine craftsmanship, but are grotesque in design.

These, with other more beautiful objects, breathe the spirit of devotion and loyalty with which the Pharaoh was as consistently regarded after death as he had been during life.

To understand Egyptian art it is necessary to bear in mind that it was, in essence, an expression of religious feeling.

For many centuries it was not only disciplined but hampered by the weight of the religious symbolism imposed upon it. But the very fact that it had its sacred aspect, and therefore its utility, was one outstanding reason why it was sedulously promoted from generation to generation.

The temples were veritable nurseries of Egyptian art, and the skilled craftsmen in their workshops were trained with a degree of thoroughness and care which would not have been possible if it were not believed that they had genuine missions in life. The loving care and the passion for beauty revealed by the art objects of ancient Egypt were undoubtedly fostered by the traditional beliefs associated with the activities of generations of men who believed that they owed the artistic impulse to direct inspiration from the deities whom they worshipped and whom they served.

The reward of the worker was not estimated by money alone; it was founded chiefly on the conviction that his skill assured for himself that immortality which, by producing religious objects, he helped the Pharaoh, his queen, and his great lords and ladies to obtain.

THE WONDER CITIES. VI

PALMYRA, QUEEN CITY OF THE DESERT

By Edward Wright

PALMYRA, QUEEN CITY OF THE DESERT

By Edward Wright

SITUATED midway between the Syrian coast and the upper course of the Euphrates river, Palmyra was probably an old desert trading centre long before King Solomon, according to tradition, extended his power there. When the Romans and Parthians were contending for the dominion of the Middle East, the Palmyrenes increased in power and riches. By A.D. *260, when the finest works in the city were being built, the desert city was in a position to challenge both the Persian and Roman Empires. The Grand Colonnade, of 1,500 splendid columns, with arcaded streets branching from either side, the triple-gated Triumphal Arch, the Palace and Judgment Hall of Zenobia, and the finer parts of the immense Fortress Temple, were probably erected during the reign of Zenobia. The city fell to the Romans under Aurelian in* A.D. *273.*—EDITOR.

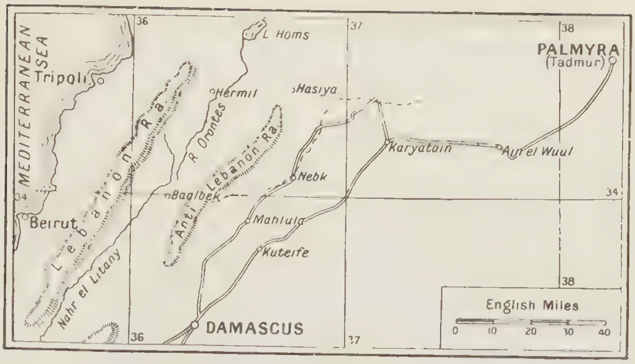
FOUR days' hard travelling from Damascus, over the flowering valleys and outlying limestone ridges of the Lebanon mass, brought a rider by the portal pass to the Syrian wilderness of sand and salt lakes. Leftward of the pass, a long range of yellow heights, stretching from the Euphrates river, ended in a wall-girt, castle-crowned mountain. On the right, another tower-dotted crest linked with a second line of peaks and scarps, which, like a rampart of civilisation, blocked out the desert and curved back towards Damascus. The desert, in the latter part of the third century of the Christian era, had not been able to invade the cultivated field. It was then the tide of civilised life that ran outward through the gap between the two mountain ranges, and spread in power and beauty into the wilderness.

As the rider climbed the pass, a marvellous spectacle was unfolded. There was an ancient oasis of palm trees at the foot of the mountains, and the high, green fronds peeped at the traveller as he rose, and then became mingled with the stone foliage of a forest of Corinthian columns, and the carven work of immense ranges of arcades. As the top of the pass was reached, the oasis city of Palmyra shone like a fairy mirage of the desert, on a background of sun-scorched sand, seamed and patched with bitter salt. Within a thirteen-mile circuit of ramparts, connecting with the walled and castled mountain, was an immense array of pillars. Little houses had tiers of little columns; mansions had ranges of larger columns; scores of temples had lofty columns, and giant fluted drums rose into leafy capitals by a great palace and greater Sun Temple. Small streets and large squares had each their pillared arcades, and the many private gardens were, like cloisters, framed in columned coolness. Intersecting the maze, in a line running from the foot of the castled heights to the principal temple, was a Grand Colonnade, with pillars fifty-seven feet high, supporting a massive, ornate entablature. It began with a magnificent triple Triumphal Arch, from which stretched four rows of columns, forming a wide, central, arcaded highway, with two footways on each side. Midway on this road of triumph two splendid palaces, with colossal statue-work, soared into the blazing sky, and lesser colonnades branched continually from the main thoroughfare. In the vast shadowed bazaars, crowded with Syrians, Saracens, Jews, and Greeks, shone the silks, carpets, jewels, and fine fabrics of India and Persia.

Century after century, from the days when Alexander the Great overran Babylonia, the Palmyrenes had built themselves shade from the sun and shelter from the sandstorm by means of arcades of Corinthian pillars. In their Temple of the Sun, the architectural style they adopted from the later Greeks was developed with an overwhelming effect of splendour. Being the fortress treasure-house of the city, the temple was surrounded with a wall, some seventy feet high, the massive strength of which was lightened in appearance by pilasters supporting an overhanging, solid work of carven stone that was both beautiful and useful in defence. Between the pilasters were windows that further broke the vast surface of the wall in an ornamental way, and provided openings for arches, if needed. The doorway was an

A COIN OF ZENOBIA

(Enlarged)



MAP INDICATING THE POSITION OF PALMYRA

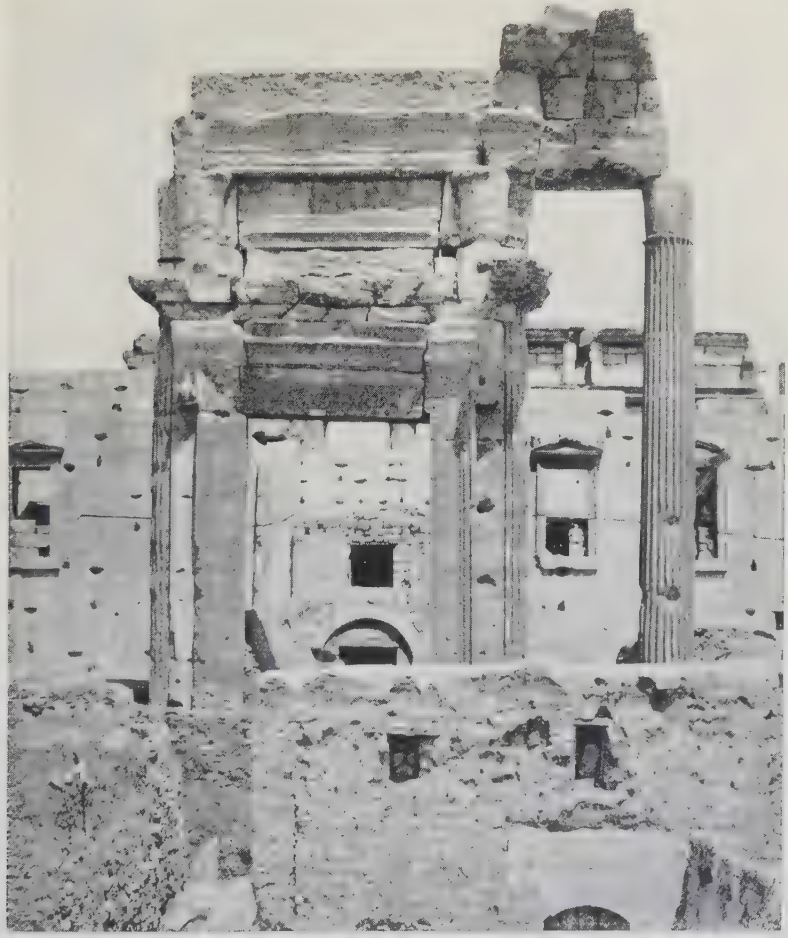


Photo by F. M. Good.

WHERE EASTERN ART AND WESTERN SPLENDOUR MET

Local tradition may be right in calling a mass of ruins near the Triumphal Arch Zenobia's Palace and Judgement Hall at Palmyra. The elaborate carving on doorpost and lintel seem to mark it as a royal residence, built, one would like to think, by Odenathus for his lovely queen, Septimia Bath-Zabbai.

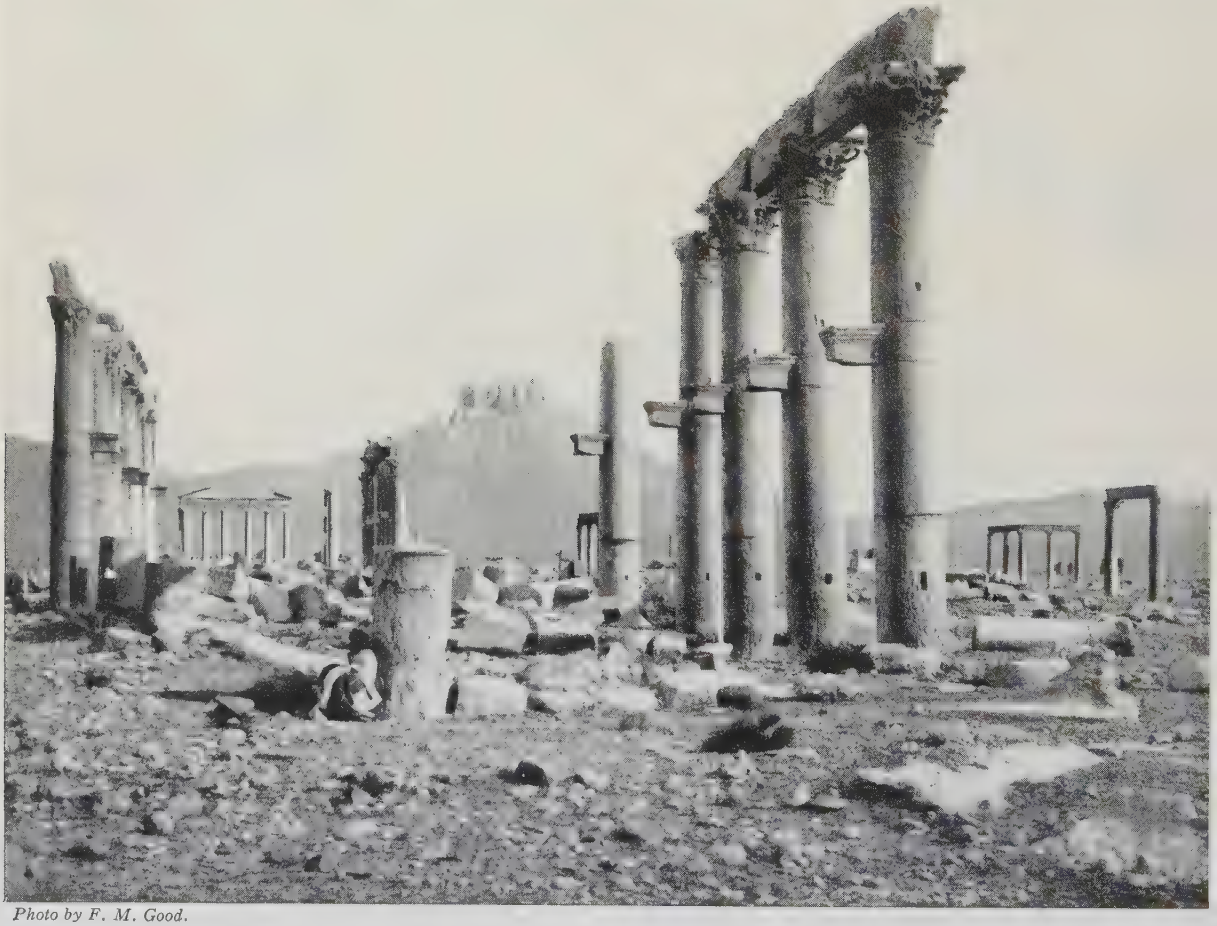


Photo by F. M. Good.

DESERT-GIRT FORTRESS: PALMYRA'S CASTLE FROM THE GRAND COLONNADE

On each pillar of the Grand Colonnade was a projecting bracket bearing a statue of some illustrious Tadmorene. These numerous pillars, so beloved by the old architects of Palmyra, make the city look to-day, like a magic city of stone conjured from the sands. From the castle in the background a magnificent view may be had over the ruins and the circling desert, but the present structure is Moslem work, built of stone from an older fort once within the circuit of the walls.

example of resisting power and grace. Thirty-two feet high and sixteen feet wide, it was made out of monoliths for jambs and lintels, but the single blocks of stone were exquisitely sculptured. Within was a court, set with rows of columns seventy feet high, from the middle drum of each of which projected a bracket on which rose statues of citizens who had deserved well of the city. These statues overflowed the temple court, and adorned the pillars of the Grand Colonnade.

In the middle of the spacious square, ascended by a flight of stairs and encircled by a single row of Ionic columns with finely wrought bronze capitals, was the temple. It was forty paces long and sixteen paces broad, with the entrance at the western side, and the sanctuary at the eastern end. Here, on the ceiling of lovely designs with zodiacal emblems, was the most perfect carving in Palmyra, and here the ancient Syrian cult of the sun, in the latter part of the third century of the Christian era, was still strongly held. Such was the costly, artistic labour spent upon the temple that the great polished columns, if measured end to end, were some six miles long. Near by was a smaller temple dedicated in A.D. 130 to an imperial visitor, the Emperor Hadrian.

In addition to the enormous range of classic architecture in Palmyra, there were remarkable examples of a kind of native building scattered in profusion round the base of the neighbouring mountains. They were great tower tombs, most of them over one hundred feet high, with vaulted caves beneath, each containing nearly five hundred embalmed bodies of Palmyrenes. Many of the lower interiors were finely painted and carved, and small statue groups of scenes from family life were placed by the mummies. Here could be traced, in little personal ornaments left with the dead, the history of Palmyra for some thirteen hundred years, since the days when Solomon is said to have held the mountain gate to Mesopotamia. Assyrian, Hittite, Egyptian-Nubian, Persian, Macedonian, and Roman cultures had left their mark on the life of the outposts of the great desert, until the city grew strong enough to win independence, and aim at empire herself.

It was the peculiarity of Palmyra that she flourished most in adversity. When the Parthian or the Persian was at war with

Rome, the desert city balanced freely between the two mighty contending forces, and enriched itself by acting as trade broker between them. When the northern trade routes from Antioch and Aleppo to the Orient were closed by warfare with the Parthians, Palmyra began greatly to prosper. And when the southern trade route through Petra (described in pages 107-113) was ruined by the greed of the Romans, every Roman campaign in upper Mesopotamia increased the far-ranging power of the Palmyrenes.

By the middle of the third century of our era, practically all the commerce between India, Persia, Southern Arabia and the Far East on the one hand, and all the Mediterranean world on the other hand, poured through the gorgeous city that held the mountain pass in the Syrian desert. Rome alone took yearly at least one million sestertii of Indian merchandise, and depended upon Palmyra not only for luxuries, but likewise for aid in eastern wars. In every campaign in Mesopotamia, Rome anxiously waited to learn what was the Palmyrene policy.

As soon as the power of the Parthian weakened, the Romans encircled Palmyra with their legions. Their Emperor Severus, after breaking the Parthians, reduced Palmyra to the status of a Roman colony, and procured the assassination of the chief man of the city, Odenathus, who had plotted a revolt. The Romans had always despised the caravan traders as an unwarlike race, while envying their enormous wealth and fearing the political power which the merchants skilfully exercised in their desert buffer state between two rival empires. Severus seemed to have put an end to all danger from Palmyra, and prepared the way for extracting its riches.

The Palmyrenes, however, were not at the end of their resources. In spite of their luxurious, silken, scented ways of life, they had a hard core of Semite character. In them, the smooth shrewdness of the Syrian was blended with the vehement strength of the Saracen, as the desert Arab was already called. Partly by marriage and business connexion with Beduin chiefs along the caravan roads, and partly by successful, quiet desert campaigns and enlistments of Saracen fighting-men, they were the practical, secret masters of the larger part of Arabia. By way of preparing for battle, the elder son of the assassinated chief of

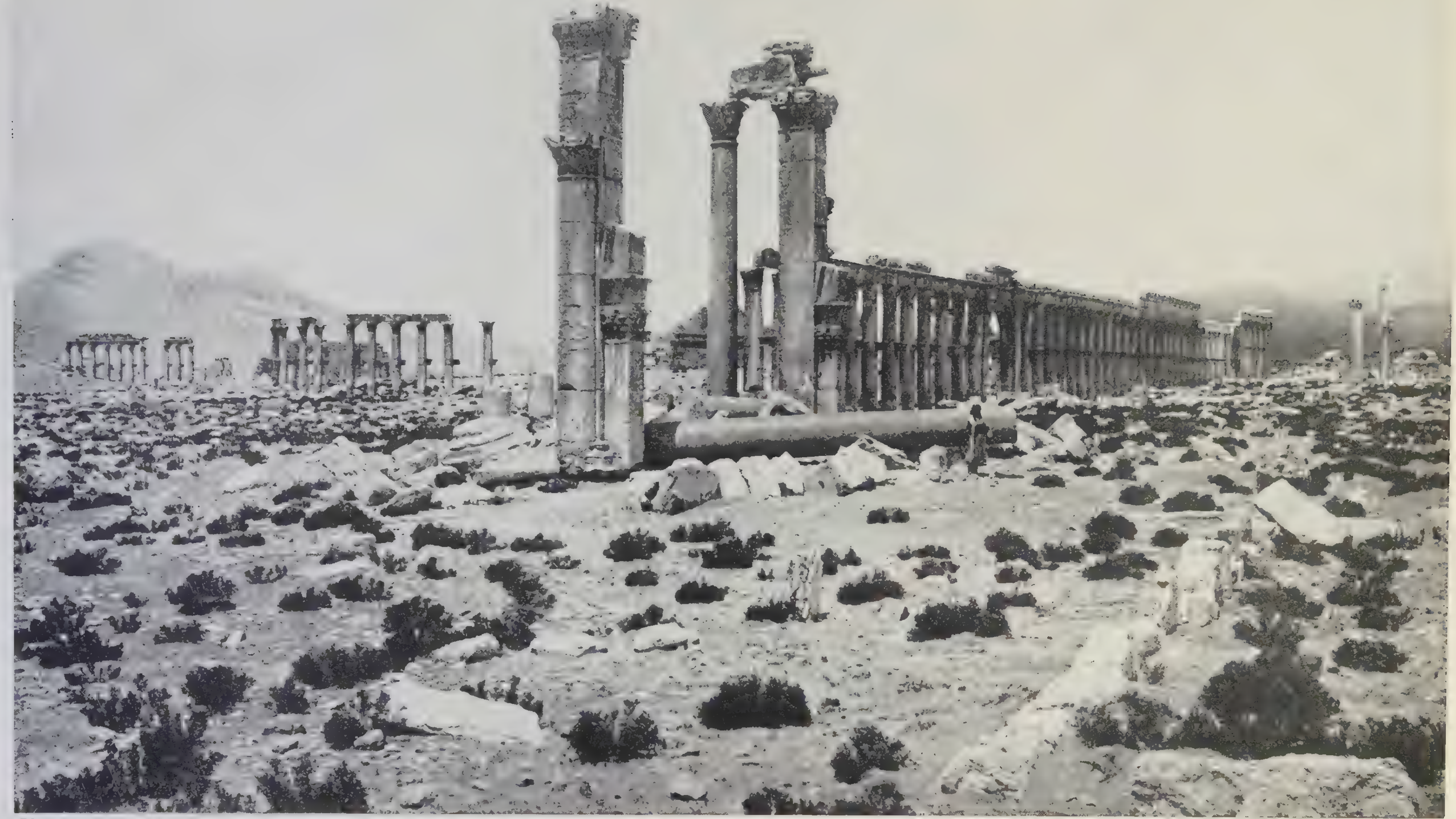


Photo by F. M. Good.

ALL THAT REMAINS OF THE FOUR ROWS OF PILLARS WHICH FORMED THE HIGH STREET OF THE WONDER CITY OF PALMYRA

What varied pageantry must have passed between the colonnades of Palmyra's triumphal way! Victorious legions bearing the spoils of far campaigns—lithe and keen-eyed desert men like the Beduin of to-day, or Roman veterans of staider mien, the flotsam of Rome's eastern defeats; Zenobia, armed like Athene, speeding in her chariot among her statesmen on some martial errand, sad bands of foreign captives; and endless caravans laden with precious merchandise which enriched the high-born traders and made their city the mistress of the East. For her wealth did not rest on the produce of her workshops or the soil, but on a complete control of the trade-routes connecting the Mediterranean with legendary lands beyond the sunrise.

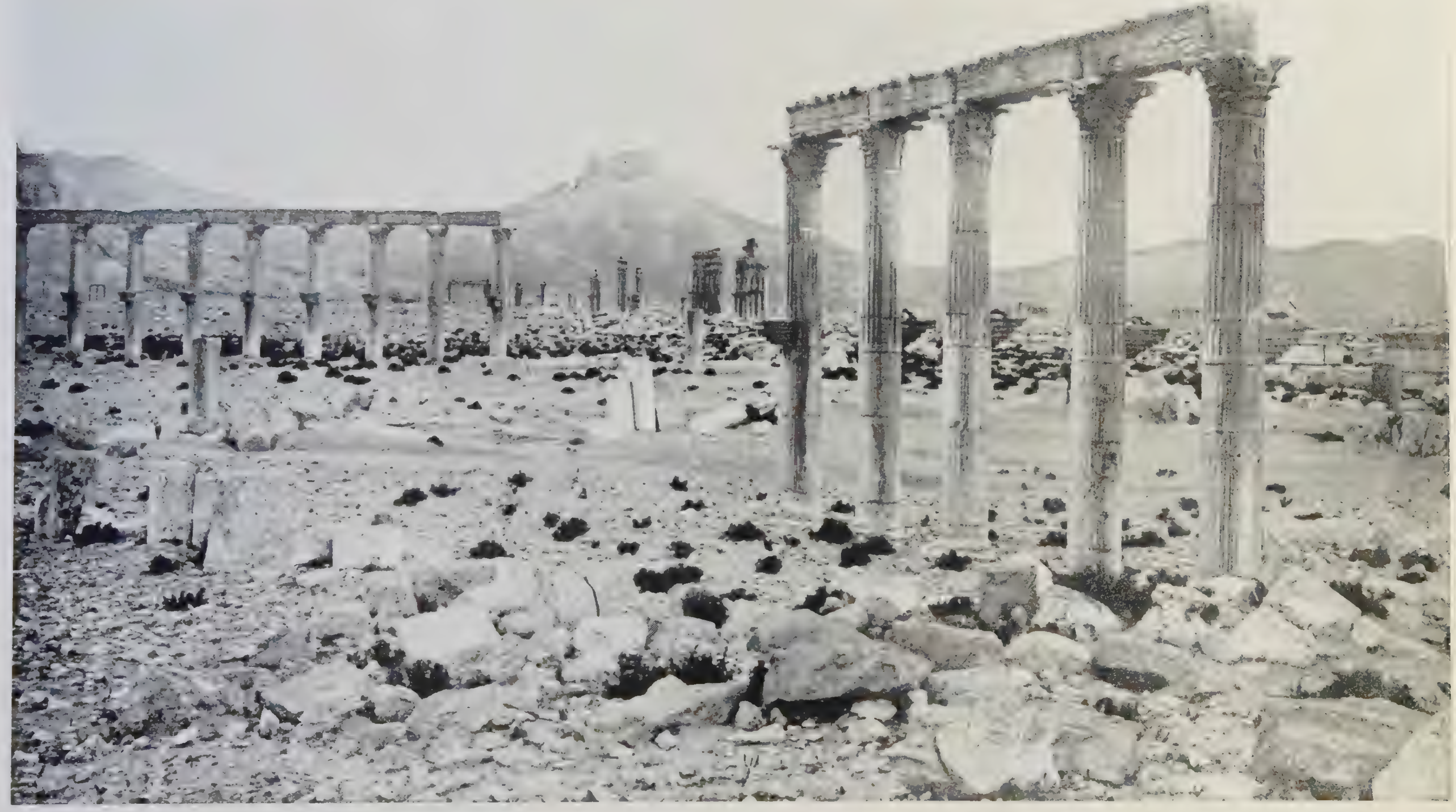


Photo by F. M. Good.

FLUTED SHAFTS WHICH STAND IN SOLITUDE ON THE WESTERN CONFINES OF THE DESERT CITY OF PALMYRA

Turn where one will, and still the pillars rise, until one wonders that the architects had time to build anything else! Smooth and fluted, with Ionic or Corinthian capitals and elaborate entablatures, their style is ornate and without the classic restraint of an earlier period; but their finished effect must have been more than impressive, and it would be presumption to find fault with craftsmen who could work in such exquisite detail as is shown in the ceiling of the Temple of the Sun God, and of which examples can be found littered everywhere among the ruins. Seldom have the artistic the city took over the leadership of the urban militia and the conduct of affairs. The younger son, named Odenathus, after his father, went into the desert, and trained the Beduin cavalry and spearmen. But his supreme stroke of military policy was his love marriage with a wonderfully beautiful Saracen girl, Bath-Zabbai, daughter of Zabbai, a sheikh of the Beni-Samayda tribe, who had a Greek wife, claiming direct descent from Cleopatra of Egypt. Zabbai quickly rose, with the influence of his son-in-law, to the rank of an army commander at Palmyra, and with another Arab as commander-in-chief, drew the horsemen of the northern wastes into tents round the city.

Meanwhile, the extraordinary power of the city, as a balance between two hostile empires, was suddenly restored in A.D. 241 by the resurrection of Persia, under a fanatic line of Sassanian monarchs, whose armies swept through Mesopotamia and advanced on Antioch. When Syria was overrun, Palmyra was in extreme peril, but, as in similar circumstances in Parthian invasions, the city, confident in the strength of fortifications extending to the Euphrates, and in the natural defences of the desert, drew profit out of danger. She prolonged her influence along the border of Palestine, reaching past the wheat granary of the Hauran, and taking control of the middle trade route running from the desert towards Nazareth and Akka. Complete mistress of the commerce between the Eastern and Western civilisations, and with Arabia in her service, she produced in her Beduin Queen, Bath-Zabbai, now better known by her Romanised name, Zenobia, the herald of Mahomet and his world-conquering Caliphs.

The husband of this extraordinary woman of genius opened the diplomatic game with Rome and Persia. When the Emperor Valerian, recognising that the work of Severus was undone, visited Palmyra in order to win its free and friendly co-operation in his campaign against the Persians, Odenathus the younger played the part of a grateful client. Apparently forgetting what the Romans had done to his father, he accepted the dignity of a consulship, and Valerian with his legions crossed the Euphrates, and in A.D. 260 met the host of Sapor of Persia. Then ensued a disaster under which the Mediterranean world rocked to its foundations. The Emperor of Rome was taken prisoner, and his skin, stuffed with straw, was preserved as a trophy in the Zoroastrian temple. Antioch was stormed and sacked, and city after city opened their gates to the barbaric victor.

Odenathus sent Sapor rich gifts and a letter of congratulation, in the hope of saving Palmyra. But his city was the key position on the old Persian line of march to Palestine and Egypt, and Sapor wanted more than gifts from him. "Who is this Odenathus that thus presumes insolently to write to his master?" said the Persian. "Let him, with hands bound behind him, prostrate himself before our throne! Otherwise swift destruction shall be poured upon him, his people, and his land."

Checked in Cilicia, Sapor angrily turned to make good his threat and lay waste Palmyra. Then it was that Zenobia flamed out over a world of men at war, and, as the greatest warrior woman in history, made her menaced city the home of an immortal romance. As wife of the Palmyrene chief and daughter of his Saracen commander, Zenobia, by her beauty and prestige, exercised an inspiring influence over the wild Beduin army encamped by the city walls. Sweeping out on horseback from the palace by the Grand Colonnade, she began to conduct reviews and, with the aid of her father and kinsmen, learnt to manage manœuvres. The Arab horsemen had not then met a great disciplined army, and they had to be taught how to act flexibly and steadily together in mass. In training them Zenobia trained herself into a commanding genius for war.

This is no mere romantic view of the Lady of Palmyra, but the contemporary, considered judgment of the best soldier of her age—Aurelian, the saviour of Rome, who had good reason for studying the career of Zenobia, and wrote out his admiring view of her for the enlightenment of the Roman Senate. Odenathus, with his subtle talent for political strategy, was the best partner for the genius of Zenobia. Still playing the part of a Roman consul, he collected remnants of the legions that Sapor had shattered, reorganised them, and brought them into the Palmyrene service. Then under the personal direction of Zenobia, the Arab cavalry, the Palmyrene heavy horse and armour-clad infantry, with the Roman forces, made a rapid, secret march through the desert, and surprised the Persian army west of the Euphrates river. The Beduins were the spearhead of the at-

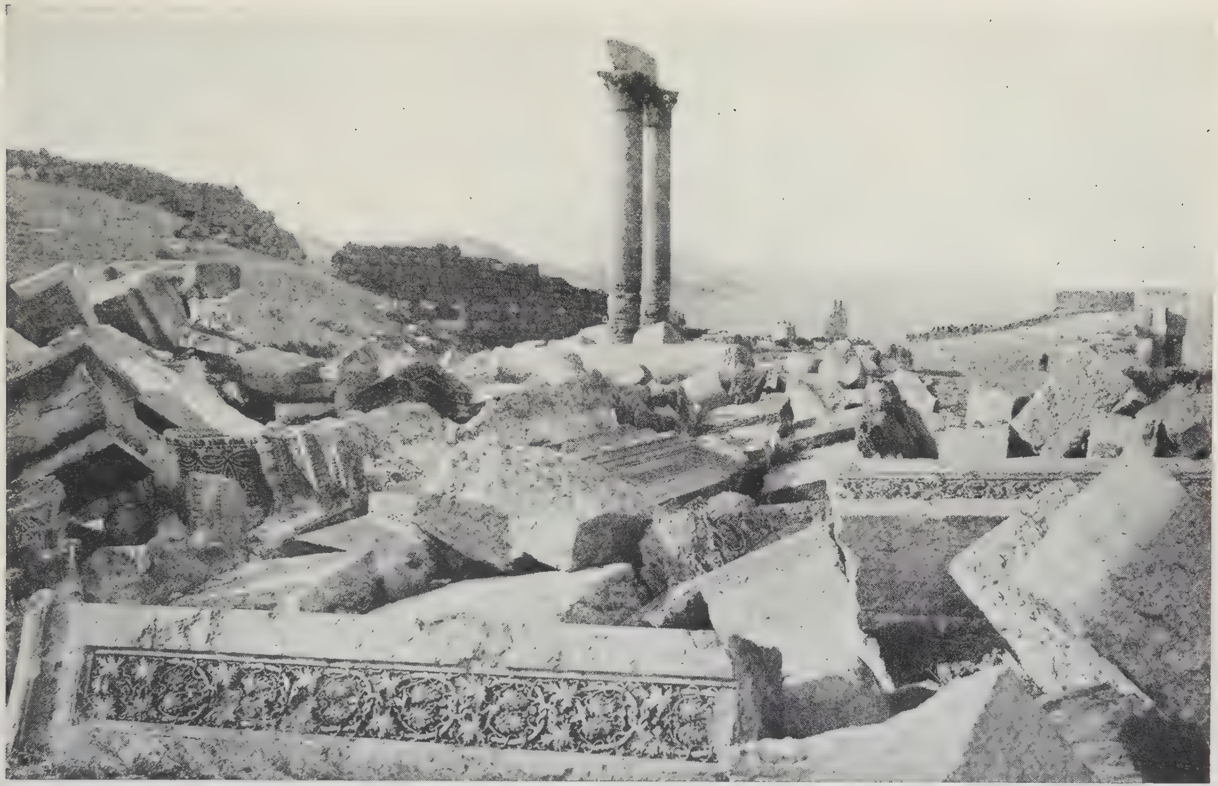


Photo by F. M. Good.

TENDRILLED VINES THAT ATTEST THE SKILL OF PALMYRA'S STONE-CUTTERS

Wonderfully preserved in the dry Syrian atmosphere, gems of craftsmanship adorn huge blocks which lie piled in hopeless confusion round the lonely pillars which once supported them. Tradition, supported by the Bible, asserts that Solomon founded "Tadmor in the Wilderness," but this may be the error of a scribe who misread his text or wished to magnify that monarch's dominions. At least it must have been of some account then, but it does not enter history until Mark Antony thought it rich enough to plunder.

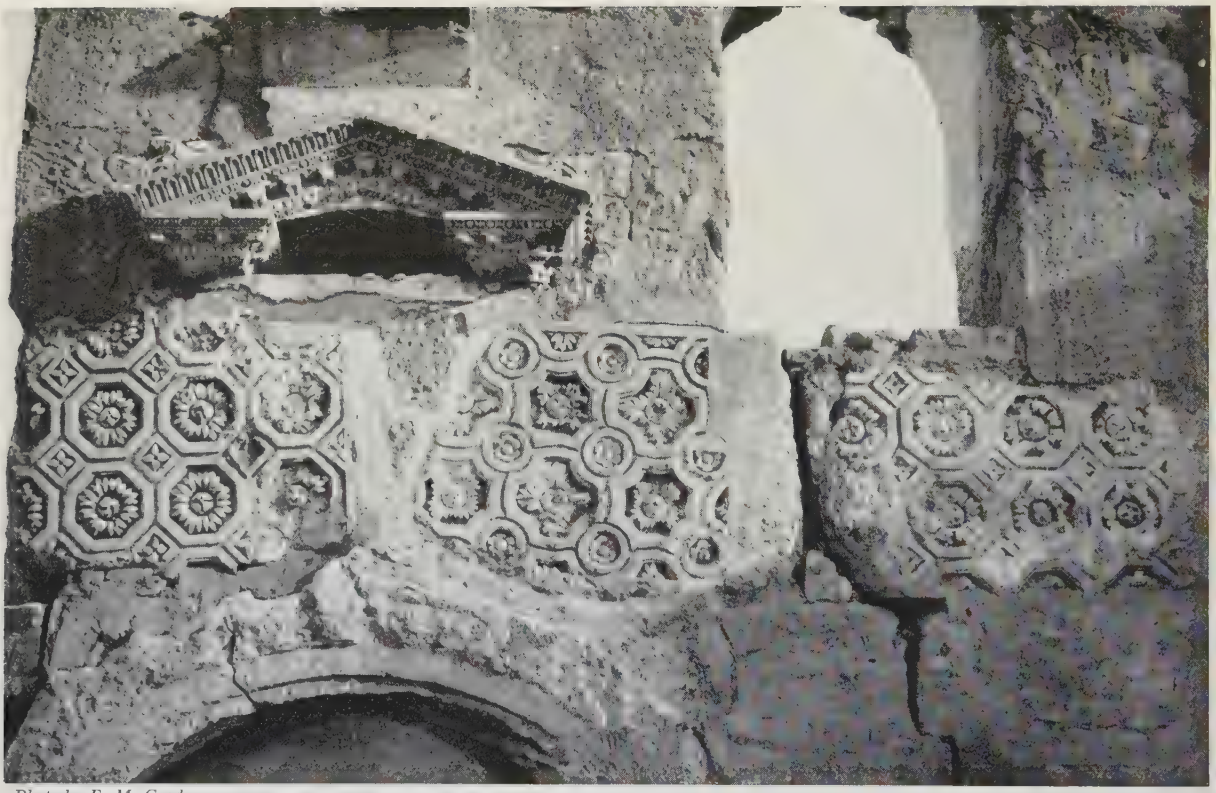


Photo by F. M. Good.

PALMYRENE STONEWORK BUILT INTO THE WALL OF A MOSQUE

After its capture by Aurelian, robbed of its queen and its trade routes, the glory of Palmyra was gone. First the seat of a Roman garrison, refortified under Diocletian, almost deserted at times, and later repaired by Justinian, it enjoyed a brief rebirth of prosperity before finally succumbing to the forces of Islam, when its stones were hurled asunder and its temples used as forts. Here we see some beautiful specimens of carved stonework built wholesale into the wall of a mosque.

tack. They broke clean through the enemy, in that characteristic Saracen charge that the world was to know well later. The Palmyrenes and Roman legionaries completed the rout. Sapor escaped with the loss of his treasures and spoils—and accompanied by his wives!

Zenobia did not pursue the defeated Persians over the river. Whether or not she had some of the blood of Cleopatra in her veins, the effect was the same. She had learned to speak both the Egyptian and the Greek languages. Greater in intellect than Cleopatra, and probably not less beautiful, she did not drift with events and look out for passing chances, but strongly swayed things to serve her power. The reason why she left Sapor in peace was that there was another Roman army she designed to break to her will. A Roman general in northern Syria had thrown off his allegiance to Rome, and set up as Emperor of the Middle East. As such he threatened Zenobia's supremacy. Playing still, under the skilful direction of Odenathus, the rôle of a faithful agent of Rome, Zenobia marched against the usurper, and took and executed the rebel leaders.

In recognition of these achievements, Odenathus was proclaimed Augustus by the Roman Senate, with the approbation of the Roman world. Then, as Emperor of the East, alongside Valerian's degenerate son, who was Emperor of the West, the husband of Zenobia raised Palmyra to a practical equality of power with Rome. The man, by his political talent, constructed an empire on the woman's soldierly genius. Zenobia's forces, under her father Zabbai and his friend Zabdas, drove the Goths from Asia Minor, defeated the Persians under the walls of Ctesiphon, and held the field from Armenia to Arabia. Unhappily, Odenathus was murdered by a nephew, whom he had punished for insubordination, and on his death, about the year 267, Zenobia ruled alone as Regent of the East, in the name of her elder son.

On one side of her was the Persia she had crippled; on the other side Rome was apparently foundering, and her provinces dropping away, under rebel army leaders. Zenobia, an absolute monarch, had everything required for lasting success, save moderation. The appearance of a pretender in Egypt gave her the opportunity for which she had been waiting. Her colonial army of seventy thousand troops routed the Egyptian forces, and gave her the long-desired throne of her reputed ancestor—Cleopatra, with half the civilised world for her empire.

There have been women who inherited great dominions, but the Beduin's daughter who personally carved out for herself an absolute power, stretching from the Caucasus mountains to the Libyan desert, is without a peer in history. She far surpassed in actual achievement the myths of Semiramis. In the days of her supreme glory, life in Palmyra was the most romantic of pageants. Helmeted, bare-armed, in a robe clasped by a diamond buckle, she would walk to the assemblies of her people, or march on foot for long distances with her troops, messing with her officers, who included many Persians she had won over.

She had the brown skin of the Saracen, with black eyes of glancing fire, full lips, pretty white teeth, and an expressive face. Her person was graceful in repose and winsome in movement, her voice clear and strong, and in stately addresses and familiar talk her brilliant mind could stoop to enchant a common soldier or enrapture a philosopher. In fact, Longinus, the neo-platonic thinker, was drawn by her grace and strength of intellect from Athens to Palmyra, and became her chief counsellor. And if Longinus wrote the treatise "On the Sublime," the best piece of ancient literary criticism extant may be said to reflect the fine taste and generous range of appreciation of Zenobia's court.

Of her taste in architecture, the Grand Colonnade, the triple Arch of Triumph, and other majestic ruins in Palmyra still eloquently speak. To complete her portrait we must add that, amid all the dazzling magnificence in which she lived, she had the good housewife's passion for thrift. She usually walked or rode on horseback rather than go to the expense of a chariot. There were few damsels in her palace, the work of the royal household being done by aged men.

She saved money, no doubt, because she looked to the final struggle for complete dominion. She had to reckon with Rome. For, unrestrained in ambition after the death of her husband, she stood forth as successor to the Persian in hostility to the Roman power. For some years, everything favoured her. She met the Roman Emperor Gallienus in battle and scattered his army, and took, as usual, some of its remnants into her service. Rome, however, was not so decisively enfeebled as to submit to a master-

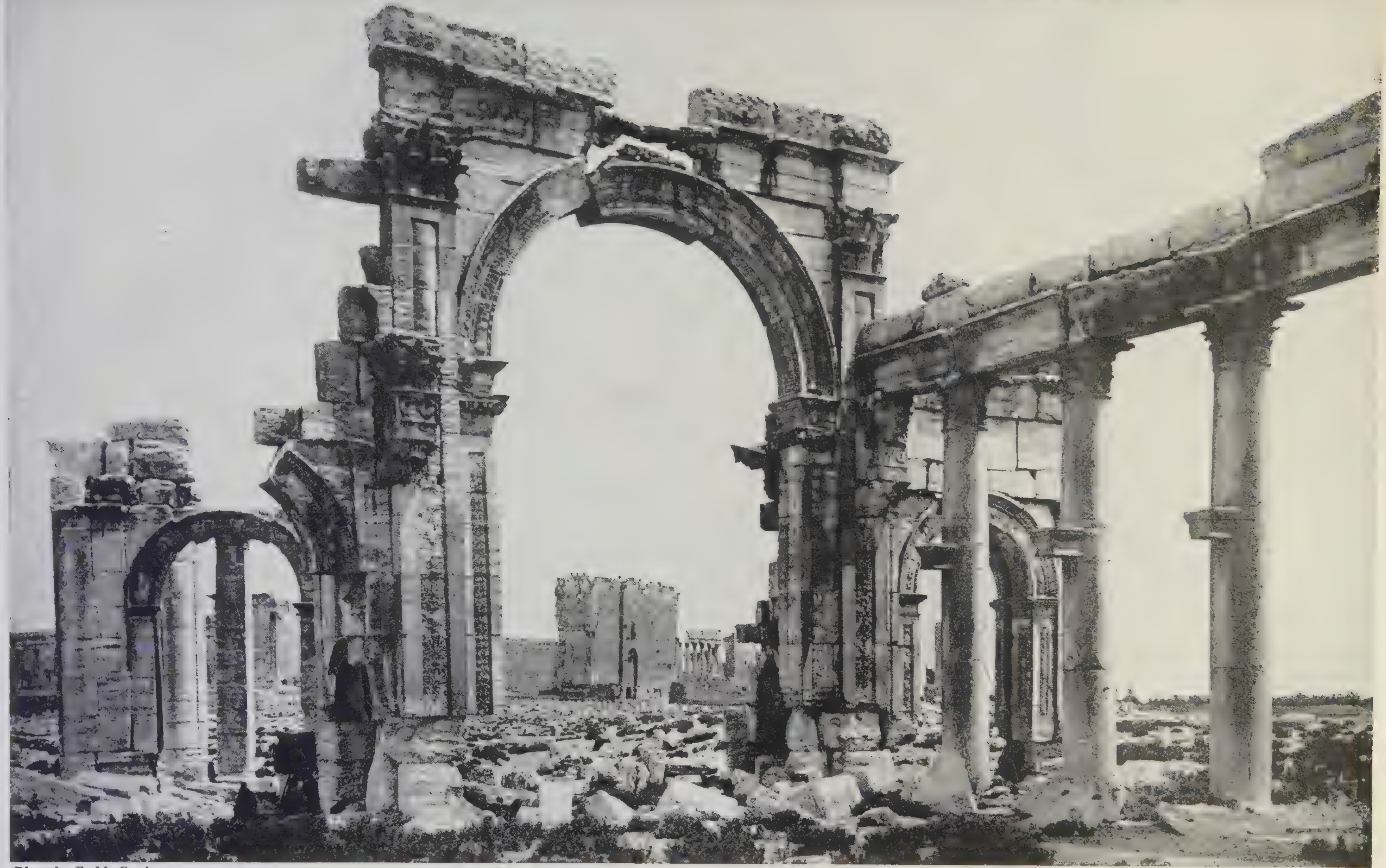


Photo by F. M. Good.

GRAND TRIUMPHAL ARCH AND TEMPLE OF MALAK-BEL, THE SUN GOD PALMYRA

Looking at its still impressive pile through the ruins of the Triumphal Arch, one cannot wonder that Aurelian, Emperor of Rome, spent three hundred pounds' weight of gold and eighteen hundred pounds' weight of silver to repair the Temple of the Sun, after the damage done by his soldiers at the sack of Palmyra. Covering over fourteen acres, with its circuit of more than a mile, its court of 374 columns 70 feet high, its statues and pavements, and the beautiful carving of its central shrine, it must have formed a fitting frame for Zenobia when, bare-armed and helmeted, she went forth to review her troops after due sacrifice to Malak-Bel, or held her court upon the temple steps.

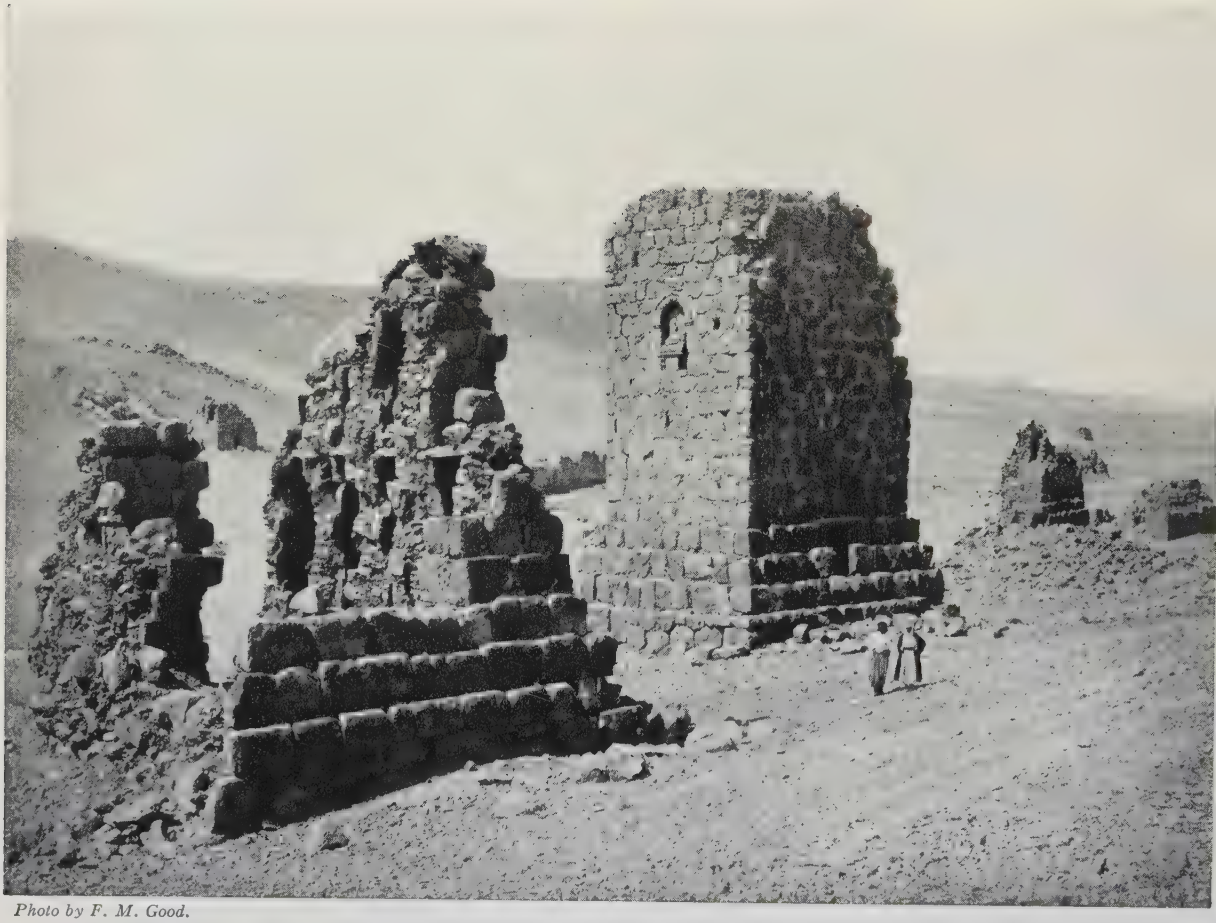


Photo by F. M. Good.

TRUNCATED STUMPS OF PALMYRA'S PECULIAR TOWER TOMBS

All round the city of Palmyra, at the foot of the forbidding hills, stand these grim towers of mystery—some squat, some rising to a hundred feet or more, but all built roughly to the same plan. Here, in niches or "loculi" arranged about the walls of their storeyed chambers, and in some instances in extensive vaults beneath, the Palmyrenes deposited the embalmed remains of their dead. The two figures at the base will show the size.

ful alien woman; the army officers killed Gallienus, and started a strong movement of reform, and raised to supreme power a foreign farm labourer—Aurelian—who was to prove a match in strategy for the daughter of the Beduin sheikh. After settling affairs in Europe, Aurelian marched through Asia Minor, and arrayed his forces for battle by Antioch in the early part of A.D. 272.

For more than twenty years Zenobia had been accustomed to break Roman legions by shock cavalry tactics. At the head of her troops, she launched her Saracen horse. As usual they scattered the Roman horse, but, unexpectedly, found no infantry immediately behind them. Aurelian had placed his foot soldiers behind the Orontes, and he did not bring them forward until the Arab cavalry was worn out by chasing the light Roman horse. So Zenobia, through overconfidence, met her first defeat. Collecting her forces, she stood again to battle higher up the Orontes. Again her Arab horsemen were irresistible, but her medley of foot could not sustain the attack of the reorganised Roman legionaries. With fragments of her beaten army, the Empress retreated to Palmyra, and there stood a long siege, meanwhile doing her best to negotiate a fighting alliance with Persia.

Here let Aurelian himself speak, in his letters to the Senate of Rome:

> The Romans tell me that I am waging war against a woman, as though Zenobia were contending against me by her own strength alone, and not with that of a host of foes. I cannot describe to you how many engines of war she has. There is no part of her ramparts which is not furnished with two or three ballistas. Tormenting fire is poured down upon us. . . . My accusers would not know how to praise me enough, if they knew this woman—if they knew her prudence in council, her firmness of purpose, the dignity with which she directs her army, her munificence when need requires it, her severity when it is just to be severe. I must remark that the victory of Odenathus over the Persians, the flight of Sapor, the march to Ctesiphon, were her work. I can assert that such was the dread of this woman among Orientals and Egyptians, that she held in check Arabians, Saracens, and Armenians.

Daring to the last, the Empress arranged all the details of the defence of her capital and, leaving Zabdas in command, rode out at night on a she-camel. With a few companions, she passed the Roman lines, and in five days reached the Euphrates. Her design was to bring a relieving army from Persia. But as she entered a boat to cross the river, some Roman cavalry galloped up and seized her. In consternation the Palmyrenes at once surrendered, Aurelian returned to Rome, and Zenobia, bound in golden chains, graced his triumph; but hearing that Palmyra had been utterly destroyed by her conqueror, she refused all food and is said to have died of starvation.

Her two sons, however, seem to have married into the Roman aristocracy, and a century after Palmyra had been laid in ruin, like another Carthage, and her children, women, and men slaughtered, some of Zenobia's offspring were senators of decadent Rome. Her own race still remembered her, and amid the stately ruins of her city they relate traditional details of her life that no historian has yet fully gathered. In due time the Saracens avenged her, and the chasm they succeeded in making in the civilisation of the Mediterranean is still unbridged.

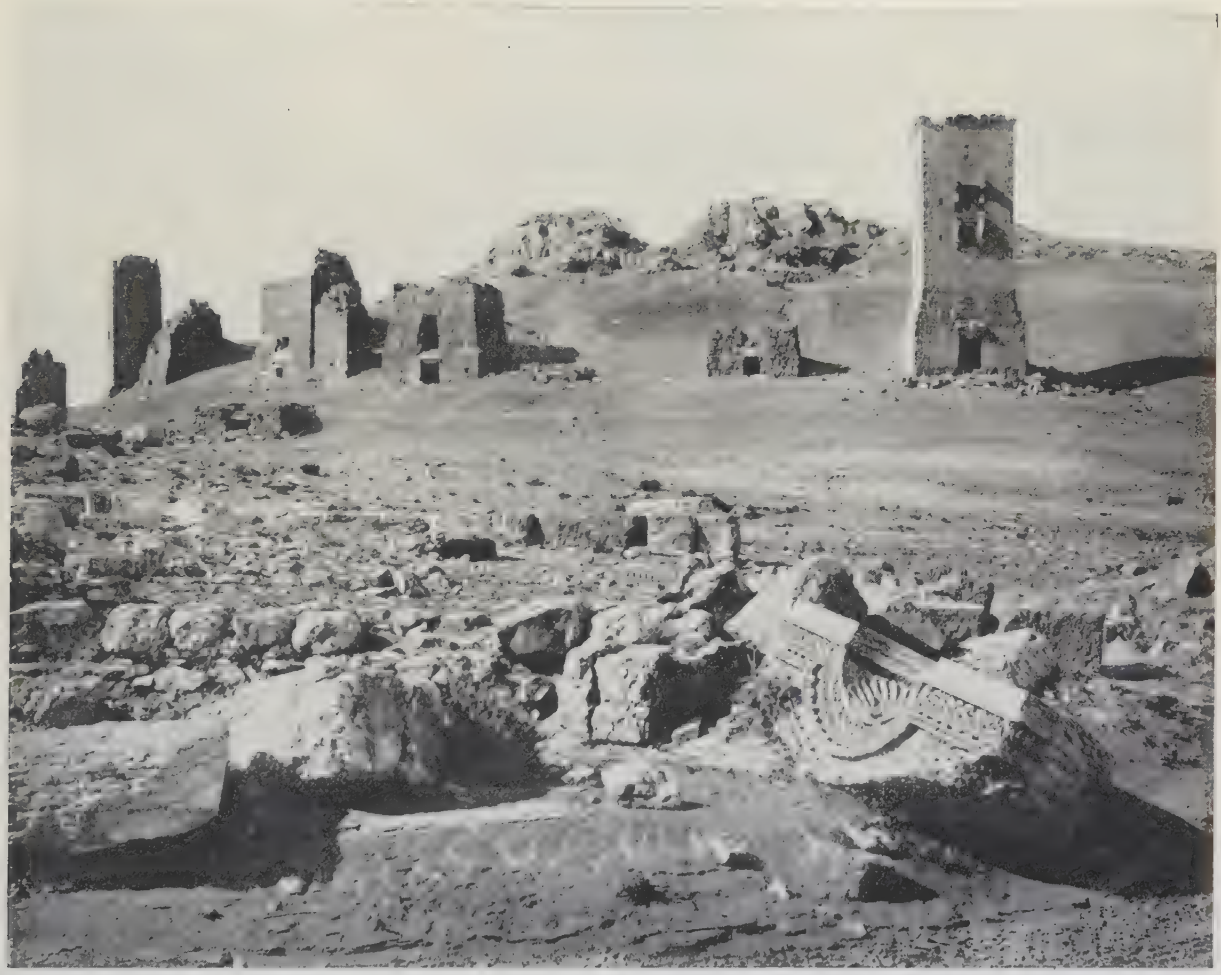


Photo by F. M. Good.

WHERE THE DEAD PALMYRENES SLEPT IN TOMBS RESEMBLING THE HOUSES OF THE LIVING

A more distant view of some of the towers of Palmyra; the lofty tomb on the right was built for one Iamlichos and is dated A.D. 82. It was hoped that these remote burial-chambers would yield treasures of artistic or archæological interest, but in every case the hand of the despoiler had been before, and beyond a few broken statuettes and votive tablets, torn cerements, desecrated bodies, and piles of scattered bones, there is little to reward the explorer who would risk the ascent.

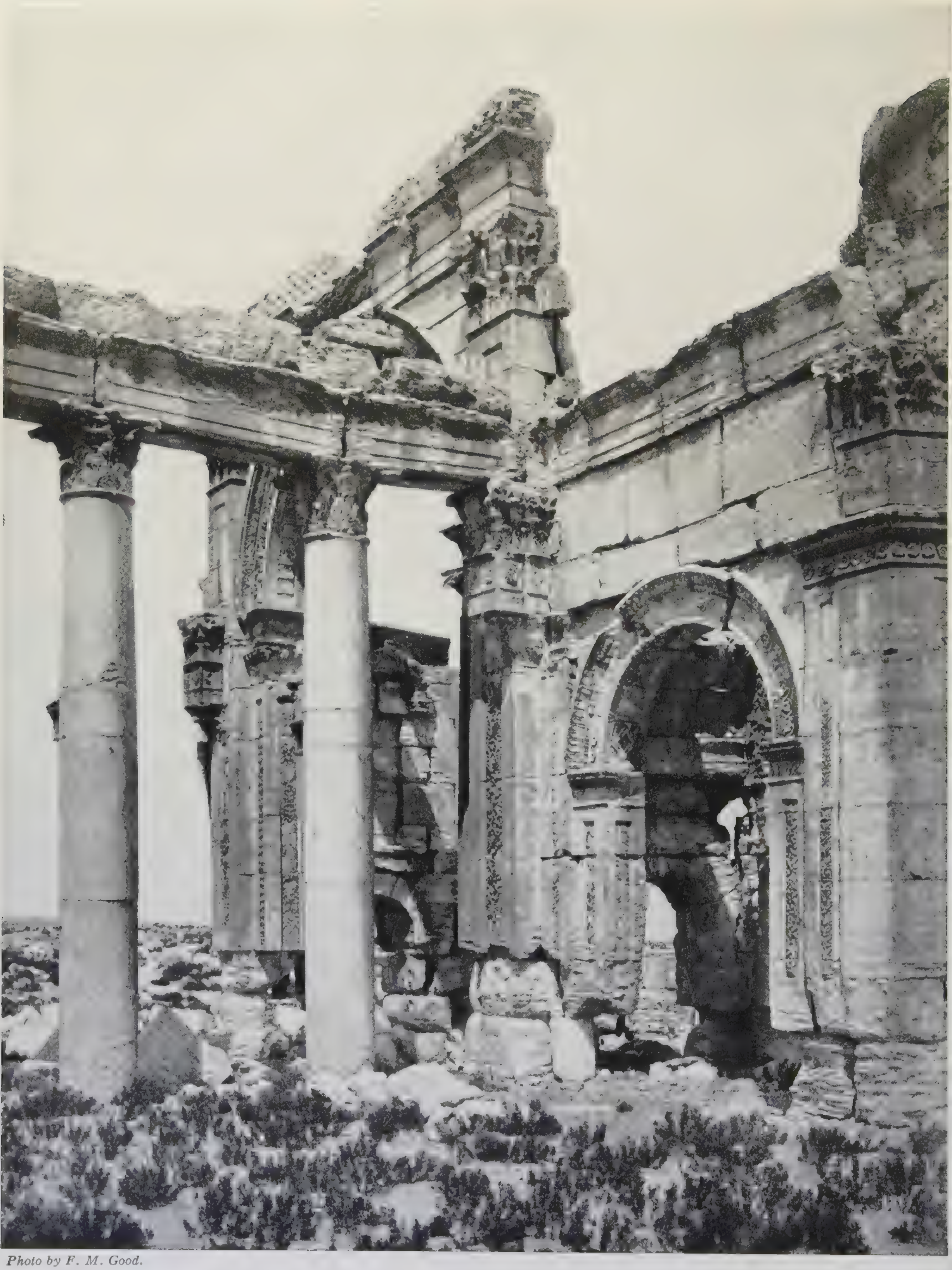


Photo by F. M. Good.

THE STONES ARE STANDING, BUT THE GREATNESS THEY COMMEMORATE HAS PASSED AWAY

Facing the Temple of the Sun at Palmyra was this Triumphal Arch, and from it there ran that colonnaded street of shady sidewalks and numerous statues which bisected the city and was its principal feature. Standing at the western end and looking down its fourfold ranks of columns, thronged with busy life, to the noble arch which bounded the vista, the old Palmyrene master of caravans must have been inspired with the same dreams of empire that urged his queen to disaster and her counsellor to death.

TEMPLES OF THE GODS. VI

THE SHRINES OF ISIS AT PHILÆ

By Margaret A. Murray

THE SHRINES OF ISIS AT PHILÆ

By Margaret A. Murray
Lecturer on Egyptology at University College, London

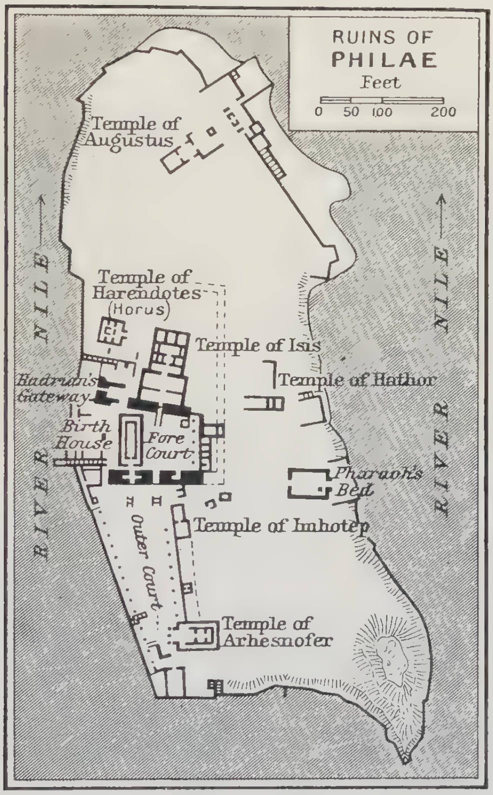
PHILÆ—known in ancient times as P-aa-lek, "the island of Lek"—has always been considered as one of the most beautiful places in Egypt. In pre-Christian times it was also one of the holiest. The buildings are not so ancient as the temples farther down the Nile, for the earliest dated object found there bears the name of Tirhakah, who is mentioned in the Bible as King of Ethiopia; he reigned about 700 B.C. But there were undoubtedly temples and shrines on the island before that date, probably as early as the eighteenth dynasty. The temples of Philæ were considered so sacred that the very rocks shared their sanctity, and the rugged granite appears unexpectedly among the buildings, for no chisel or other tool might cut away a fragment.

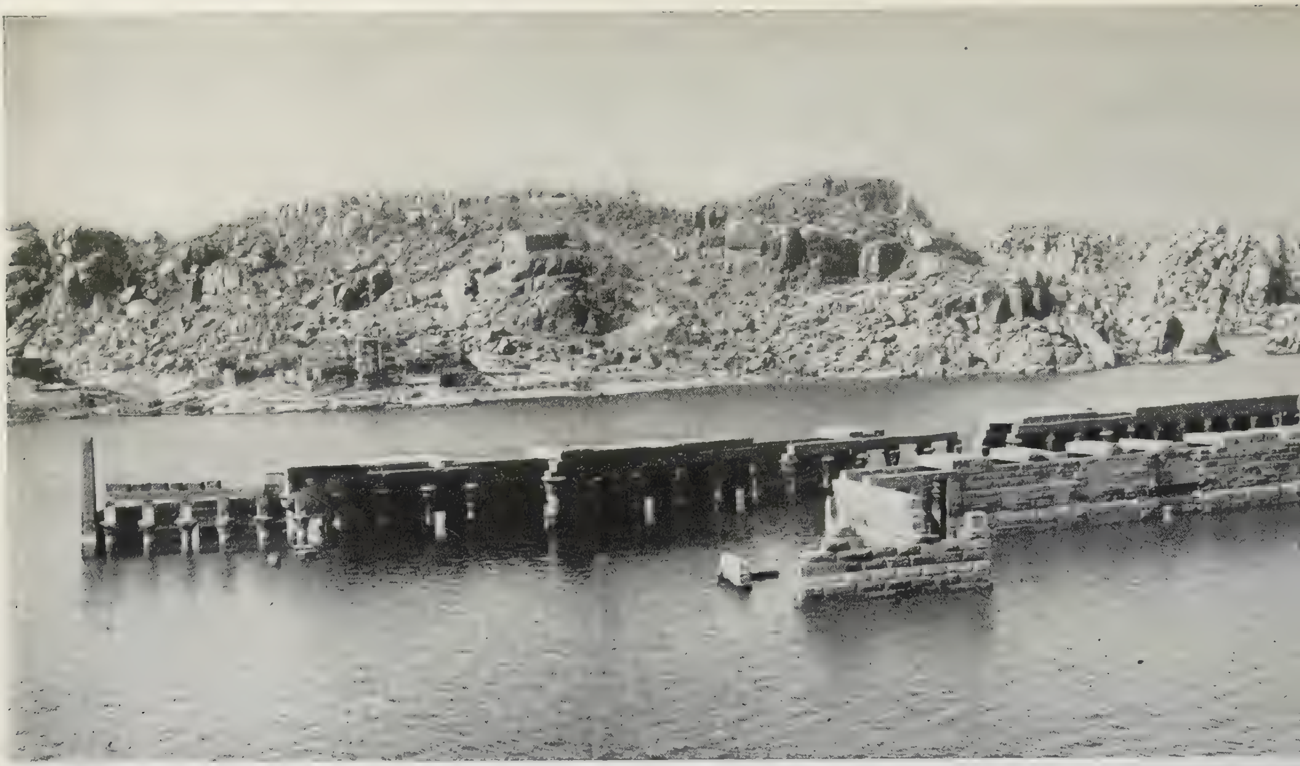
The temples now standing are of late date, chiefly of the Ptolemaic period, and many of them are dedicated to Isis, that great mother-goddess whose worship was carried far and wide over the ancient world. Philæ was one of her chief shrines, and it was thronged with pilgrims. So strong was the feeling towards these temples that even after the establishment of Christianity in Egypt the worship of Isis still continued at Philæ, and pilgrims still came to pray at the shrine of the goddess. It was not until churches dedicated to the Virgin were built on the sites of some of the Isis chapels that the worship was diverted into Christian lines; this was about the fifth century A.D.

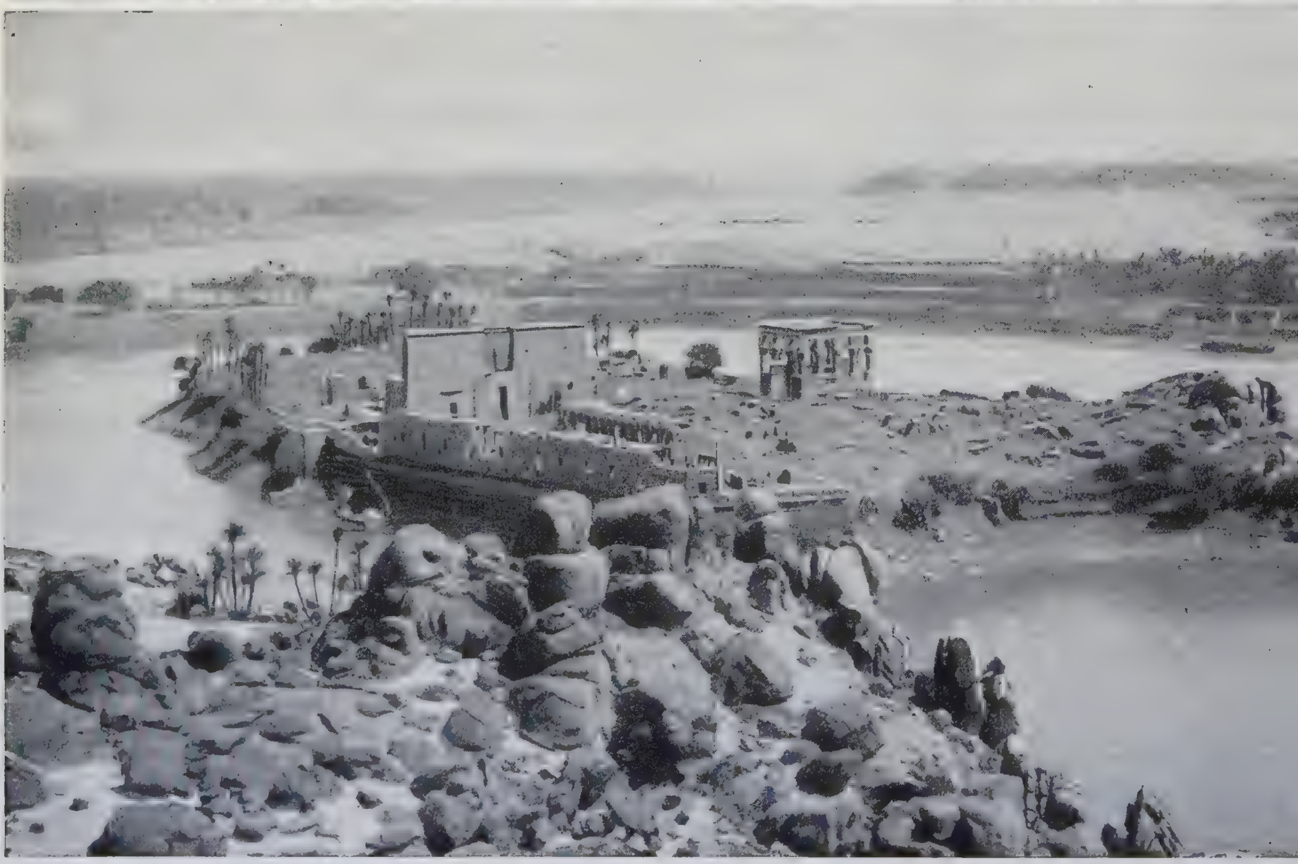
When a pilgrim visited the holy shrines, he landed at the south end of the island and ascended a flight of steps from the river; he then came into an open court forming the quay. He turned to the left, and found himself between two small temples, one on each side of the entrance to the colonnade. The little temple on the south was built by Nectanebo II., the last native King of Egypt. Here the pilgrim stopped to pay his devotions, and to be purified with the double purification. In the northern temple the pilgrim made offerings to various gods, and was again purified with water and burning incense. He was now fit to proceed towards the great Temple of Isis. He passed slowly up the long double colonnade, either in the open air, under the blinding glare of the sun, or walking in the shade in the roofed aisle at the side, stopping as he went to pray and make offerings at the chapels which led off the eastern colonnade. At the north end of the colonnade towered the great pylon; this he reached and passed through, and found himself in an open court, with a colonnade and chapels on the east side, and on the west the beautiful Birth House. This building was one of the most sacred spots in holy Philæ, for it was built to celebrate the birth of Horus, and to honour the divine motherhood of Isis. In this shrine the capitals of the columns are surmounted by the head of Hathor, who at this late period was often regarded as only another form of Isis. Passing through the court, the pilgrim arrived at the second pylon, and there, on ascending a flight of steps, he entered the actual temple of the goddess.

On this temple the Ptolemies had lavished much wealth, each king endeavouring to outdo his predecessor in the splendour of the decoration of the buildings. On every side the walls and pillars glowed with colour, soft and brilliant, for to the artist of the Ptolemaic period it was an honour to give of his best to Isis of Philæ.

Passing through the second pylon the pilgrim found himself in a columned hall, of which part was open to the sky and part was roofed in. Hurrying forward, for his goal was almost reached, the pilgrim entered a little court, which led into the outer and inner vestibules, and at last he bowed before the shrine of the goddess herself. We have no knowledge of what the figure was like that stood in that holy of holies, but from Greek sources we learn how the goddess appeared in a vision to her votaries. Rising out of the sea, crowned with a wreath of blossoms among which the full moon shone resplendent, she appeared to those who worshipped her. Her robe was the colour

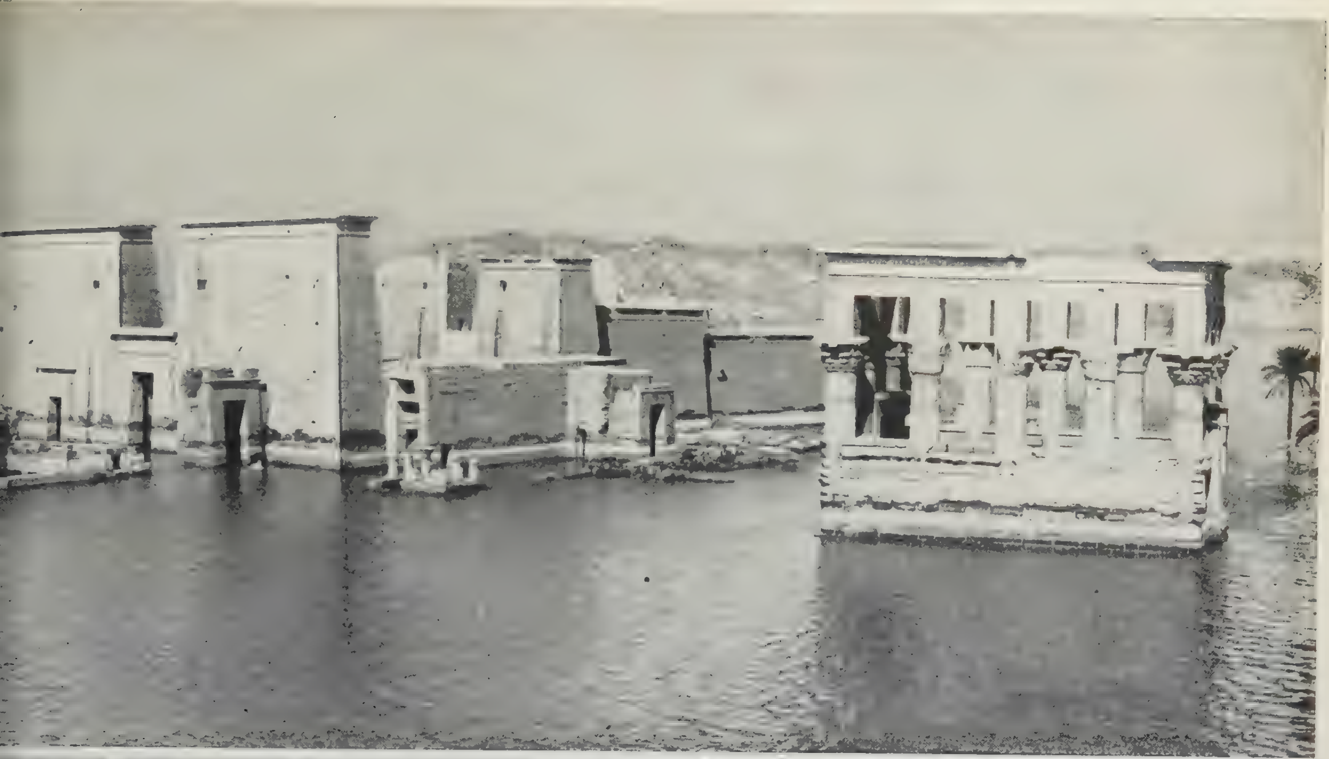

RUINS OF
PHILAE
Feet
0 50 100 200
Temple of Augustus
Temple of Harendotes (Horus)
Temple of Isis
Temple of Hathor
Hadrian's Gateway
Birth House
Fore Court
Pharaoh's Bed
Temple of Imhotep
Outer Court
Temple of Arhesnofer
RIVER NILE
RIVER NILE

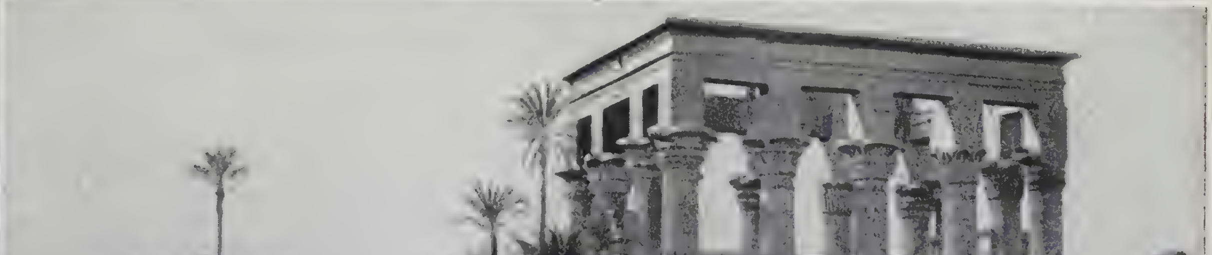




PARTIALLY SUBMERGED RUINS OF THE HOLY ISLAND OF PHILÆ—

The top photograph shows in the background the island of Biggeh, behind the colonnaded outer court of the Temple of Isis; the first pylon, 150 feet broad and 60 feet high; the forecourt and the second pylon, 105 feet broad and 40 feet high; and, in right foreground, the building familiarly known as Pharaoh's Bed. Below (left) is a general view of the island before it was flooded. On the right is a photograph (by Francis Frith) of Pharaoh's Bed, as it appeared about the middle of the nineteenth century, when palm trees provided a graceful setting for the beautiful little building. After the Nile





—FAMOUS FOR CENTURIES AS A CENTRE OF THE WORSHIP OF ISIS

dam was completed in 1902, the greater part of the island was submerged during the first half of the year, and only between the months of August and December did the river regain the level it had before the great barrier was made. With the further raising of the Assuan dam the island will be more completely submerged, and though the main buildings have their foundations in the rock, Philæ may become in time little more than a treasured memory.

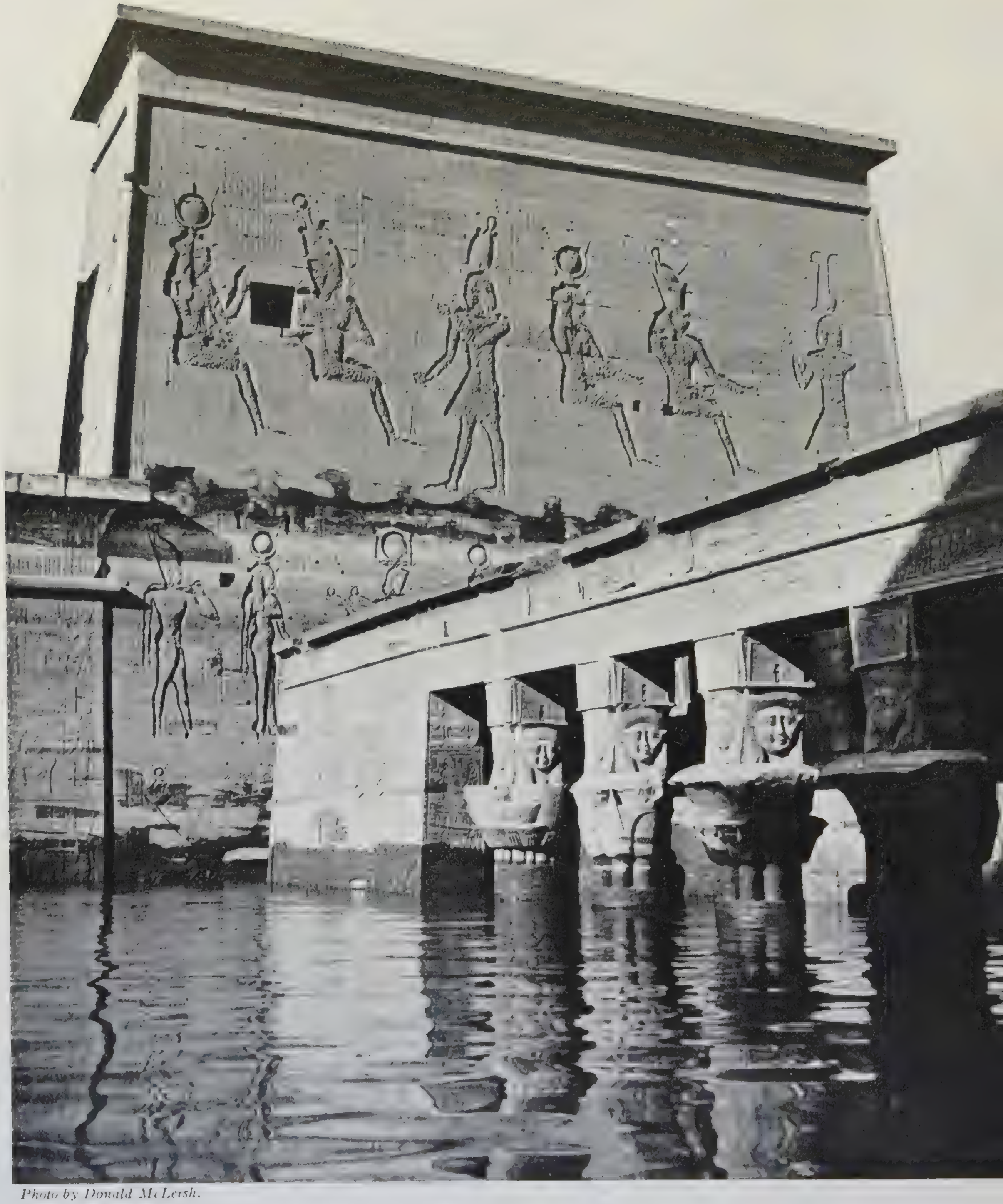


Photo by Donald McLeish.

SCULPTURED PYLON AND FLOODED FORECOURT OF THE TEMPLE OF ISIS

The forecourt lies between the two pylons, the second of which is seen in the photograph. On the west side is the colonnaded Birt House dedicated to Hathor, Isis, and Horus. The columns of the Birth House and those in the east side of the forecourt are surmounte with Hathor-headed sistrum capitals. North of the second pylon is a hypostyle hall, and beyond several small chambers lies the secret sanctuary containing a pedestal on which stood the sacred boat with the image of Isis.

of the sunset glow, shot with gold and flame; her cloak was of the velvety blackness of night, scattered over with glittering stars like points of light, and twined about with an endless garland of fruit and flowers; and "the ambrosial feet were shod with sandals woven of the leaves of victorious palm."

On each side of both vestibules were small chambers, roofed in and dark; they were probably chapels in which special rites were celebrated, and would therefore not be often used. If the pilgrim were an initiate into the mysteries of either Isis or Osiris, he would turn back from the shrine after he had paid his devotions to the goddess, and returning through the two vestibules into the little court, he would enter the chamber on the west side. There he would ascend a flight of steps to the flat roof, at each corner of which was a chapel. But it was to only one of these chapels that the initiate would turn—to the one which still bears on its walls the representations of the resurrection of Osiris from the dead.

This was the great Temple of Isis, sculptured and painted in every part, overpowering by its greatness and magnificence the smaller temples which clustered round it on that holy island. Of these smaller temples two are important. One is dedicated to Hathor, goddess of love and beauty, whom the Greeks identified with their own Aphrodite. Here the sculptures are all of a joyous character befitting the ritual of the goddess. The other temple, known as the Kiosk or Pharaoh's Bed, stands on the east side of the island; it is a rectangle enclosed by pillars with intercolumnar slabs, and is open to the sky above and to all the winds that blow. It also was dedicated to the goddess Isis. Standing as it does high on the rocks above the river, it must have been to the worshippers of Isis, as they approached the island, a visible sign of the beauty and splendour of her temples.

When Isis-worship was finally ousted by Christianity, and Christianity in its turn bowed under the yoke of Islam, Philæ's temples fell into decay; but the natural beauty of the island and its surroundings made it one of the most romantic spots in all the Nile valley. The ruins of its marvellous temples, on which the colour still blazed, were seen rising clear and distinct amid feathery palm trees, contrasting in their exquisite beauty with the rugged granite rocks of the island.

The great barrage of Assuan was opened during the early years of this century, and has since been doubled in size, and it now causes the temples of Philæ to be almost totally submerged during five months of the year, from December to April. The water, heavily laden with red silt, washes through the temples, and every vestige of colour has vanished. The slime of the river stains those walls and pillars which once glowed so brilliantly in the sun. Visitors to those once holy shrines pass by boat through the colonnades and halls where pilgrims knelt in adoration to the mother of all. Though beautiful effects are seen when the pylons and temples are reflected in the placid stream, yet the day must come when the steady lapping of the water will undermine the buildings, and they will fall and become a tumbled heap of ruins. Ichabod, the glory has departed!

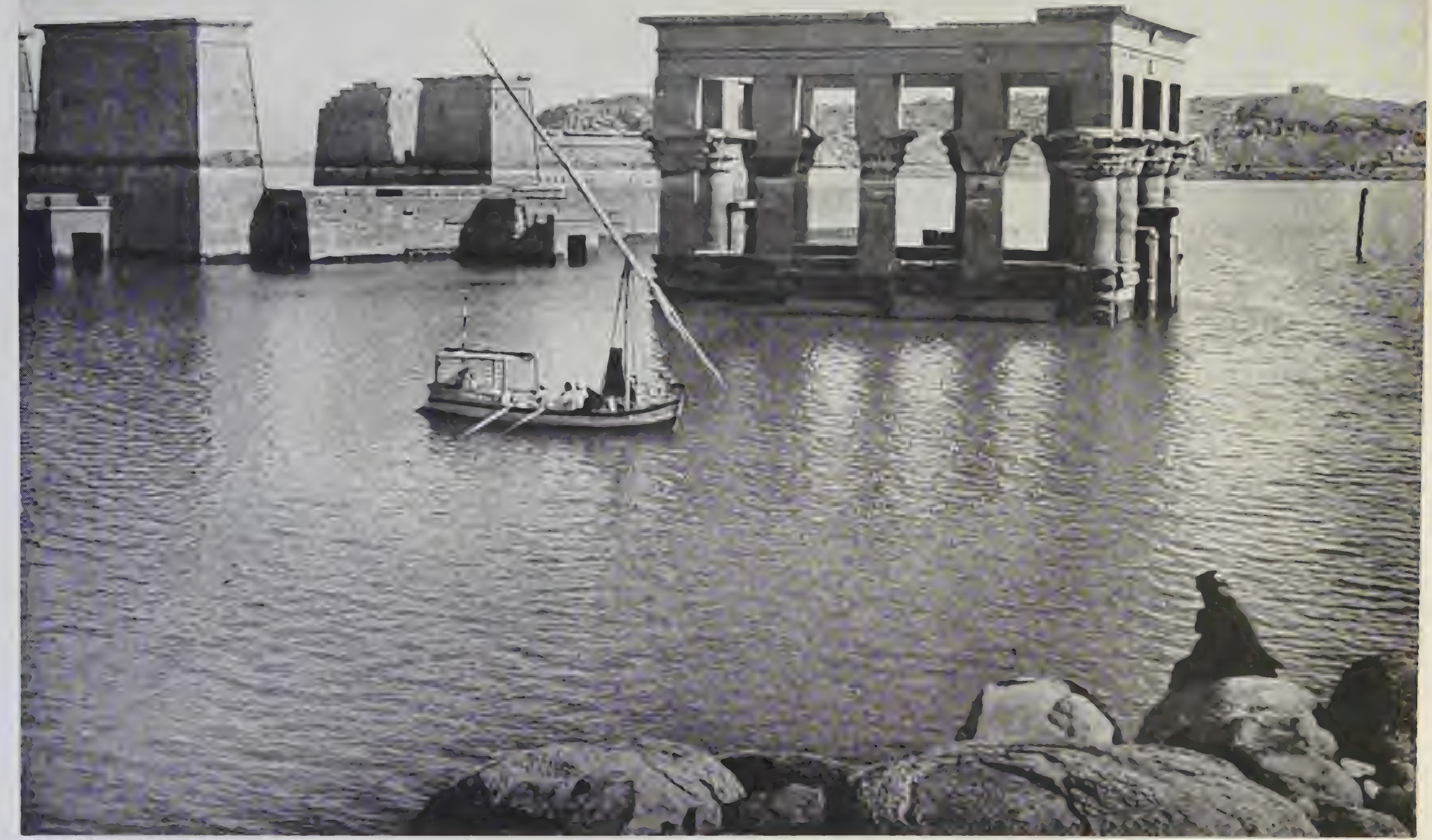


Photo by Donald McLeish.

"PHARAOH'S BED": A GEM OF PHILÆ PARTLY SUBMERGED BY THE NILE

Sometimes called the Temple of Trajan, or referred to simply as the Kiosk, this beautiful structure was never finished. The roof was never put on, nor were the high blocks above the capitals of the columns cut back, as seems to have been intended, into Hathor heads. There are five columns on each side and four at each end, and the inter-columnar walls rise to about half the height of the columns. As might be said of the whole island, the temple was dedicated to Isis. Reliefs on the walls represent Trajan presenting wine to Isis and Horus, and as standing before Osiris and Isis. The lovely pale yellow of the stonework has been changed by the Nile into a dreary grey.

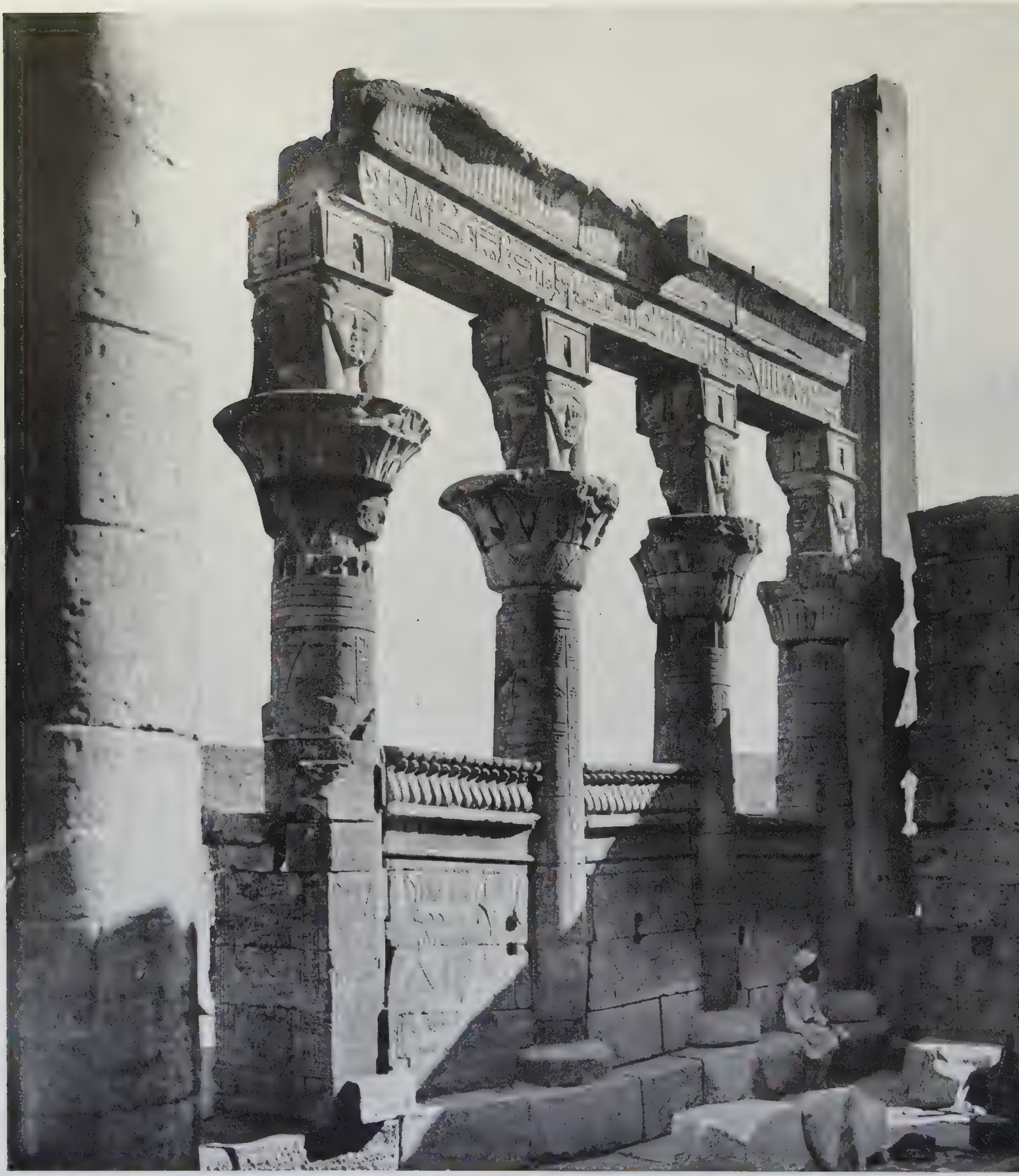


Photo from W. M. Flinders Petrie.

SISTRUM COLUMNS OF THE TEMPLE OF NECTANEBO II. AT PHILAE

Two sandstone obelisks once stood at the temple gateway; only the base is left of one, the other has lost its apex. The capitals of th
sistrum columns represent Hathor (woman's head with heifer's ears) carved in relief on each side of a square block, each head supportin
a fluted cornice on which stands a naos flanked by two volutes and crowned by a shallow abacus. The columns are connected by a scree
about 6 feet high, surmounted by a concave cornice crowned with rows of uraeus serpents.

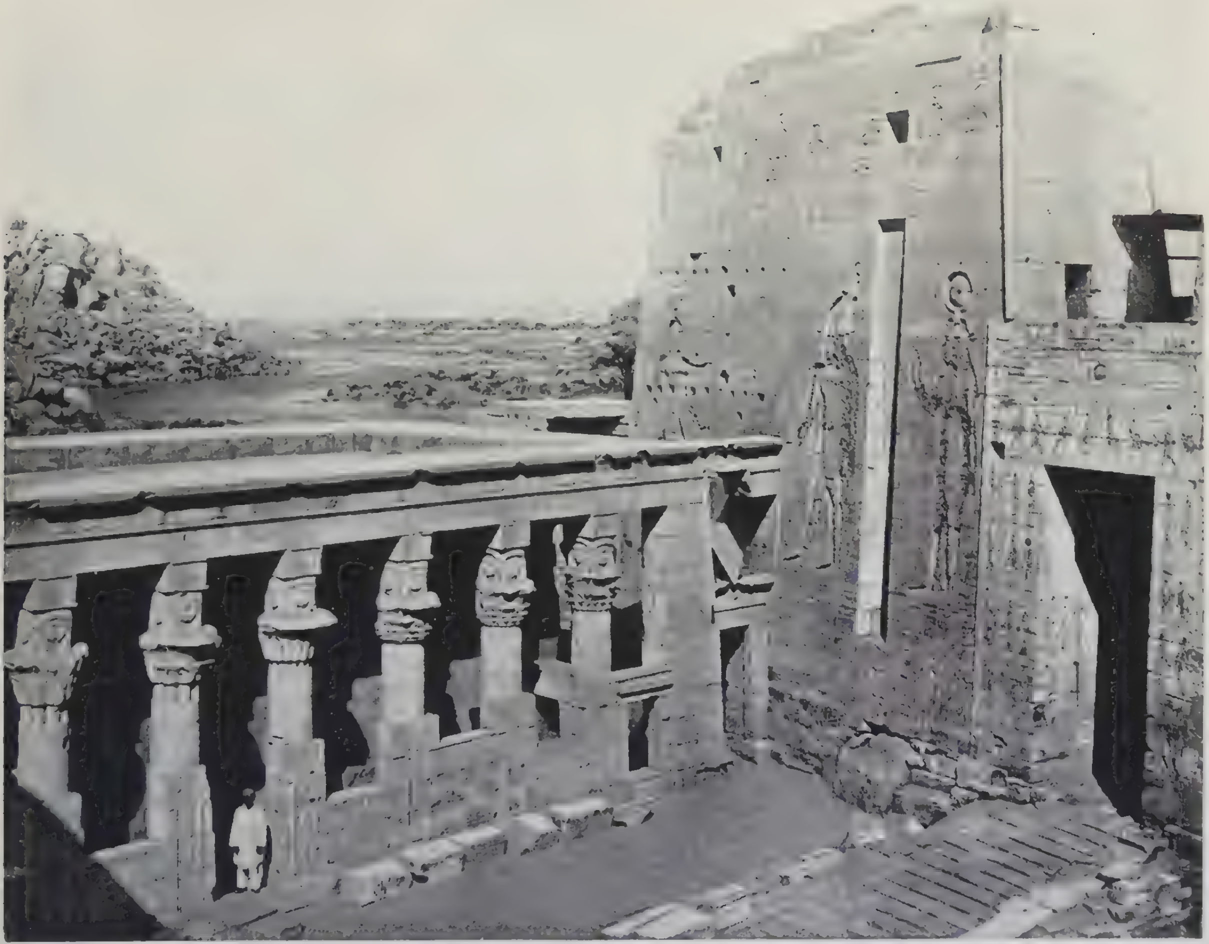


Photo from W. M. Flinders Petrie.

EAST FAÇADE OF THE BIRTH HOUSE, TEMPLE OF ISIS, PHILAE

The doorway at the head of the steps opens on to the small court leading to the hypostyle hall. The Hathor-headed columns seen in the photograph are on the east side of the Birth House. The small court, in which sacrifices used to be made, is embellished with reliefs of Ptolemy III. presenting gifts and pouring water upon a small altar. Near the sanctuary are the Osiris chambers with reliefs referring to the tragic death of the god after whom they are named.

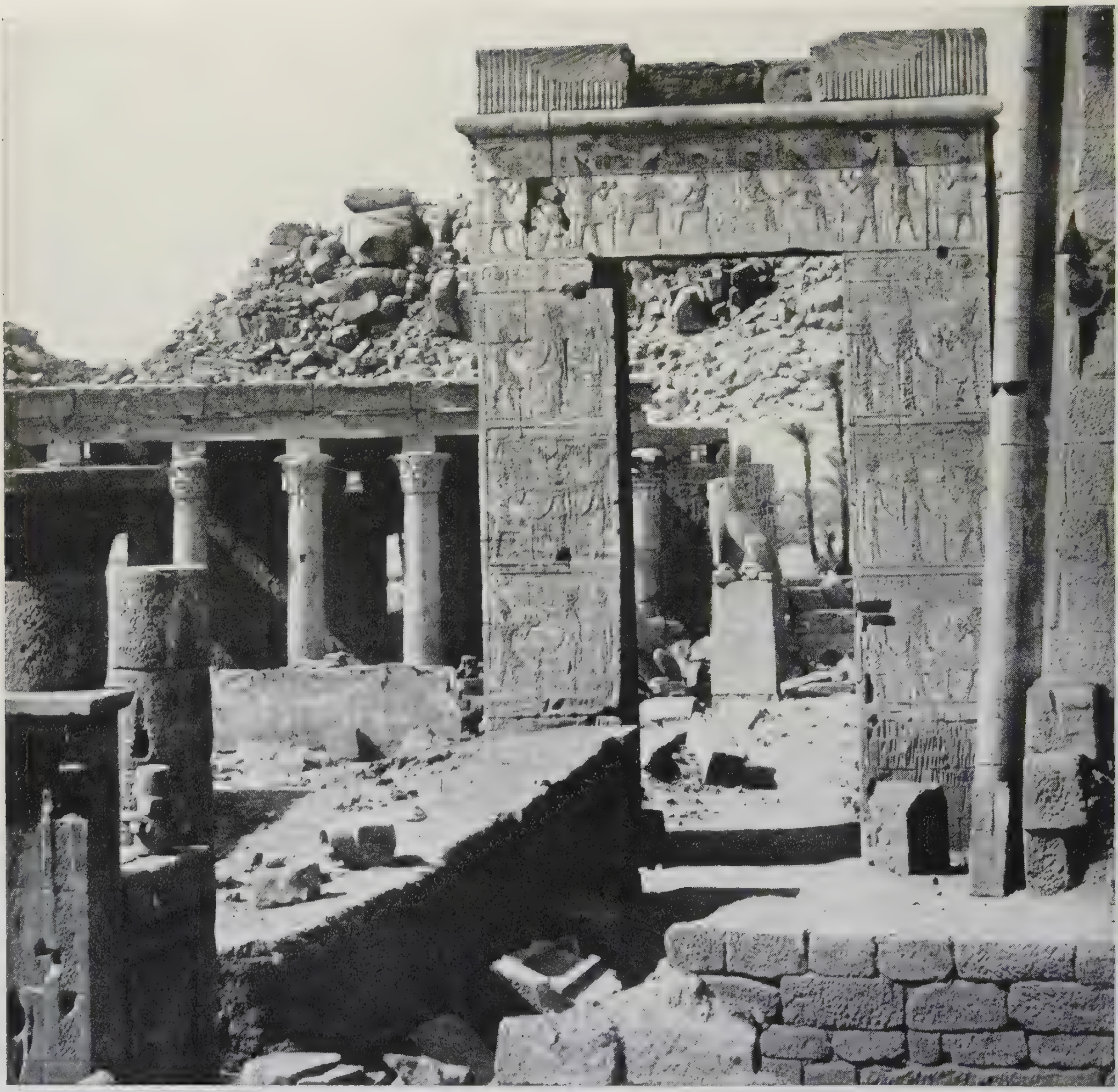
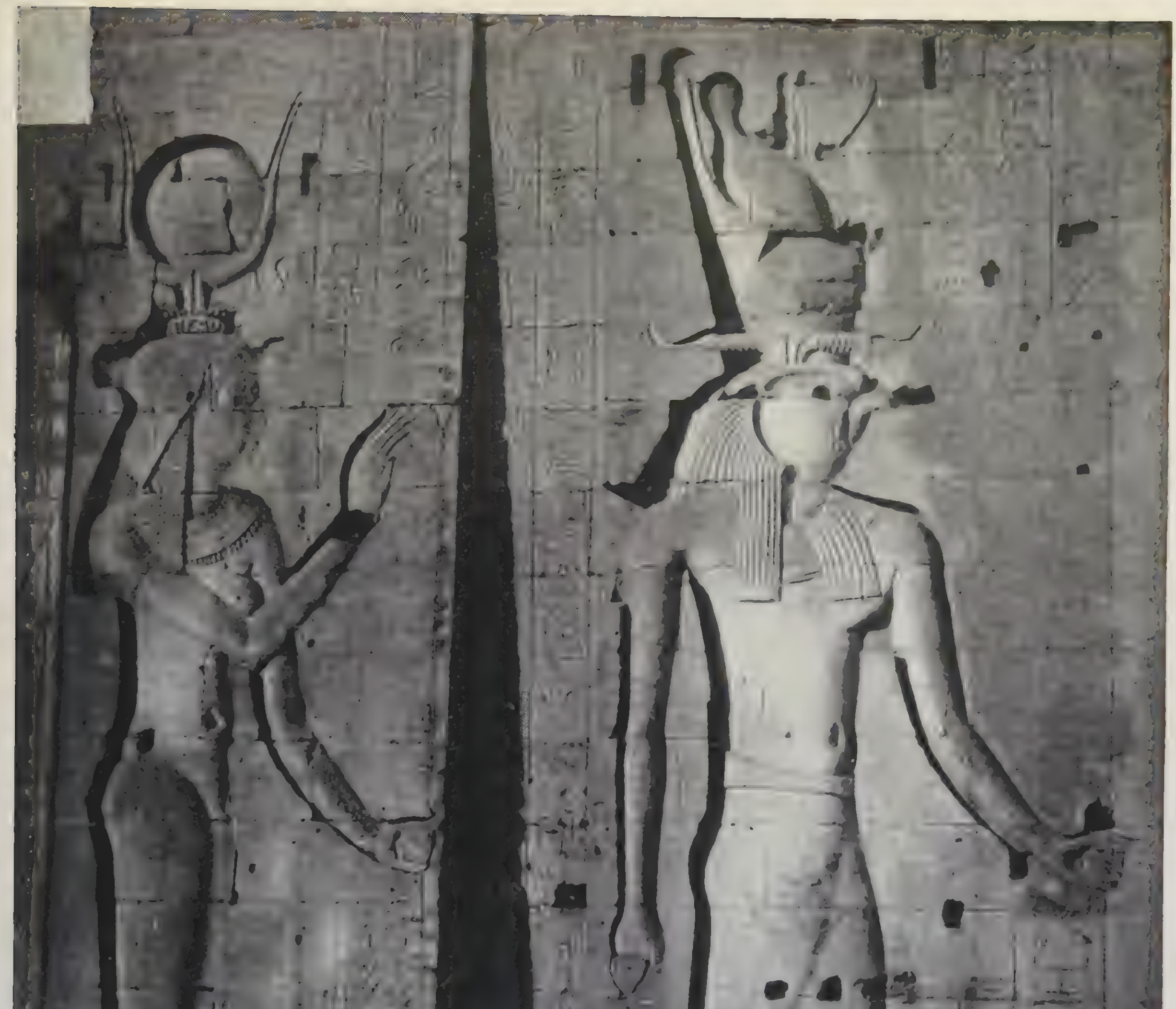


Photo from W. M. Flinders Petrie.

GATEWAY OF PTOLEMY PHILADELPHUS SHOWING PART OF THE COLONNADE

The granite-covered height in the background is part of the island of Biggeh, the Egyptian Senmet. Each part of the Temple of Isis was appropriated to some special service in the ceremonial worship of the goddess. Courts, chambers, and colonnades are elaborately inscribed, and have afforded much material for the study of Egyptian mythology, the mysteries of the nature and offices of the deities being expressed in more explicit and intelligible terms than was the case before the Ptolemaic and Roman periods.



COLOSSAL SCULPTURES ON THE GREAT PYLON OF THE TEMPLE OF ISIS

About 25 feet in height, these figures are on the great pylon of the Temple of Isis at Philæ. Though defaced by early Christian or Moslem hands, enough remains to bear witness to the artistic craftsmanship of the original designer. The figure on the left represents Isis, "the goddess with ten thousand names," in her form as Hathor; that on the right is her son Horus, with the hawk's head, indicating his solar aspect. Horus wears the double crown of united Egypt, and is holding the ankh, or life emblem.

THE ROYAL PALACES. II

SPLENDOURS OF NINEVEH AND KHORSABAD

By Lewis Spence, F.R.A.I.

SPLENDOURS OF NINEVEH AND KHORSABAD

By Lewis Spence, F.R.A.I.

Author of "Myths and Legends of Babylonia and Assyria," etc.

NINEVEH, the royal city of ancient Assyria, stood on the sites of what are now known as Kouyunjik and Nebi Yunus, on the east bank of the Tigris. Calah, the modern Nimrud, was a suburb outside the walls; and in the days of Sargon II. and his son Sennacherib the city extended as far north as Dur-Sharrukin (city of Sargon), or Khorsabad.

Assyria was pre-eminently a nation of soldiers, a warrior-state whose monarch was the head of a great general staff, whose ministers were field-marshals. It toiled not, neither did it spin. Its necessities, its food-supply, even its playthings, were wrenched and looted from the unhappy peoples who surrounded it. Its builders and labourers were prisoners of war. Its rulers transplanted entire tribes and nations from one part of their dominions to another, uprooting them as they uprooted the cedars of Lebanon for transplantation in the avenues of their wonderful metropolis. Every Assyrian was a soldier. With this people trade did not follow the flag—rather was it driven at the spear's point to Nineveh.

Behind this ruthlessness lurked the sinister shape of Ashur, the tutelary deity of the soil. So that vast temples might be raised to the glory of Ashur, continual war was waged and tribute levied, and so that his fanes might be filled with magnificence, the bodies of countless slaves in many a distant province were bastinadoed into intensive production. Asia Minor groaned beneath the rod of Ashur. Even Cyprus and the isles of the sea were not immune from his tribute. From all four points of the compass, from Palestine and Philistia, from the mountains of

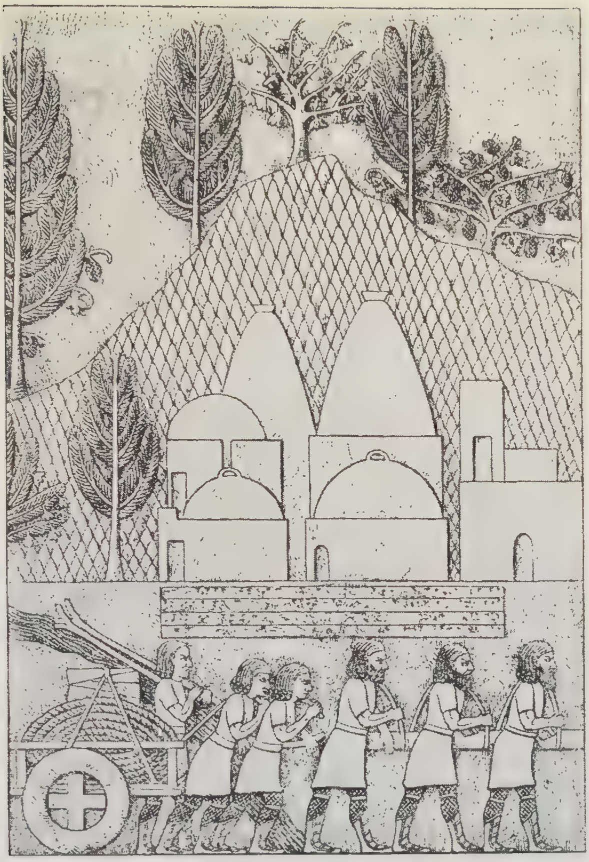
Kurdistan, from Elam—ay, even at times from Egypt itself—a limitless wealth of impost poured into the coffers of his priesthood. To-day the metropolis of his worship is a range of low mounds, over which in the season of monsoon the desert sand drifts in slow-gathering wreaths.

Assyria was colonised from Babylonia. The date of its settlement is uncertain, but Nineveh was in existence in 3000 B. C. The early rulers appear to have been subject priest-princes of the kings of Babylonia; but nothing in the nature of separate dynastic rule seems to have been known until the middle of the nineteenth century before Christ. Its inhabitants had probably a deeper Semitic tinge than those of Babylonia. They were, indeed, first cousins to the Hebrew people, and spoke a language resembling the speech of neighbouring Judea.

After its destruction by the Medes in 606 B. C., the very situation of Nineveh had vanished so utterly from human recollection that when Xenophon and his Ten Thousand passed its ruins two hundred years later, they concluded that they must represent the remains of a Parthian city. Later travellers, sojourning at the Arab town of Mosul, and looking out over the Tigris, saw a range of low mounds on its opposite bank. The Arabs assured them that the locality of these was haunted by hordes of jinn, and that gigantic creatures, half-man, half-bull, lurked in their recesses, the guardians of treasure believed to be buried there.

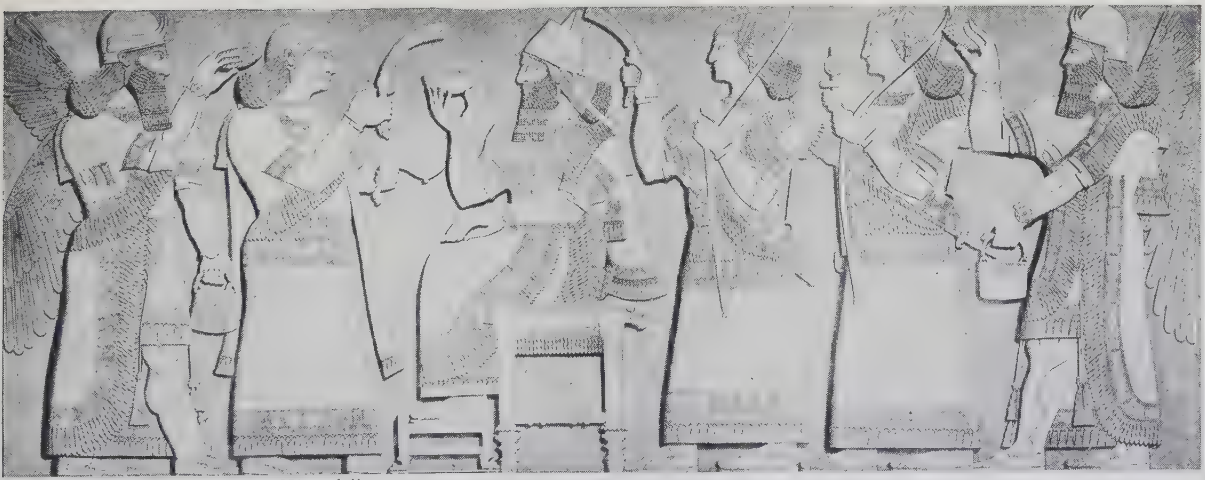
The faint voice of legend associated these tumuli with the name of lost Nineveh, and the more curious among the travellers, who took the trouble to inspect the mounds at close quarters, observed that large fragments of alabaster, engraved with characters like the heads of arrows, jutted in places from the hillside, interspersed with shards of pottery and sun-dried bricks. But men of science in Europe were by no means sanguine that these vast rubbish-heaps held all that remained of the once-glorious city of Sennacherib and Sardanapalus. A small band of exiled Britons, merchants and political agents for the most part, had, however, more than an inkling that ruins of considerable extent and interest awaited excavation beneath the mounds of Kouyunjik, Nebi Yunus, Nimrud, and Khorsabad.

One of them in particular, Austen Henry Layard, had



ROOFS ARE STILL SHAPED LIKE THIS

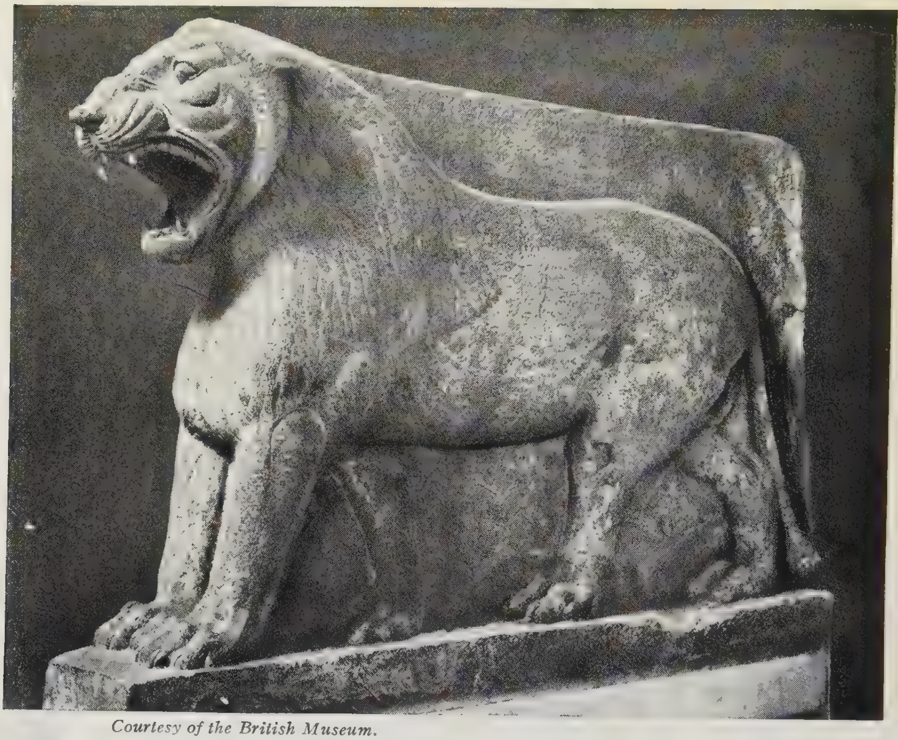
A contemporary picture of two Assyrian dwelling-houses, from a bas-relief unearthed by Sir Henry Layard at Kouyunjik, shows how building styles have scarcely changed to-day in the land. They stand, apparently on a platform, at the foot of a hill clad with fruiting vines and cypress.



From Layard's "Monuments of Nineveh."

THE ASSYRIANS HAD ELEGANT TASTE IN FURNITURE AND EMBROIDERY

Part of the internal decoration of the north-west palace at Nimrud excavated by Sir Henry Layard, this bas-relief shows the king on his throne in ceremonial attitude. The eunuch standing before him holds the cover of the sacred cup in the hand of the king, also the royal fly-whisk—there was one power in Mesopotamia which has never relaxed its dominion! Two other eunuchs carry the king's trappings—fan, mace, bow, and quiver—and winged genii flank the group. Garments and arms are all elaborately executed.



Courtesy of the British Museum.

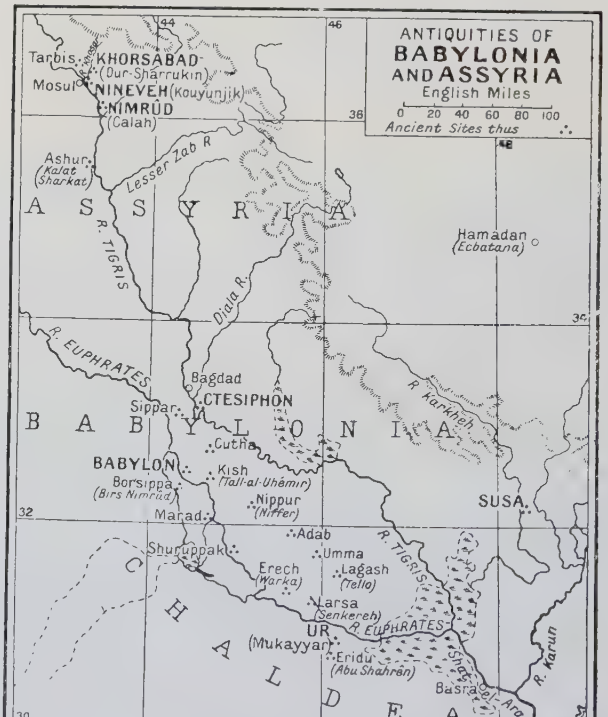
PLASTIC ART OF ANCIENT NINEVEH

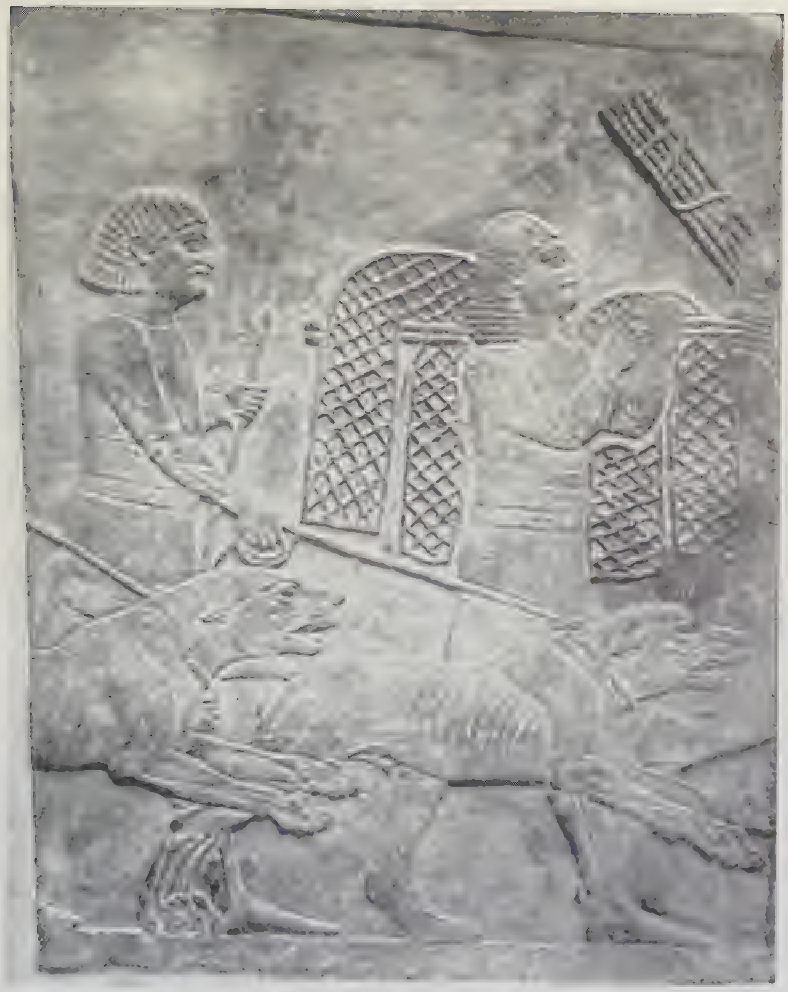
Colossal lion inscribed with the names and titles and military prowess of Ashurnasirpal II., King of Assyria, 883–859 B.C. The statue, which displays remarkable skill on the part of the sculptor in his effort to reproduce in stone an appearance of the virility and movement of the animal depicted, was found in the Temple of Enurta at Nimrud.

Courtesy of the British Museum.

ASHURNASIRPAL II.

The only perfect Assyrian royal statue in the round. Standing on its original limestone pedestal, it is from the Temple of Enurta at Nimrud.

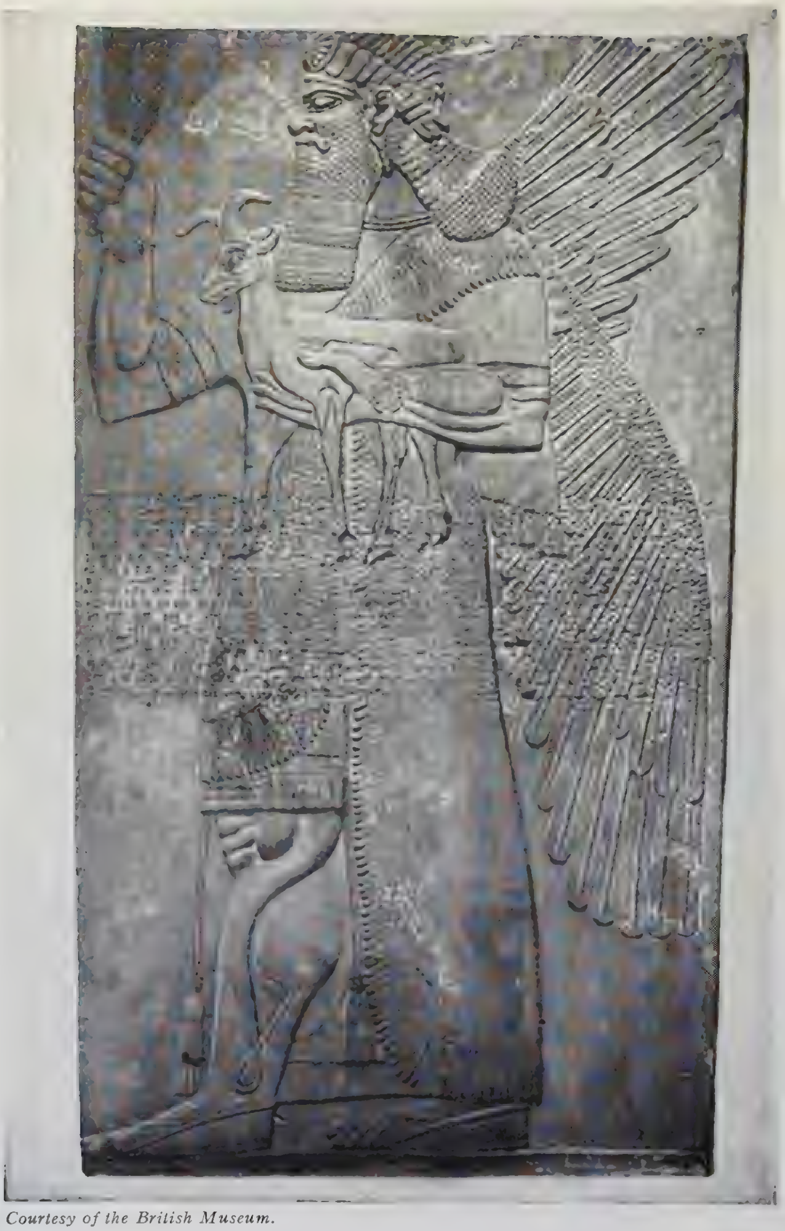




Courtesy of the British Museum.

HOUNDS DEPARTING FOR THE CHASE

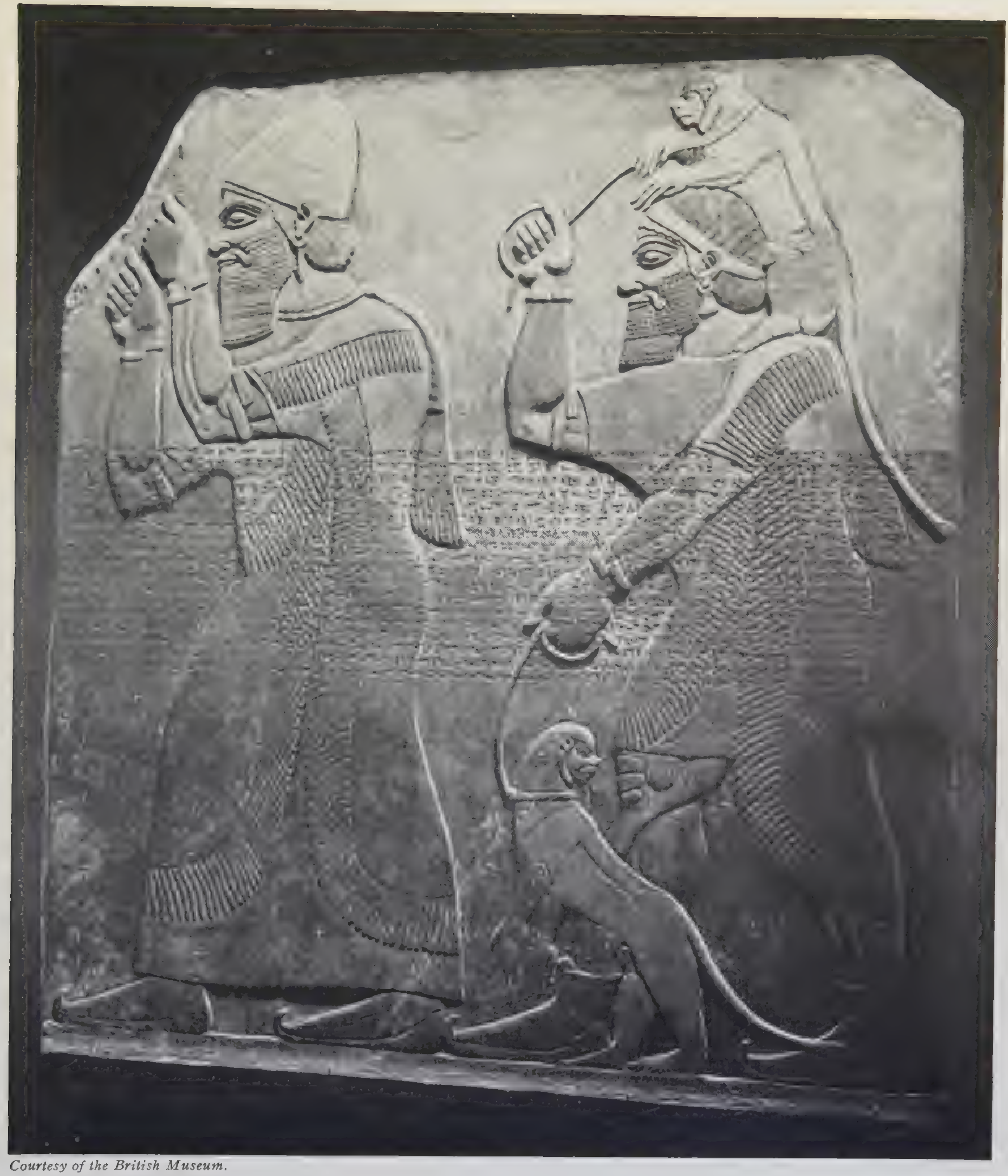
Representations in terra-cotta of the hunting dogs of Ashurbanipal. With tightened leash, straining bodies, and tension of every muscle, they are lifelike in the extreme. Assyrians buried figures of dogs under the thresholds of their houses so that the spirits of the animals might prevent agents of evil from crossing them.



Courtesy of the British Museum.

FROM ASHURNASIRPAL'S GREAT PALACE AT NIMRUD

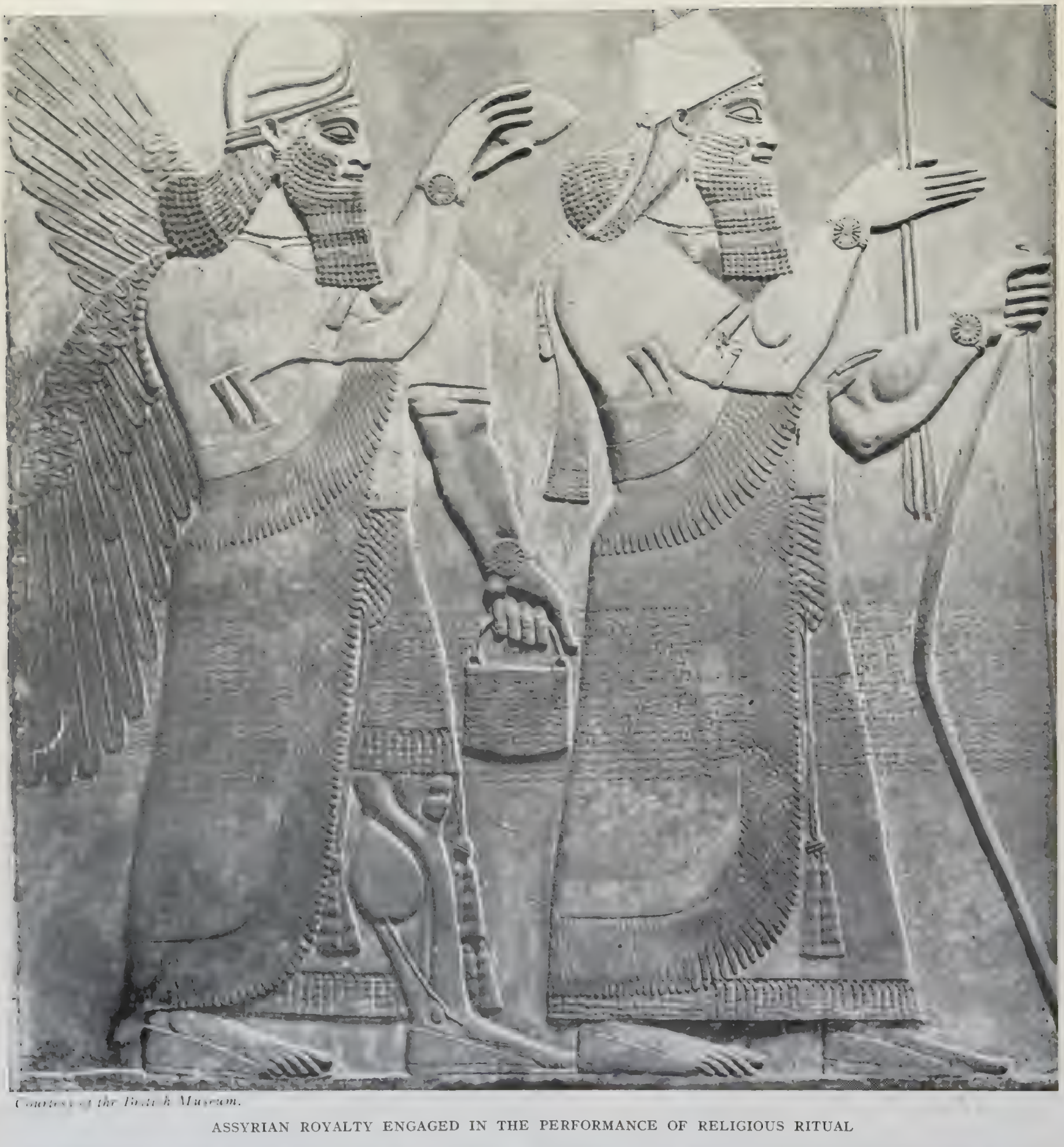
Bas-relief of a priest, who is represented wearing the divine winged apparel peculiar to his office and carrying a goat on his left forearm, while he holds aloft in his right hand an ear of corn. This bas-relief once formed part of the decorations of the palace built by Ashurnasirpal II. at Nimrud.



Courtesy of the British Museum.

TRIBUTE FOR A SOVEREIGN'S LEISURE HOURS OR FOR A ZOOLOGICAL GARDEN AT NINEVEH

One is reminded by this relief, from the palace of Ashurnasirpal II. at Nimrud, of some of the Egyptian wall-paintings where envoys bring strange animals from distant lands to the feet of Pharaoh. Here foreigners are bringing apes as a present to the king. The feet and hands of the creature on the ground are ludicrously human, from which it may be judged that the Ninevite craftsman was unfamiliar with these beasts but in all else he follows his usual practice of treating animals with greater freedom and fidelity than human beings.



Courtesy of the British Museum.

ASSYRIAN ROYALTY ENGAGED IN THE PERFORMANCE OF RELIGIOUS RITUAL

Ritual scene from the walls of the north-west palace at Nimrud. Holding the emblematic bow and a sheaf of arrows, Ashurnasirpal is shown followed by a winged figure or genius making offerings to a god. The objects in the hands of his attendant are a fir-cone and a bucket to contain oil or honey. The figures are highly formalised, but instinct with a certain dignity, and make their ceremonial gestures with spaciousness and freedom.

seen enough to make it impossible for him to leave Mesopotamia without putting his beliefs to the proof. In 1845 he recruited a band of workmen from among the unruly Arab tribes in the neighbourhood, and with amateur enthusiasm began to probe the mounds of Nimrud and Kouyunjik. On the very first day of his venture he unearthed the remains of a palace, in the bizarre friezes and sculptures of which he found nothing reminiscent of classical art.

Feverishly he proceeded with the task of excavation. Each day brought to light fresh marvels of sculpture and architecture. Immense stone figures of mythical monsters, with the bodies of winged bulls and the bearded faces of men, marked where the portals of a great city had stood. On immense slabs of gypsum the conquering progress of warlike kings through strange lands was depicted in spirited bas-relief. Traces of fire and ruthless destruction were everywhere, and the shadow of ruin and desolation immeasurable hung over the excavated interiors. But, however ruinous, however desolate, Nineveh the lost, "the glory of kingdoms," had been re-discovered. The news spread through Britain like fire, arousing a popular interest before which that displayed in the recent finds in Egypt pales into insignificance.

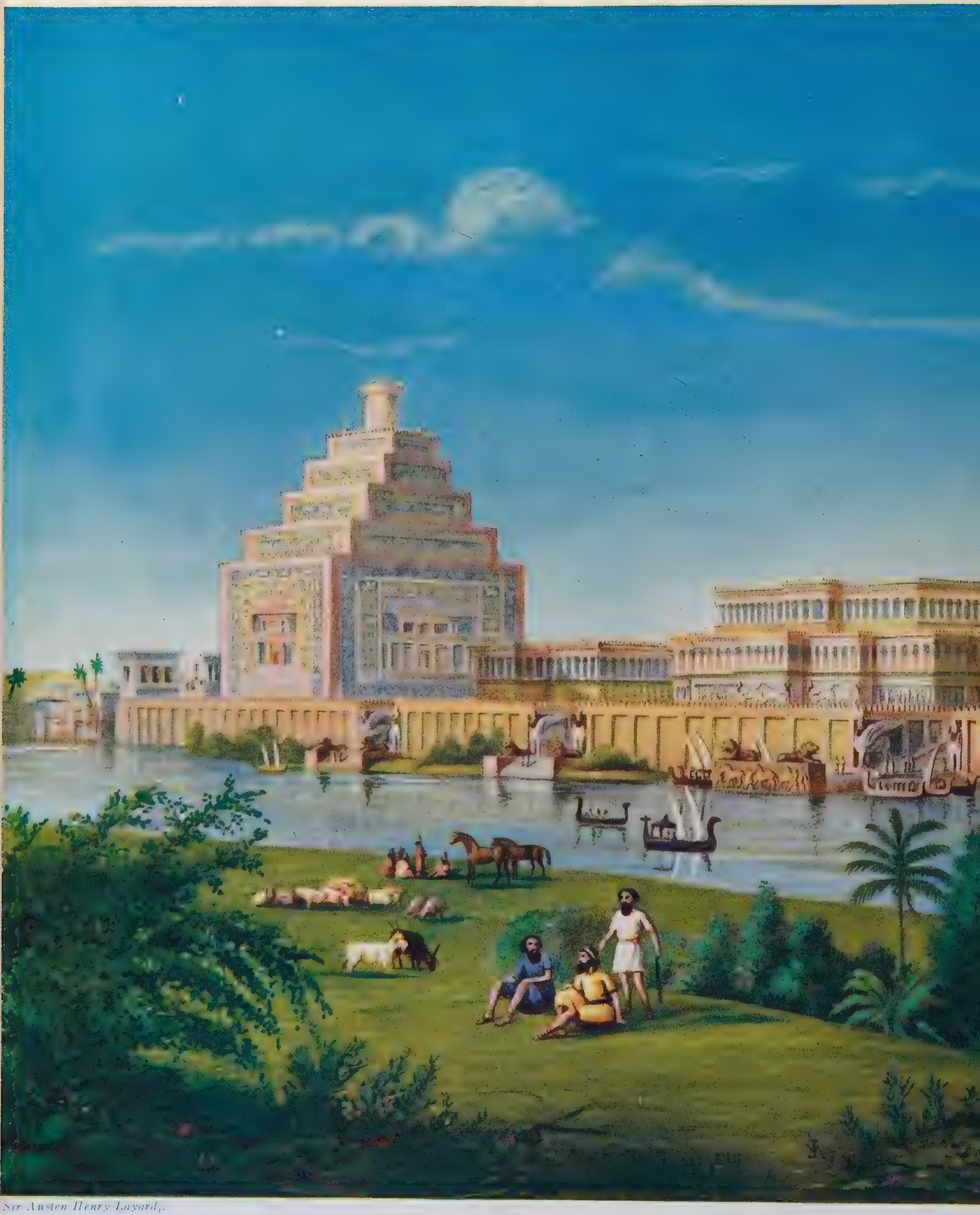
Nineveh was in its heyday from 722 to 606 B. C., or during that part of its history when the accomplished and statesmanlike dynasty of the Sargonids occupied the throne of Assyria. None of that gifted line did more for its embellishment than Sennacherib, who flourished during the closing years of the eighth century before Christ. If he is popularly remembered as "the Assyrian" who "came down like a wolf on the fold" of beleaguered Jerusalem, it is hardly necessary to say that no mention of his overthrow on that occasion is to be encountered among the many boastful inscriptions which vaunt his prowess in war. Indeed, in one of them he assures us that he shut up Hezekiah, King of Jerusalem, "like a bird in its cage," and wrung from him an indemnity worth in modern currency about £9,000. But it seems possible that the swift disaster which is spoken of in the Second Book of Kings as having overtaken his army was of the nature of a pestilence or epidemic—influenza, it has been prosaically suggested.

Sennacherib does not appear to have possessed the extraordinary talents of his father, Sargon II., but he was by no means the least of those Assyrian kings who moulded the nation into a huge military machine, a veritable human "steam-roller," which hurtled over the lands of Asia Minor and Syria, crushing the lesser peoples out of existence, and levelling cities so that not even their dust remained—for this was actually gathered into baskets, carried to a distance, and cast to the four winds of heaven.

Vast and splendid as Nineveh had been before his day, he greatly extended its bounds, reconstructed its palaces and temples, and gathered within its walls such a treasure from the looted towns of Syria and Palestine as made it by far the wealthiest and most resplendent capital of the known world. It is the Nineveh of Sennacherib's day that we must try to reconstruct if we would glimpse one of the most gorgeous pageants of empire the world has ever seen.

From the first Sennacherib seems to have been obsessed by the idea of a new Nineveh, much as Napoleon III. in modern times was by that of a new Paris. Shortly after he came into power he constructed an outer wall and an inner rampart, more probably to keep in employment the thousands of foreign captives his father had brought to the capital than because these defences were really necessary, for the walls which already enclosed the city seem almost to have ranked as among the wonders of the ancient world. Their height has been variously computed as from fifty to even one hundred feet, and their breadth is said to have been such that four chariots could be driven abreast on the ramparts. It is impossible now to estimate their precise measurements, but, judging from the poor vestiges of them which remain, they must have been of cyclopean dimensions. The inner core was constructed of sun-dried bricks, dug out of the ground immediately in front of the wall, so that a deep trench might be formed, and on this brick foundation was superimposed a heavy facing of stone slabs. At intervals the walls were pierced by great gateways which were flanked by the inevitable winged bulls or lions, and closed by doors of cedar embossed with bronze.

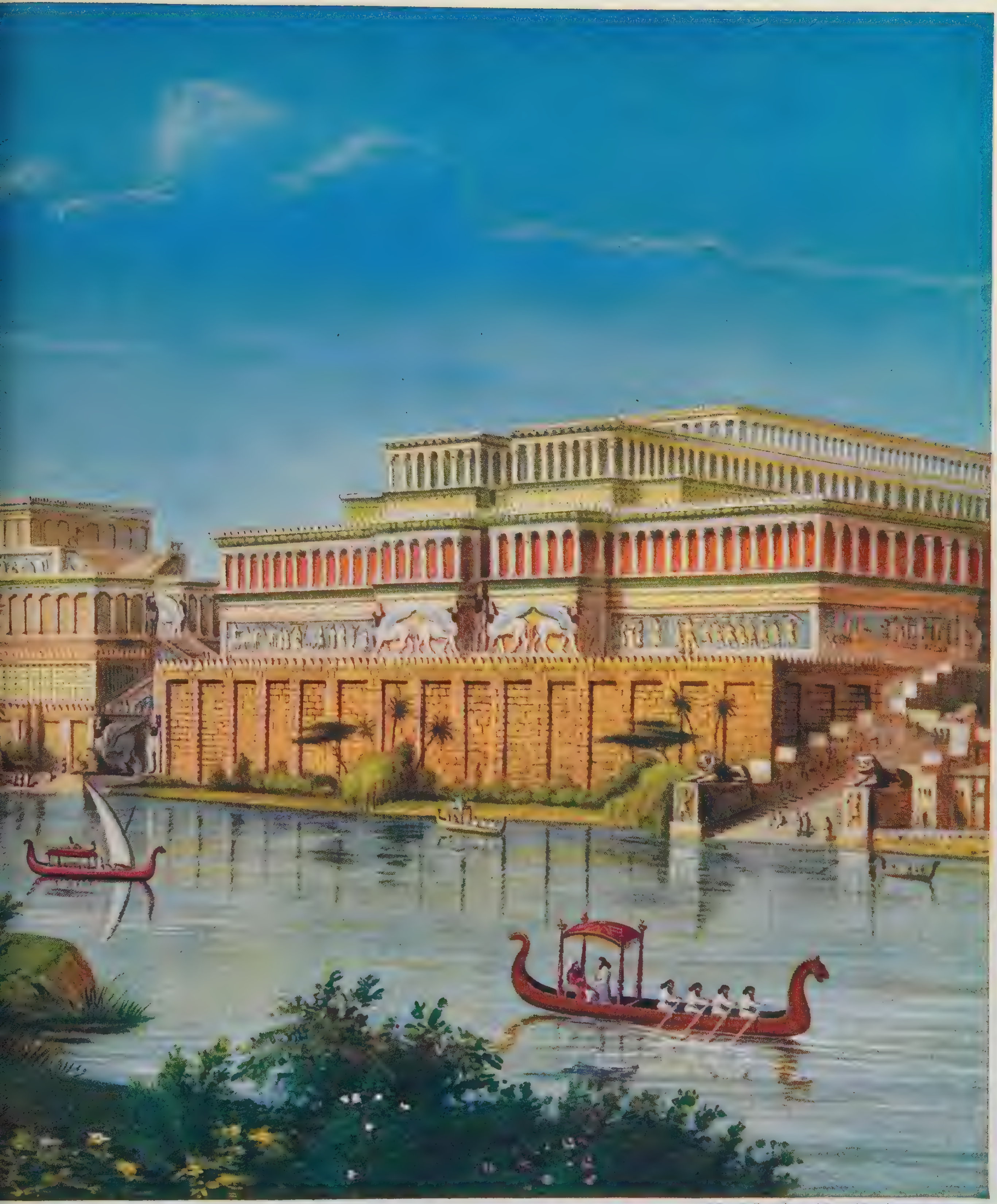
The shape of the space enclosed by these vast battlements resembles nothing so much as that of a legging or gaiter, the



Sir Austen Henry Layard.

MAJESTIC PALACES OF ANCIENT ASSYRIA'S GREAT CAPITAL—

Restoration of palaces of Assyrian kings that once stood on the eastern side of the Tigris opposite the modern Mosul. The restoration is based on remains found beneath the mounds of Kouyunjik and Nebi Yunus. The remains of Babylonia and Assyria cover a period of about four thousand years (3500 B.C.–A.D. 500) and some 120,000 examples acquired by the British Museum since 1846 comprise the largest portion of cuneiform material available for reconstructing the history of western Asia. As described by Sir Henry Layard, the great tower on the left of the picture was the tomb of



[Specially coloured for "Wonders of the Past."

—NINEVEH AS IT WAS MORE THAN TWENTY-FIVE CENTURIES AGO

Ashurbanipal (668–626 B.C.), familiar under his Greek name of Sardanapalus. The small structure beneath the tower is a temple. Adjoining it is seen the north-west palace, built by Ashurbanipal, from which most of the sculptures brought to England were obtained. Next is a royal palace of later date. At the south-west corner is the palace of Esarhaddon (681–669 B.C). The site of Nineveh, a city famous alike for its size and its splendour, remained for ages a matter of doubt until early in the nineteenth century.

front of which faced the left bank of the river Tigris; that part which represents the calf and faces eastward being protected by three outer rows of ramparts. The whole was cut transversely by the river Khosar, an affluent of the Tigris, which, at its entrance to the city on the west, described a semicircle at the foot of an eminence now known as the mound of Kouyunjik, but which, in the period of Nineveh's highest development, appealed to her architects as an unrivalled site upon which to erect a succession of royal palaces that, for sheer magnificence, were probably unequalled in the ancient East.

How many royal edifices had been successively built on this site since Nineveh came to be regarded as a capital city it would be impossible to say, as king after king, dissatisfied with the mansions of his predecessors, swept them away or altered them out of all knowledge to suit his taste or necessities. But several distinct buildings have been identified—the palace of Shalmaneser II., dating from 860 B.C.; that of Sennacherib, situated at the extreme south-west of the mound, and post-dating that of Shalmaneser by more than two hundred and fifty years; and the royal residence of Ashurbanipal, which occupied the northern part of the eminence and was constructed about 668 B.C.

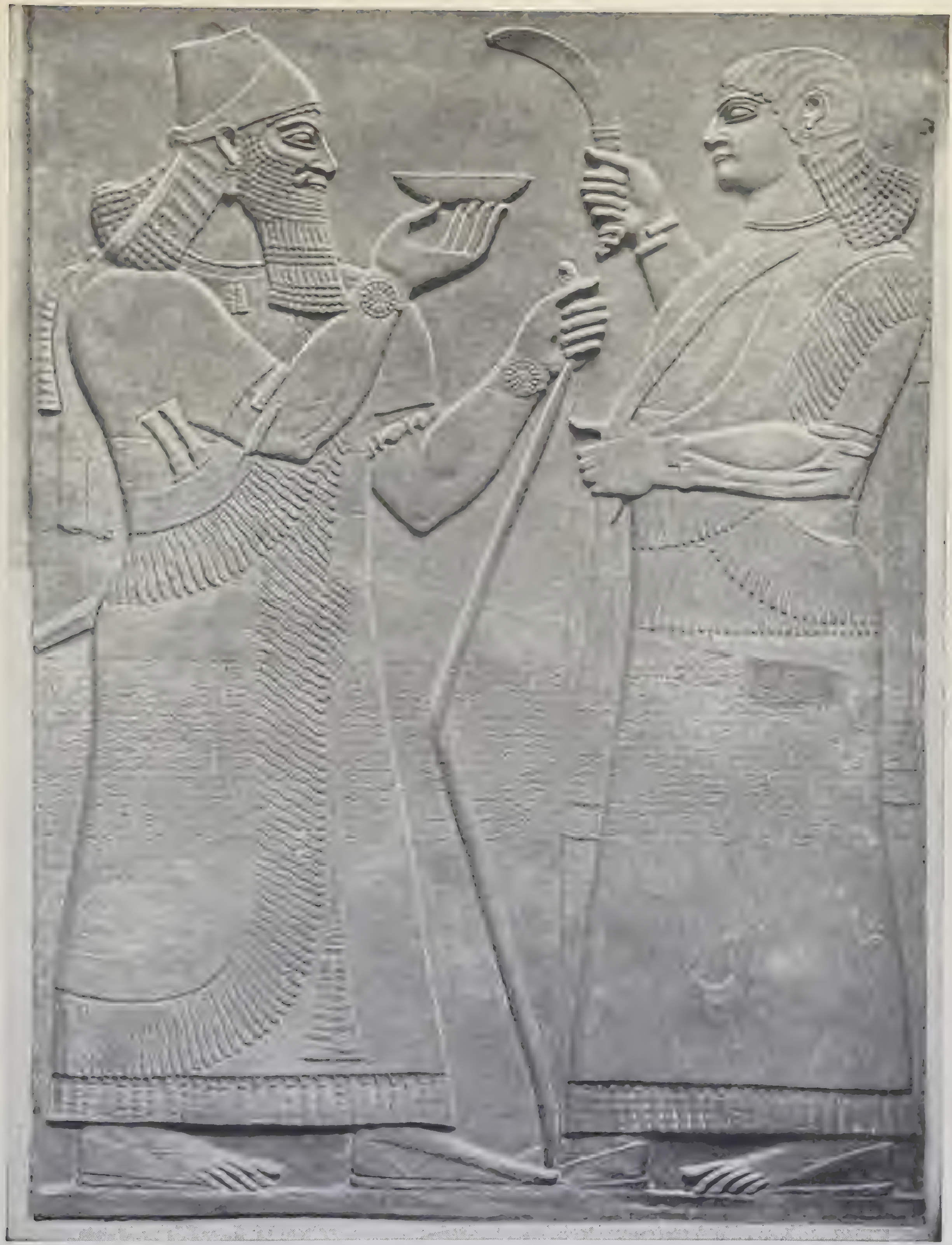
The palace of Sennacherib, which seems to have remained intact until disaster finally overtook the city, was, if credence be extended to the careful restoration of it in the plans of Fergusson and others, one of the excelling triumphs of Assyrian architecture, surpassing the squat and rather box-like type of structure so frequently raised by the builders of northern Mesopotamia, and rivalling in its airy grandeur and graceful dignity the royal residences of Babylon. Indeed, it seems probable that it was designed by Babylonian architects brought captive to Nineveh after Sennacherib's ruthless devastation of the more ancient kingdom.

Rising from a vast platform of brick faced with stone, and inlaid with tiles decorated with the fantastic profusion of ornament so typical of Chaldean art, its lower façade sculptured with the bizarre figures of mythology and the carven records of the triumphs of Assyrian arms, the rather overwhelming grandeur of these was relieved by rows of light and slender columns interrupted by lofty gateways, and broken by skilfully designed salients. The upper storeys, in their rich and airy freedom, recall the fairylike beauty of Renaissance architecture. Their towers were connected by colonnades, in the refreshing shadows of which the court enjoyed the cool evening airs from the east. The whole reminds us of the piled magnificence of the cloud-capped palaces of which we read in Arabian or Persian story. It is the soul of the East miraculously expressed in stone.

These enchanted walls once rang to the peal of victorious trumpets, as the stern battalions in their bronze armour, fresh from triumphs in Elam or Egypt, raised conquering shouts to Ashur, and the high colonnades, crowded with the painted and brocaded women of the palace, resounded to the clash of cymbals and the thrill of harps in praise of warrior-kings returning after battle.

Nor was the interior less magnificent. The brilliant paintings and sculptures which crowd the walls of Sennacherib's palace may be described as a vivid panorama of Assyrian life and custom as they appeared in the middle of the seventh century before Christ. But they also constitute a pictorial record of the imperial expansion of the Assyrian power, and delineate with skill and painstaking fidelity the dress, occupations, and characteristic features of subject races. Bas-reliefs of free and masterly execution retain for us the atmosphere of the Babylonian swamp-country of twenty-five centuries ago, the primitive inhabitants of which are depicted paddling about in their crazy coracles of skin and wickerwork, or sheltering among the reeds in hiding from the pursuing Assyrians. Or the sculptor transports us to the highlands of Kurdistan, with their brawling mountain torrents and rude hill-forts, from which hungry tribesmen swarm down upon the rich lowlands. Long caravans of hapless prisoners are seen trudging along the well-laid military roads to Nineveh, shouldering the loot which they were compelled to carry, and dragging their children after them. The national costumes of these are sketched or chiselled with the minutest care, and these representations have enriched our knowledge of the customs of the ancient East as nothing else could possibly have done.

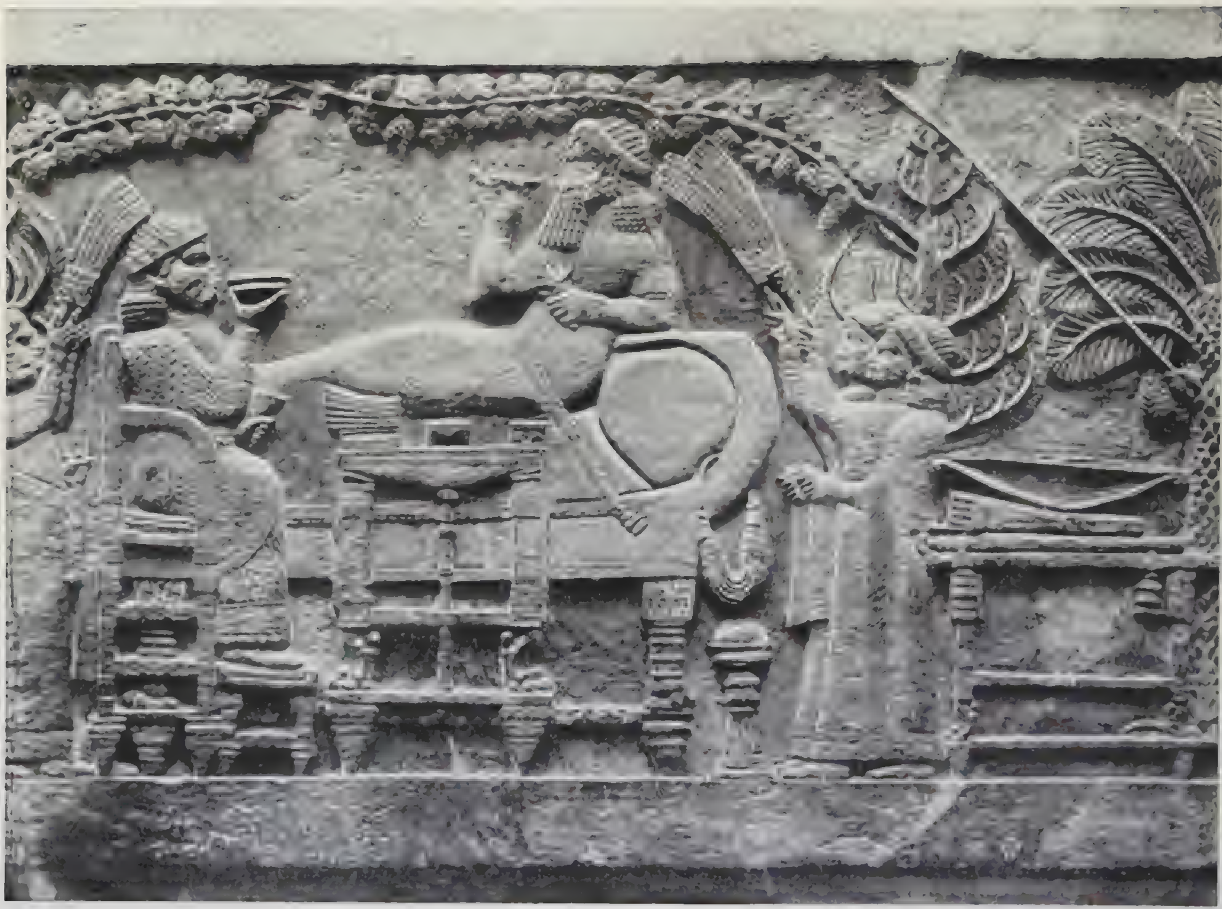
But the environment of his new palace evidently did not please Sennacherib, and he addressed himself to a scheme of



Courtesy of the British Museum.

PALACE BAS-RELIEF SHOWING ASHURNASIRPAL ABOUT TO POUR OUT A LIBATION

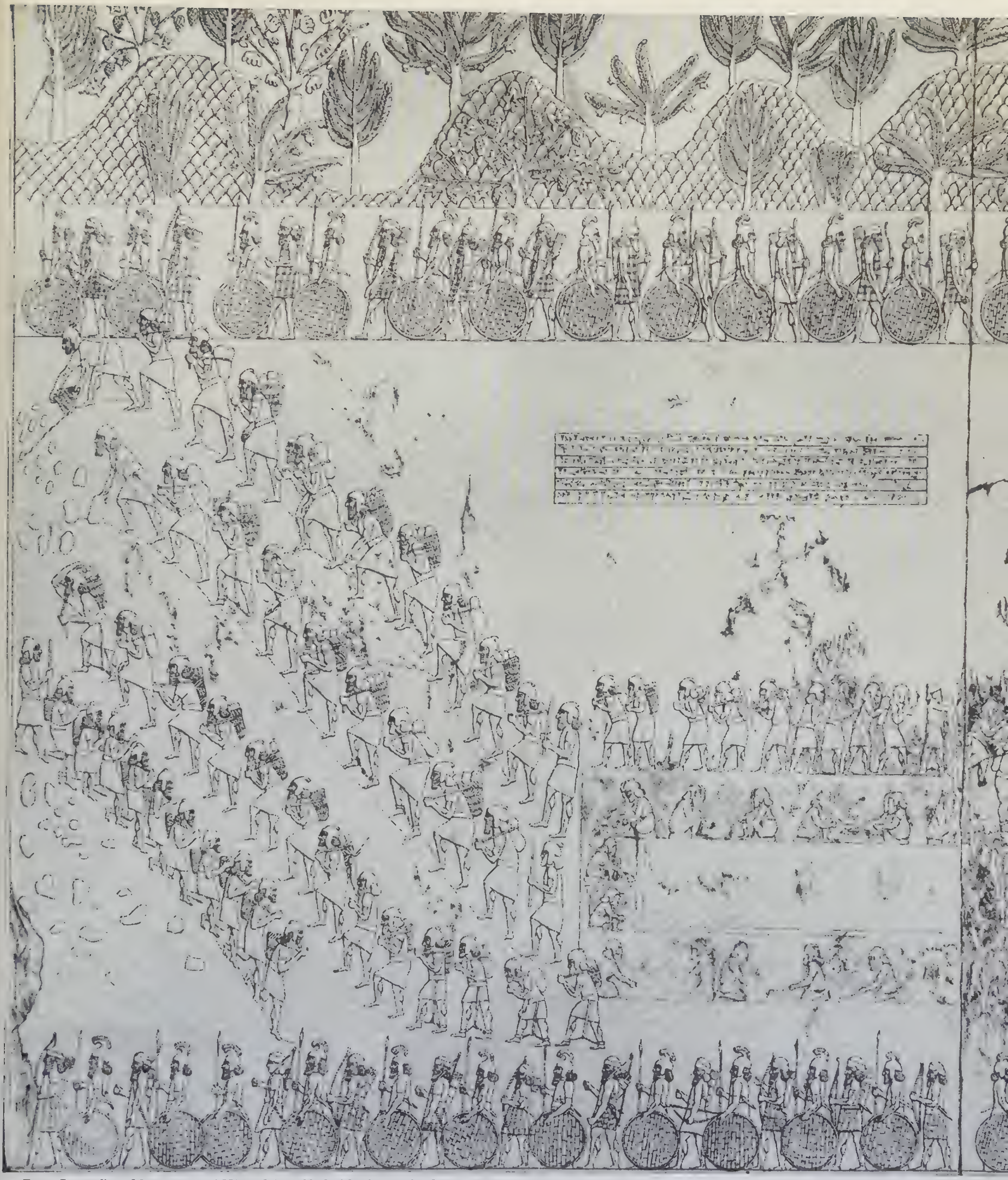
Religious rites formed no small part of an Assyrian king's daily duty, and this bas-relief from his palace shows us Ashurnasirpal II. engaged on some solemn ceremony in which he is about to pour a libation from a chalice. In his other hand he holds a mighty bow—perhaps the great symbolic bow of Ashur—and over his head a formidable eunuch holds the royal fly-whisk, emblem of kingship. The bracelets on the wrists of the figure bear a curious resemblance to modern wrist-watches!



Courtesy of the British Museum.

ASHURBANIPAL AND QUEEN CELEBRATING A VICTORY

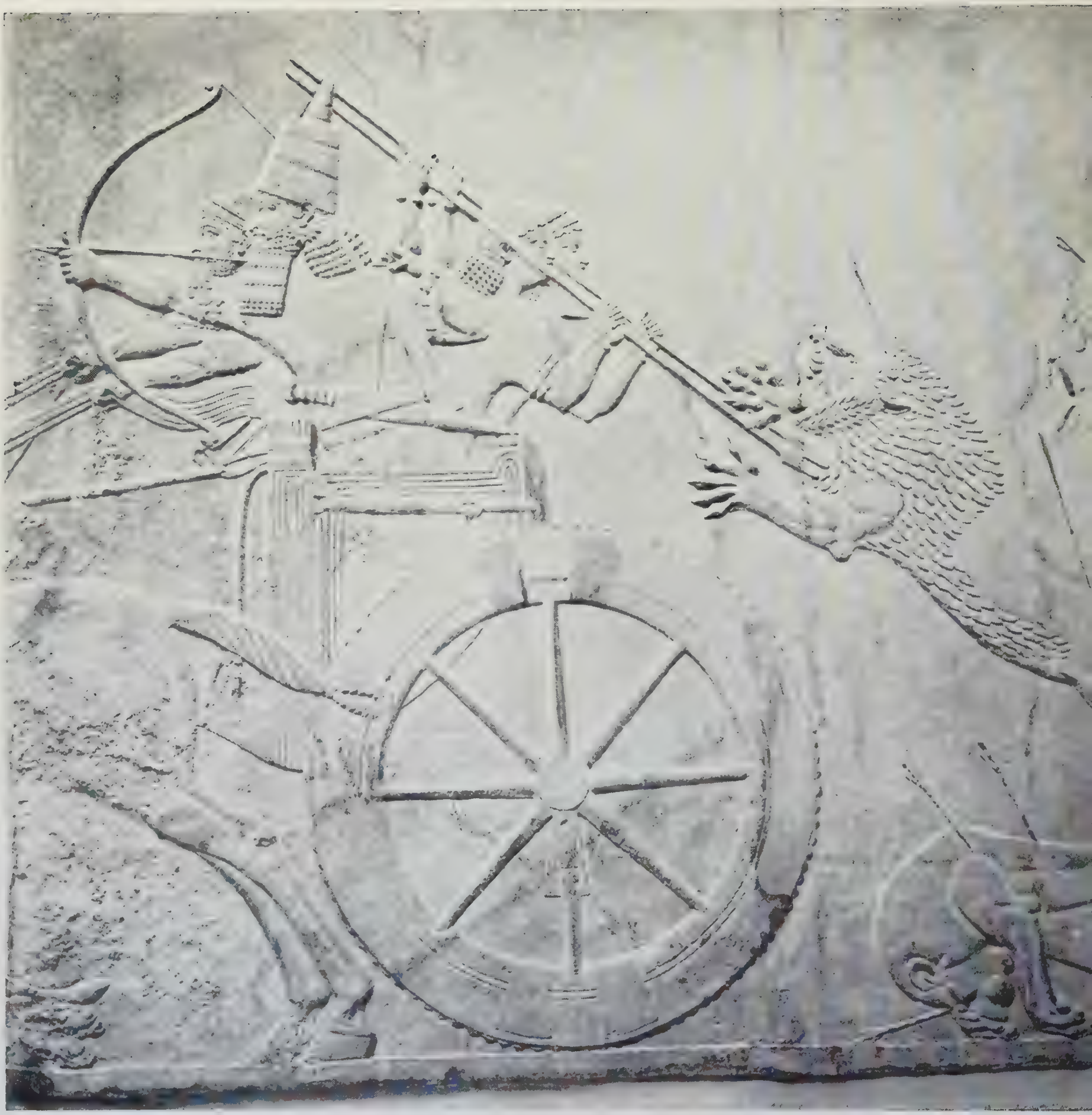
Part of a relief depicting Ashurbanipal, after his return to Nineveh from a successful campaign, lying upon a luxurious couch in his garden and sharing a sumptuous meal with his queen. Notable are the fringed coverlet over the king's knees, the garland over the arm of the couch, the uprights and cross-pieces of the queen's throne, the details of the king's couch, the pattern of the royal robes, the small table, and the treatment of the vine that bends over the heads of the royal couple.



From Layard's "Monuments of Nineveh," published by Mr. John Murray.

BUILDING A MOUND OR PLATFORM FOR THE ERECTION OF SENNACHERIB'S PALACE AT NI

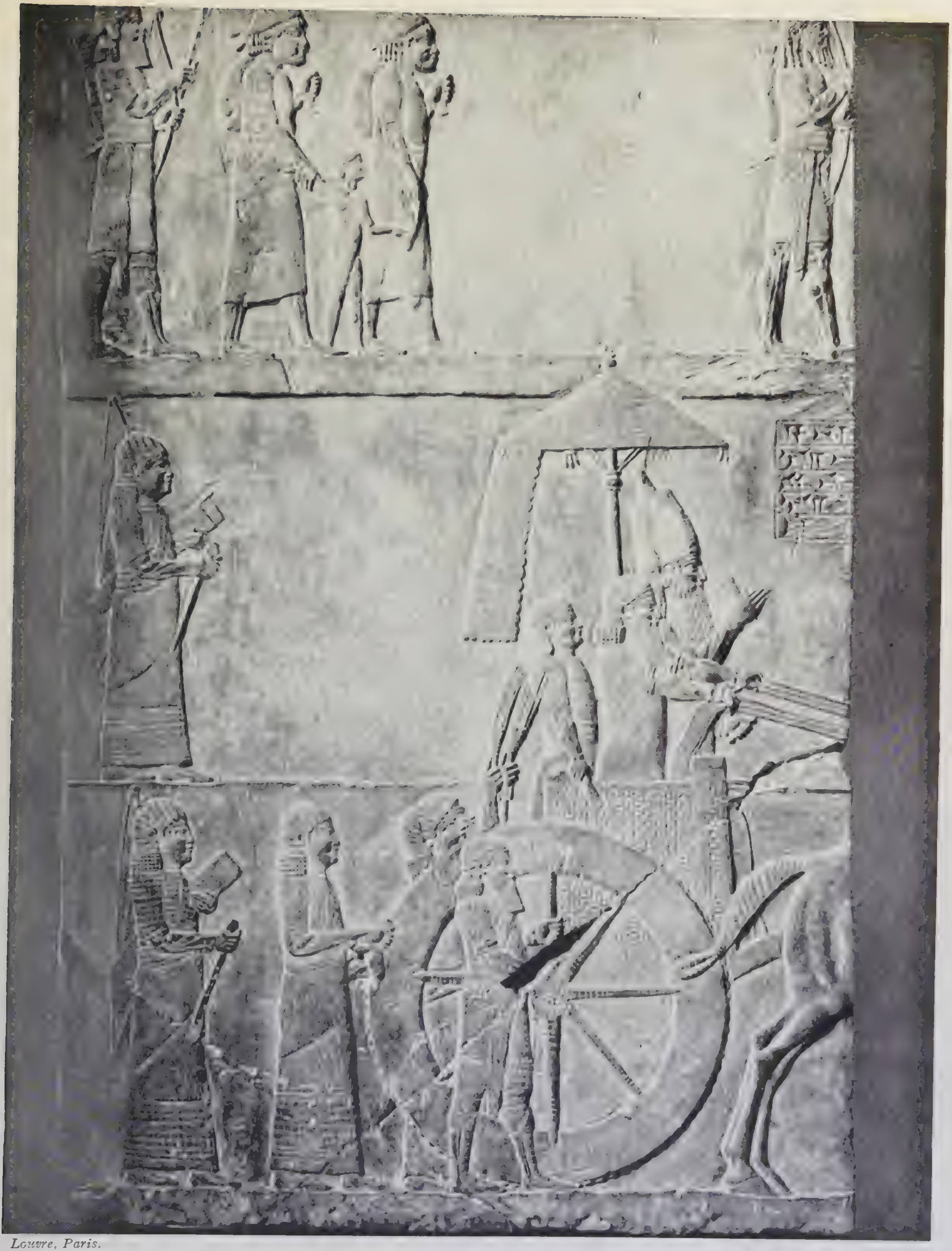
Short epigraphs over the figures of these bas-reliefs from Kouyunjik convey the information that they represent the building of his great palace th
makers, while the fetters on many of the workmen show that these were criminals or, more probably, slaves captured in foreign campaigns. The palace,
scale than had ever been attempted before, and was extensively ornamented with sculpture. Sennacherib (705–681 B.C.), son and successor of Sargon II.,
military exploits, enslaved 200,000 of the inhabitants of Judea, captured Babylon, and razed that city to the ground. He was murdered by his sons.
Austen Henry Layard in 1849–50.



Courtesy of the British Museum.

ASHURBANIPAL IN HIS HUNTING CHARIOT ATTACKED BY A WOUNDED LION

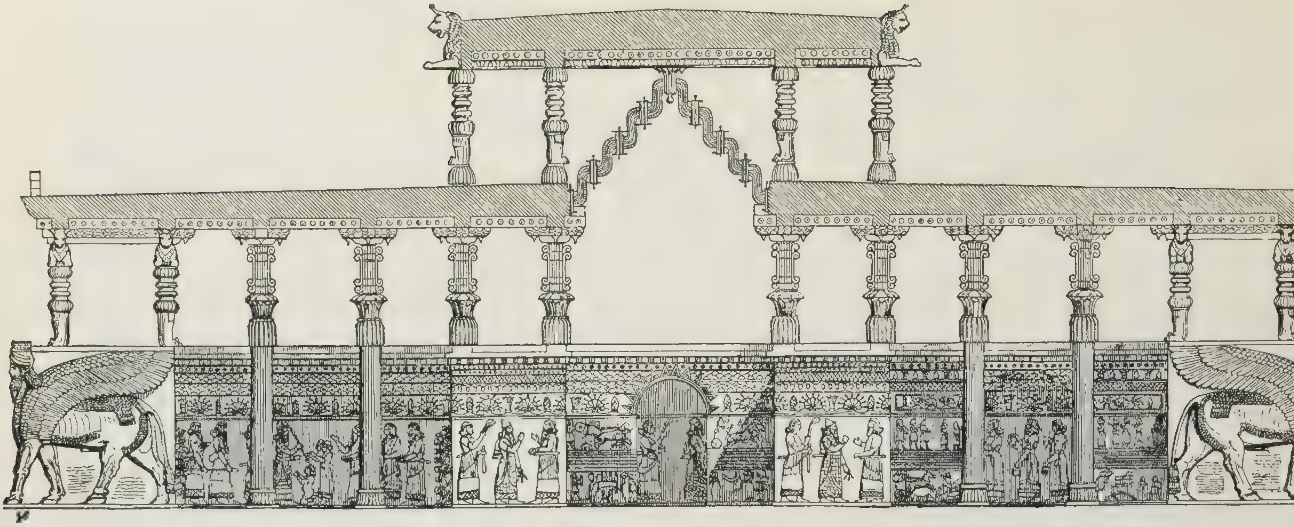
The kings of Assyria were fierce hunters as well as great soldiers, and we cannot but remember Nimrud, that "mighty hunter before th Lord. . . . And the beginning of his kingdom was Babel. . . . Out of that land he went forth into Assyria and builded Nineveh" (Genesis 10). In this bas-relief from the Palace of Ashurbanipal, the king is hunting lions from his chariot, and proves his marksmanship with the bow while attendant spearmen ward off the infuriated charge of a wounded beast.



Louvre, Paris.

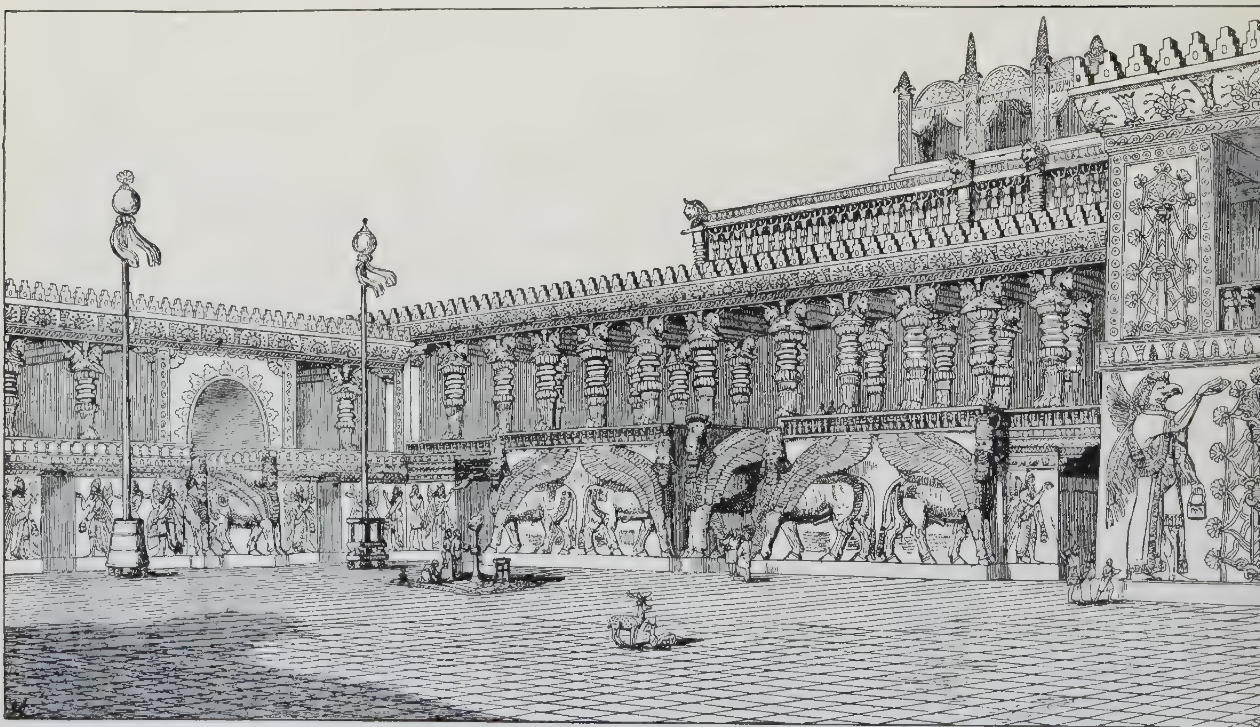
POMP THAT ATTENDED THE PROGRESS OF ASHURBANIPAL

Many details of Assyrian art and manners are exemplified by this relief of Ashurbanipal in his chariot from Kouyunjik. Not only are the draperies, trappings, and elaborately coiffed horse-tails all executed with careful precision, but we can see the fly-whisks, the state umbrella, the ribbed tyres, and general construction of the chariot with great exactitude. Note also that there are only two variations of feature in Assyrian arts—the bearded and the beardless face, the king only being distinguished by dress and stature.



SKILFUL PROPOSAL TO SOLVE A DIFFICULT PROBLEM OF ASSYRIAN ARCHITECTURE

One of the questions that have puzzled the archæologist is the method of roofing and lighting adopted in the Assyrian palaces. The vast halls cou have been vaulted without the use of kiln-baked bricks at least, some of which would have survived among the débris to tell the tale, which is not th Above is a sectional restoration through three halls of the palace of Sargon II., showing the solution of this problem as deduced by J. Fergusson from available evidence, and below, his view of the northern angle of the court according to this scheme. The light portions show the four doorways and the s portions end-walls.



AIRY BUT SHELTERED FROM SUN AND RAIN: ADMIRABLY SUITED FOR THE CLIMATE

It will be seen from the two restorations of the palace of Sargon at Khorsabad that according to the opinion of the best authorities, colum supported the roof of sun-dried bricks, while the walls were only solid to half their height, the remainder being occupied by a double row of pilla thus admitting light and air; the central hall was lighted by further rows of pillars superimposed on those below, the inner walls being so thick th the space between the rows served as an upper storey. During hot sunshine or inclement weather the gaps between wall and roof could easily ha been screened with curtains or mats.

town-planning which might worthily set off its splendours. New temples and edifices arose on all sides. Ruinous or decayed buildings were scrapped, and broad avenues constructed where slum property once stood. Entire districts, some of them more than a mile square, were levelled, and new thoroughfares, flanked by gleaming white buildings, their façades richly sculptured and painted, rose as by sorcery through the incessant labours of many thousands of hapless captives.

The new streets, some of which linked up the great gateways of the city, swarmed with cosmopolitan crowds representative of the subject races of the Assyrian empire. Merchants from Phœnicia and Elam sat at their canopied stalls, selling the dyed wools of Palestine, or strange pottery from the Mediterranean isles. Syrians sold fans of ostrich plumes, and Persians and Egyptians the cosmetics and perfumes for which there was a never-failing demand in Nineveh. The envoys of tributary principalities brought gold-dust and ivory to the temples, whose priests acted as the national bankers and money-lenders. Soldiers were seen on every hand—hard-bitten captains with fantastically curled false beards, and horsehair plumes waving above their brass helmets, cavalrymen on prancing horses, silent spearmen, Roman in their discipline and bearing.

Gaily-dressed ladies in richly dyed and trimmed robes of cotton and wool, their coiffures showing the district to which they belonged, passed through the rows of booths, whence a constant hum of loud chaffering arose, and where busy clerks impressed their masters' accounts on tablets of damp clay. In the shadows of lanes and by-streets, witches sold spells and love-philtres. The temples, with their tall, square towers rising in successive stages, were alive with worshippers and pilgrims, countrymen and foreigners, who nudged each other and stared at the bas-reliefs or the rich mural paintings which told of the deeds of the gods, or lingered in adoration before the idols of Ishtar and Nebo, half-hidden in clouds of ascending incense.

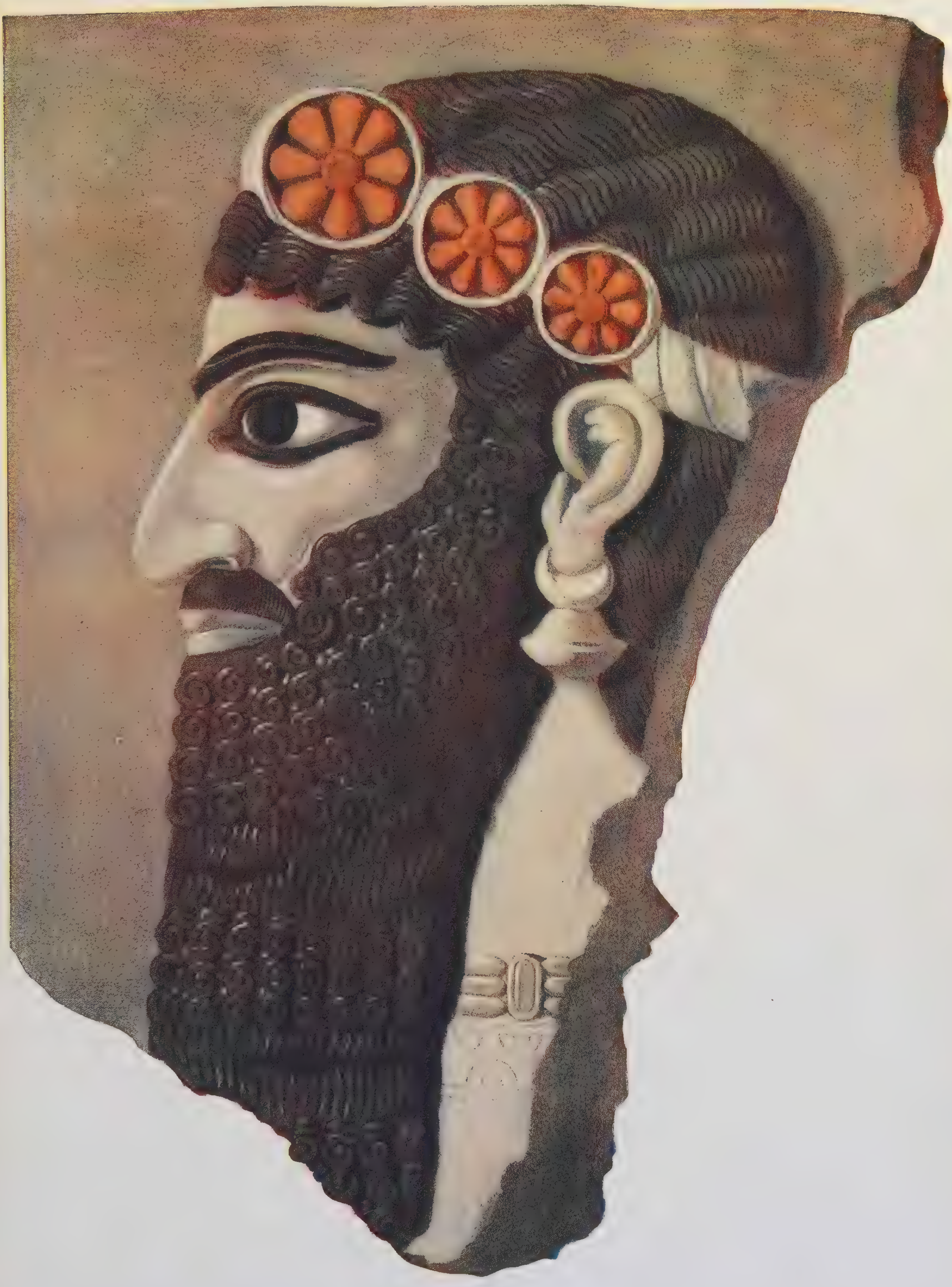
At the entrance to new temples architects placed in position the colossi representing winged bulls and lions, which had been roughly hewn out of stone in the town of Baladai, and then cased in bronze. These were dragged into place by perspiring gangs of slaves, who had drawn them for many miles on rude carts fitted with sledge-runners, and who looked forward hungrily to the scanty allowance of oil, honey, and sour wine which, with a little black bread, kept them in life.

We must be cautious in our acceptance of the classical story that Nineveh occupied an area of some sixty square miles, and the equally improbable estimate that it took a three days' journey to cover the ground on which it was built. It may be that the space between the walled portion and the adjacent city of Calah was joined up by suburbs, villas, and gardens which gave the general impression of continuity.

The gorgeous palace of Ashurbanipal, unearthed in the mound of Kouyunjik in 1853 by Hormuzd Rassam, if it did not surpass that of Sennacherib in sheer beauty of design, assuredly far outstrips it in the universal interest which its contents have for the modern world. It was of vast extent, and if it is difficult to reconstruct the labyrinth of its many chambers, the walls of several of them are familiar to us, for the magnificent friezes they once contained are among the chiefest treasures of the British Museum. But this palace has other claims upon the memory than those of art, for it contained a portion of the famous library of Ashurbanipal, the repository of those clay tablets inscribed with cuneiform script which deal with every phase of Assyrian life and history, law, medicine, magic, legend, which have given to us the mighty epic of Gilgamesh, and a Creation story strongly reminiscent of that in Genesis.

To-day, Nineveh is precisely as Layard, Rawlinson, and Smith left it—a series of hummocks, carved and tunnelled by the excavator. No "ruins" are apparent, for the unbaked Assyrian brick, which was dug from the soil to a great extent, once more became part of it, and it is only with the utmost care that one may be separated from the other. Moreover, the bas-reliefs and sculptures have been removed to the museums in the capitals of Europe.

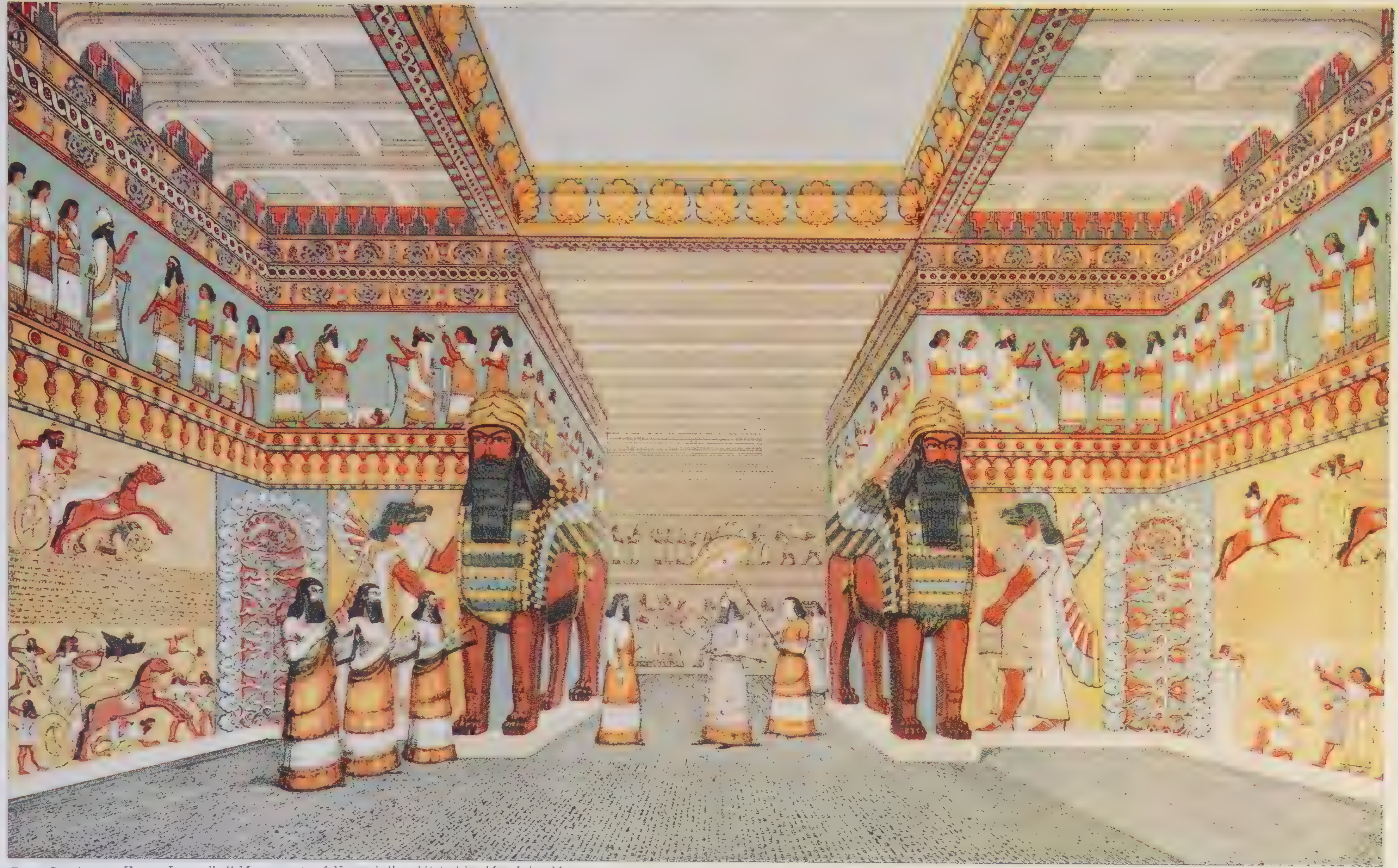
Legend paints a glittering picture of the fall of Nineveh. It tells how its last king, the *roi fainéant,* Sardanapalus (Ashurbanipal), convinced that the city could no longer hold out against the encircling hosts of the Medes, rather than surrender preferred to perish picturesquely in the flames of his palace, surrounded by his seraglio and the heaped-up treasures he had



From Sir Austen Henry Layard's "Monuments of Nineveh," published by Mr. John Murray.

BEARDED HEAD OF AN ASSYRIAN PRIEST OR WINGED DIVINITY

In the art of ancient Nineveh both gods and men were shown with full beards and a wealth of hair, as in this fragment of a relief discovered among the ruins of the great city on the Tigris. This bearded head of priest or god, wearing a diadem or chaplet, is of the Semite type common in Assyrian monuments, and it is supposed that the Semitic race in Assyria was the first to give a personal embodiment to the gods of the local mythology.



From Sir Austen Henry Layard's "Monuments of Nineveh," published by Mr. John Murray.

POMP AND CIRCUMSTANCE IN THE PALACE OF AN ASSYRIAN KING

Beautiful reconstruction of the hall of an Assyrian palace restored from actual remains under the direction of Sir Austen Henry Layard. The panelling is of sculptured alabaster slabs, the ceiling is formed by beams of wood painted, gilded, and inlaid. The king is seen entering through a great portal flanked by winged and human-headed lions, accompanied by his attendant eunuch and vizier, and received by **musicians playing a kind of harp. The costumes have been taken from drawings of those in actual sculptures.**

gathered from the four quarters of the known world. But the end came not with Ashurbanipal, but with his brother, Sin-shar-ishknan, who, it would seem, died much in the manner attributed to his better-known and more historically important kinsman.

Nahum and Zephaniah, the Hebrew prophets, exulted in the fall of the scourge of Asia, and not without justice. For, despite the sense of glamour which the name of Nineveh awakens, she was the nest and metropolis of a merciless and insatiable race of military tyrants who had flourished too long at the expense of a growing civilisation which they exploited but were incapable of appreciating.

For two thousand five hundred years the memory of Assyria was softened into dim beauty by the mists of the centuries; then the day came when men once more entered the long-buried palaces, read the boastful and heartless messages inscribed upon their walls, and knew her for what she had been in truth—a volcano among the nations—lurid, magnificent in the strange and flowerlike colours of the fires she gave forth; but devastating, obliterating, a scourge to the peaceful plains surrounding her, whose people trembled at her rumblings and loathed her for the lava of war she never ceased to vomit, until at length she was delivered into the hands of the spoiler.

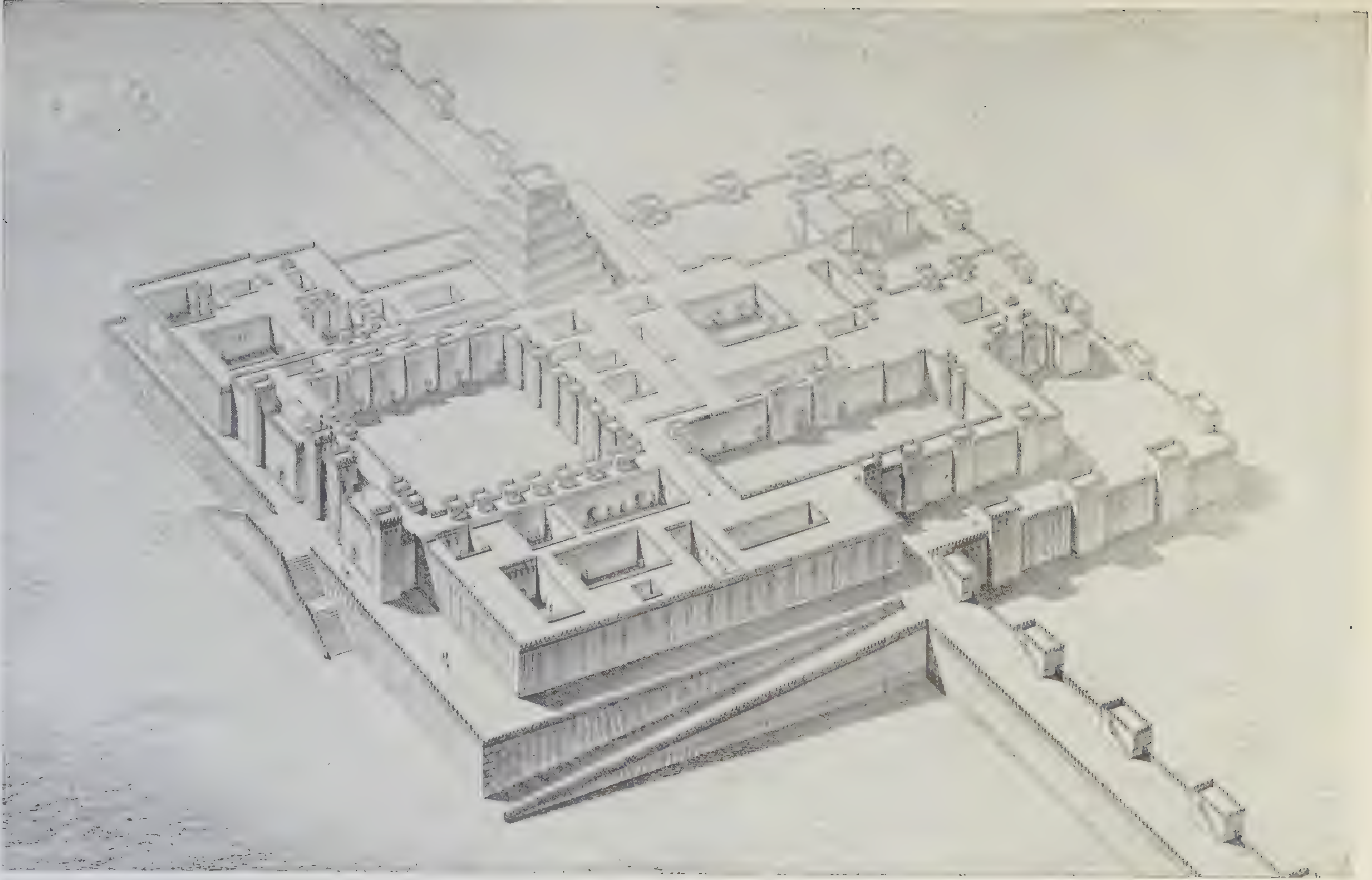
Layard had a precursor in his work of excavation. Paul Botta, the French consul at Mosul, had undertaken operations at Kouyunjik, but had received information that an important site existed in the Mound of Khorsabad, about twenty-five miles to the north-east of Mosul. Proceeding there, he succeeded in penetrating to a chamber which was connected with others and built of slabs of gypsum covered with sculptured representations of Assyrian campaigns. These were in a much better state of preservation than the remains at Kouyunjik, and astounded the discoverer, who was quite at a loss to comprehend the significance of the mythic figures on the walls or the cuneiform characters which accompanied them. Many of the excavated sculptures had suffered considerably at the time when the building was destroyed by fire, and as soon as the halls were cleared of rubbish they began to crumble.

E. N. Flandin, Botta's coadjutor in the work of excavation, made a careful ground-plan of the Palace of Sargon, as the building now unearthed proved to be. Botta's successor, Place, taking his cue from this, ultimately excavated a space three times as large as that previously laid bare, and penetrated even to the walls which had surrounded the palace. He discovered seven of the gates, some flanked by the usual winged bulls, and having three arches beautifully decorated with friezes of blue-and-white enamelled tiles representing winged gods, animals, plants, and rosettes.

The reconstruction of the palace of Sargon by Victor Place, an architect by profession and a surveyor of ability and insight, probably affords us an accurate picture of the once immense and stately structure. The palace appears to have been very nearly square in shape, and to have enclosed a space of a little over 741 acres. On its north-west side stood the residential quarters of the king, a frowning bastion with eight monumental gates, each of which was named after an Assyrian god. The whole was raised upon a lofty terrace nearly forty-five feet high, and built of unbaked bricks cased with a wall of large, square stones. At the northern corner was an open space covering nearly twenty-five acres. At the western stood a ziggurat, or temple, built in ascending stages, and employed for astronomical observations. The palace proper—the residential quarter—was divided into three sections: The seraglio, occupying the centre; the harem, situated at the southern corner of the block; and the domestic quarter—store-rooms, provision chambers, kitchens, stables, and bakery—the south-east side.

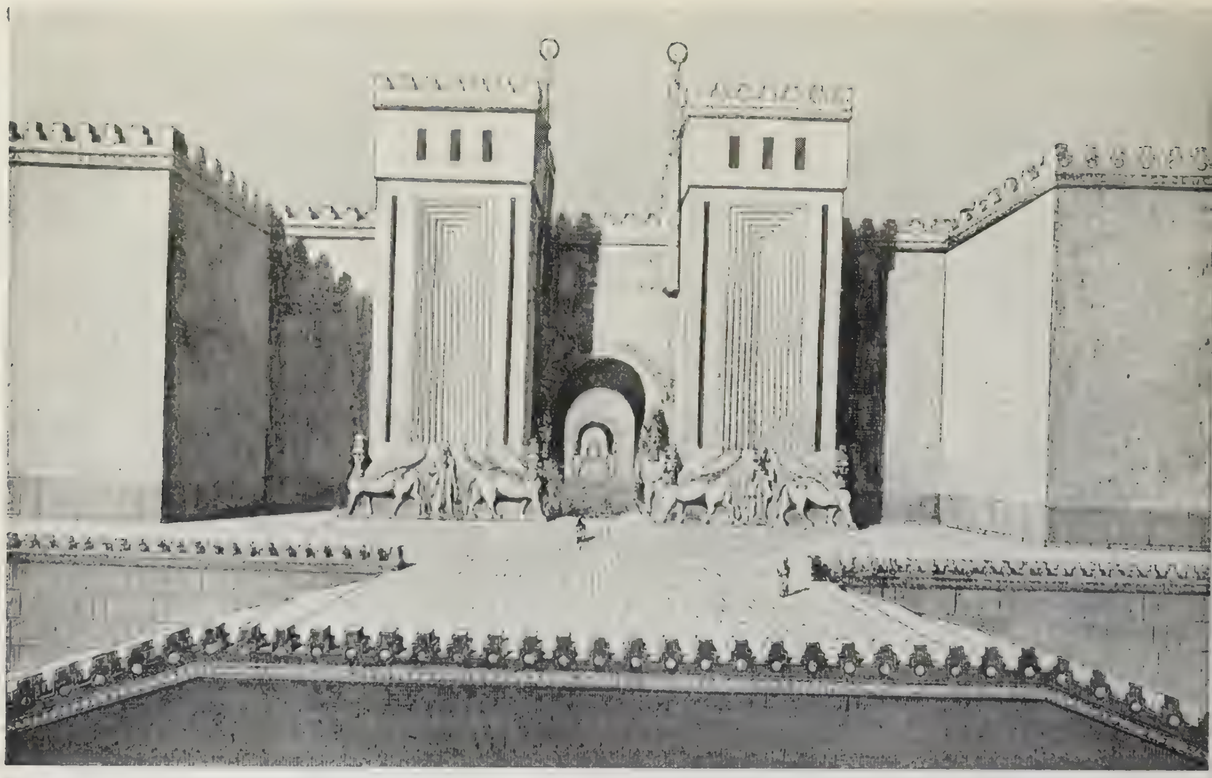
The seraglio, which included the king's personal quarters, consisted of many chambers, large and small, grouped round several open courts. The wing to the north-west contained reception-rooms, and halls decorated with magnificent sculptures and historical inscriptions in adulation of Sargon and his victories. But the private apartments of the monarch were smaller and simpler, and occupied the south-west wing close to the harem, the traces of the hinges of whose doors still remain in mute evidence of the fact that they were rigidly separated from the main building.

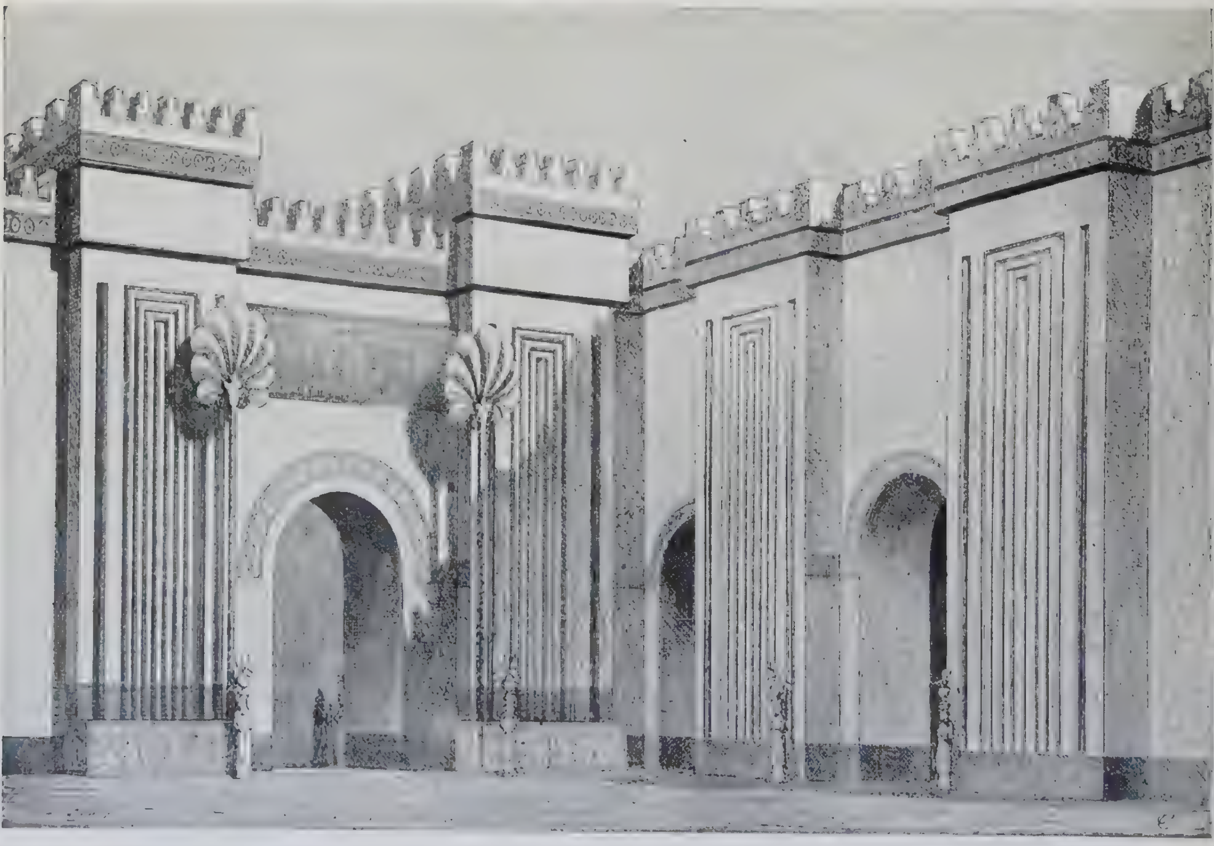
One would think that the inmates, immured within the palace walls, must have passed their time in such intrigue as would have proved a source of harassment to the most uxorious of



BIRD'S EYE VIEW OF THE GORGEOUS PALACE-FORTRESS BUILT BY SARGON II.

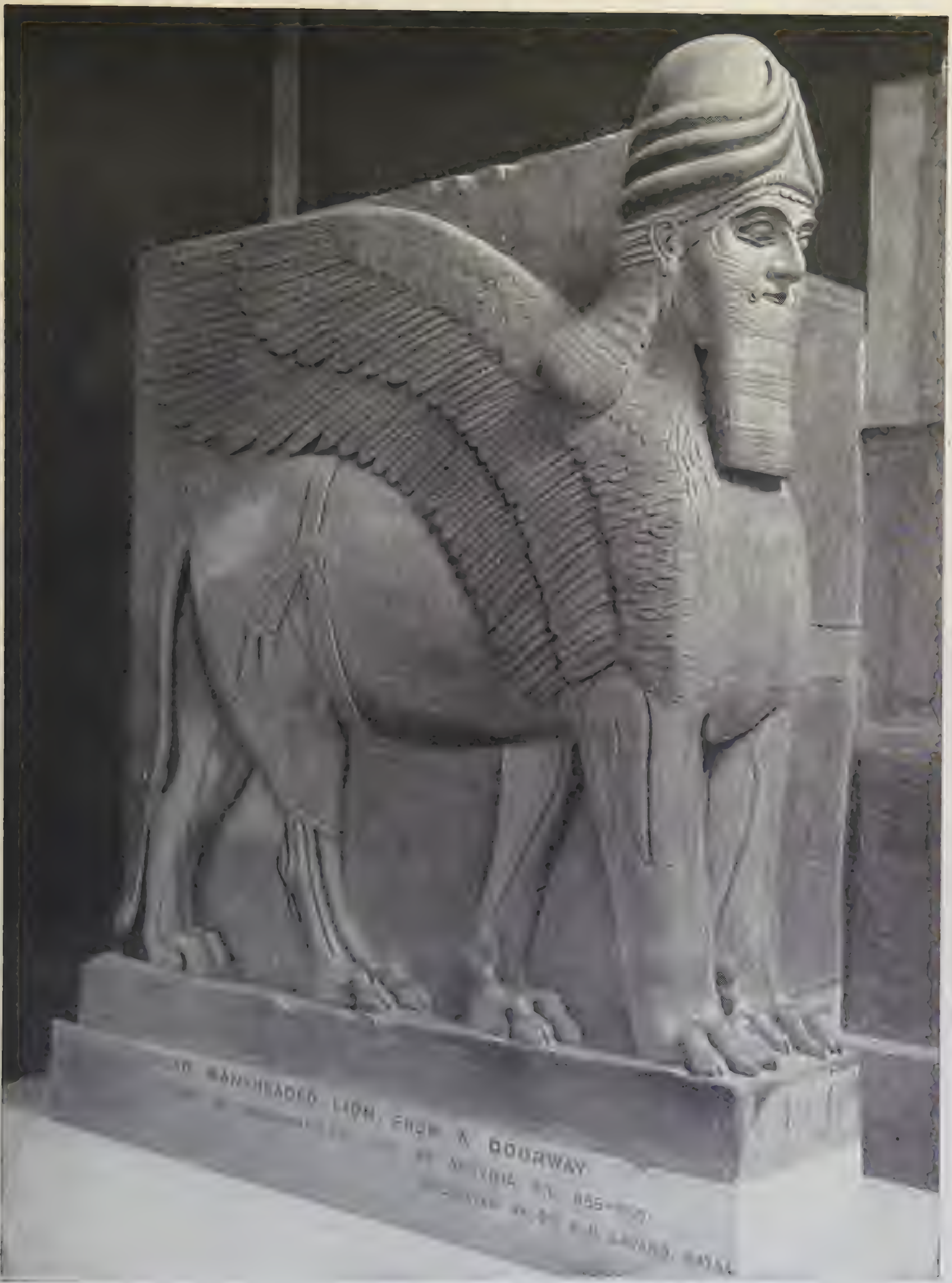
Sargon or Sharrukin II. ("The True King") usurped the throne from Shalmanaser V., and in spite of the endless foreign campaigns with which his reign (722–705 B.C.) was crowded he found time to build himself a magnificent palace at Khorsabad, or Dur-Sharrukin as it was originally called after its founder, of which the above is a bird's-eye view from a restoration by Felix Thomas. The architecture was of a more solid order than in the palace of his son Sennacherib at Kouyunjik; nevertheless, with its pilasters, battlements, and buttress-towers, it was by no means gross or ill-proportioned. The formation of the great tower is shown in full.





SPLENDOURS OF ASSYRIAN ARCHITECTURE IN THE DAYS OF SARGON II.

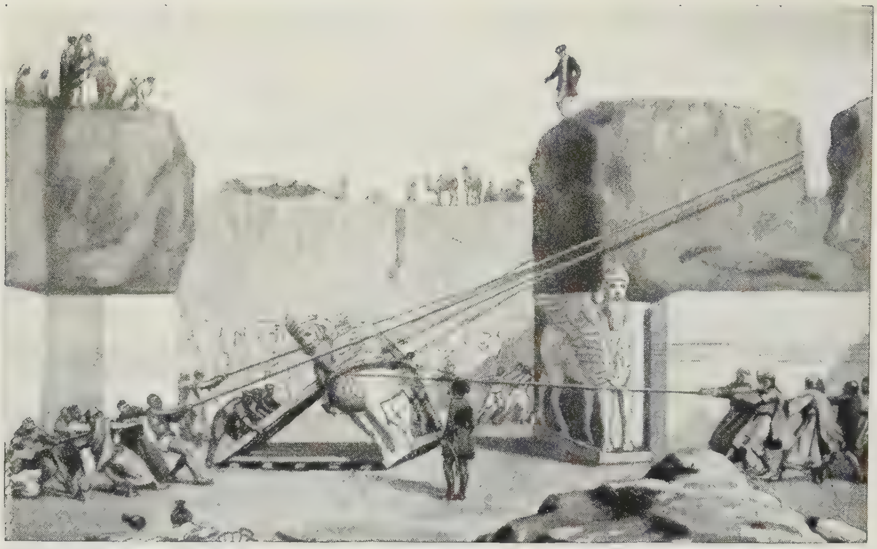
An excellent idea may be had of Assyrian splendour from these two restorations by Félix Thomas of the Palace of Sargon at Khorsabad. Top, the south-eastern façade and main entrance, where the disposition of the human-headed bulls is well shown; below, the court of the harem. Polygamy was not universal in Assyria, but in the houses of the wealthy the establishment of concubines might be very large. They were practically prisoners, unlike the women of the lower classes, who enjoyed a freedom comparable with that of their contemporaries in Egypt.



Courtesy *of the British Museum.*

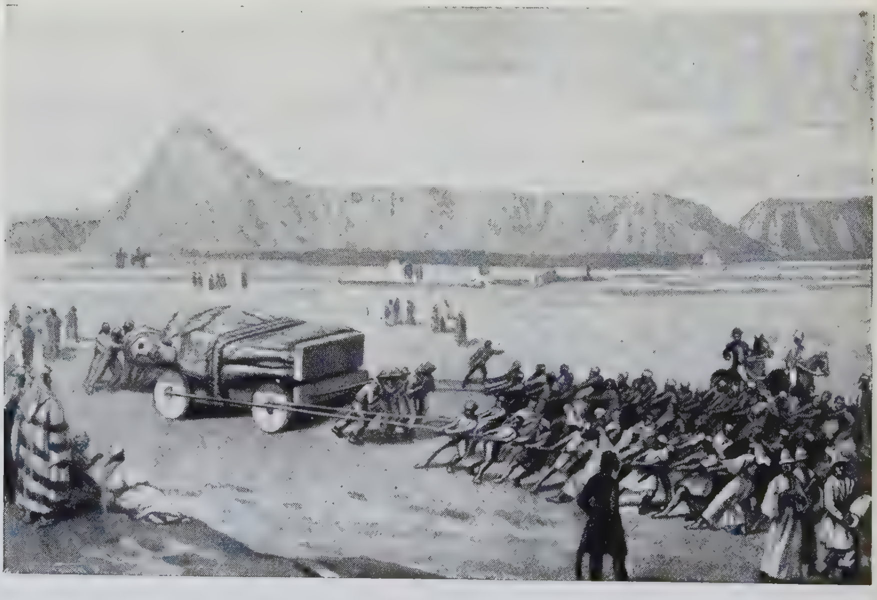
WINGED AND MAN HEADED LION FROM THE PALACE OF ASHURNASIRPAL

The most familiar features of Assyrian art are the mythical, man-headed monsters—bulls and lions—which guarded the gateways of temples and palaces. Note how the sculptor, still in the transition stage from working in relief, has given his subject three forelegs, so that it may appear to have two whether viewed from the side or from in front. The hindquarters, being recessed against the gateway and continuous with the walls of the building, are innocent of this subterfuge.



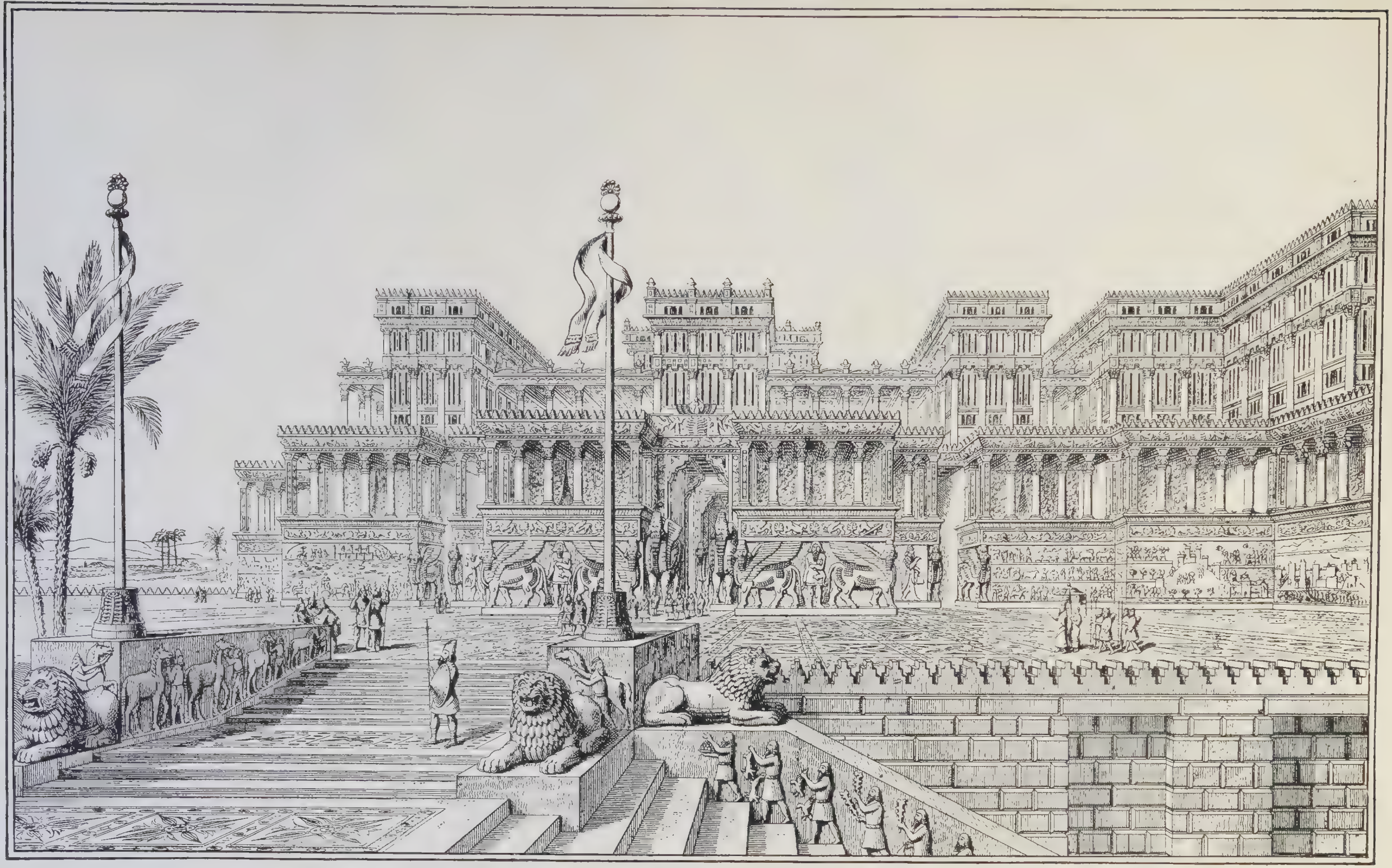
LOWERING THE GREAT WINGED BULL AT NIMRUD

Hewn to guard the portals of the palace of Ashurnasirpal this human-headed monster was scarcely destined by its artificers for so long a journey as that weary one it was to take to a northern capital when, twenty-five centuries later, Sir Henry Layard came with his workmen and dragged it from its old foundations to rest at last in the British Museum.



IMPOTENT HOOFS AND WINGS THAT AVAILED NOT

Never can the bull's vigorous pose, its wings outstretched as though for instant flight, have appeared with greater effect than by contrast with its slow, prone, and painful progress as the cortège made its way across the plains from Nimrud. Some of these bulls had to be sawn up for transport and many of them must have weighed fifty tons.



NORTH-EASTERN FAÇADE AND GRAND ENTRANCE OF SENNACHERIB'S PALACE AT KOUYUNJIK

Careful investigations on the actual site have resulted in this restoration of Sennacherib's palace, from a sketch by J. Fergusson. The building is very different from the heavier structure erected by his father, Sargon II., at Khorsabad and a greater knowledge of the artistic processes which led to this revolution would go far to make the past live for us. Was the architect responsible? Or did Sennacherib himself plan these airy columns and soaring terraces which are almost Greek in their combined lightness and strength? The decoration is profuse, and bas-reliefs fill all the available space on the lower courses, but it is only when seen in their proper surroundings that the majesty of the grotesque winged monsters can be realized.

monarchs. But it is in personal touches such as these that our whole knowledge of the Assyrian people is lacking; and we are left to build our vision of a mighty race which left an abiding mark upon its neighbours, with little to aid us but a legalised social code and grim records of conquest carved by vainglorious kings beneath the mounds which mark the site of Nineveh and Khorsabad.